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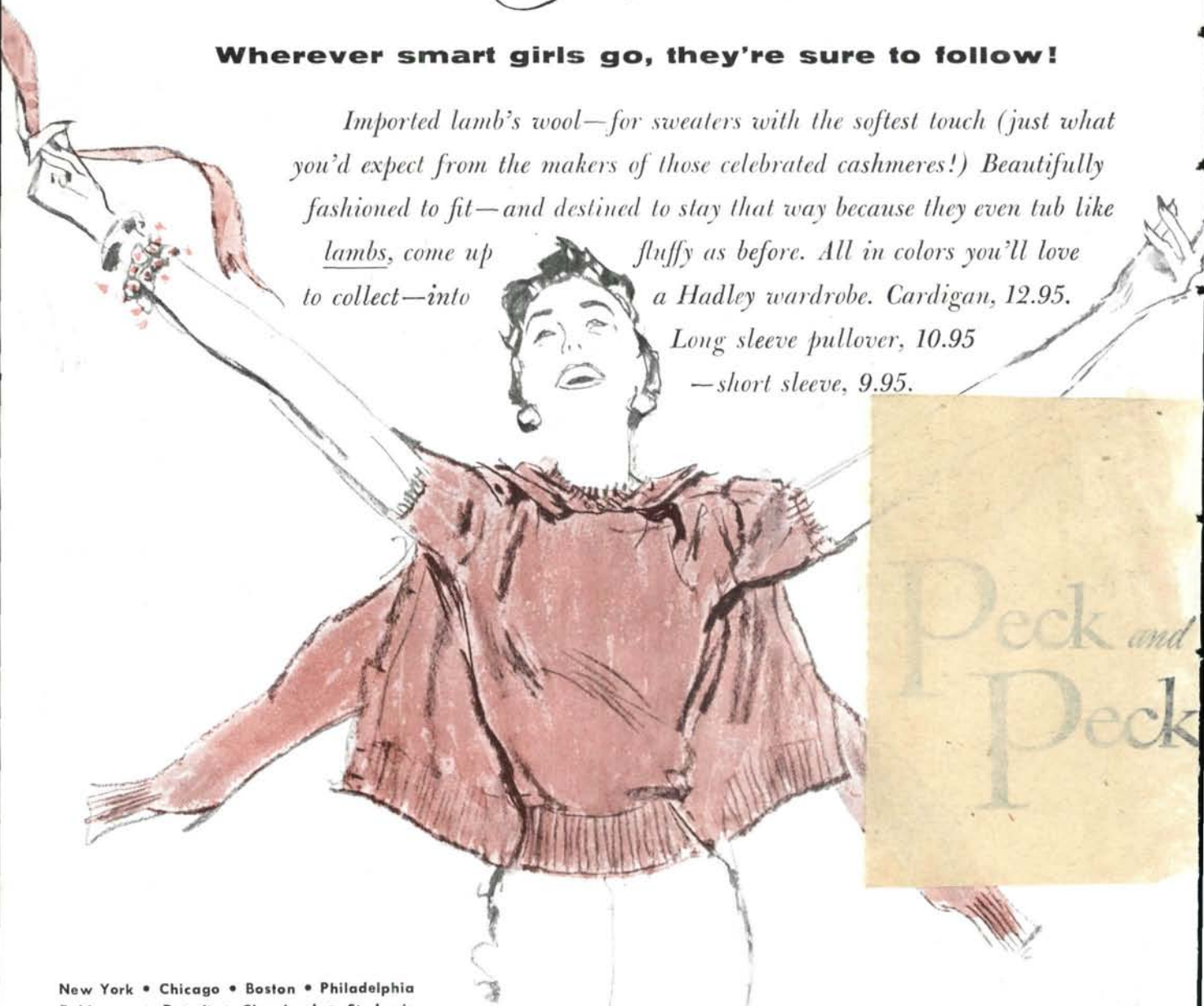


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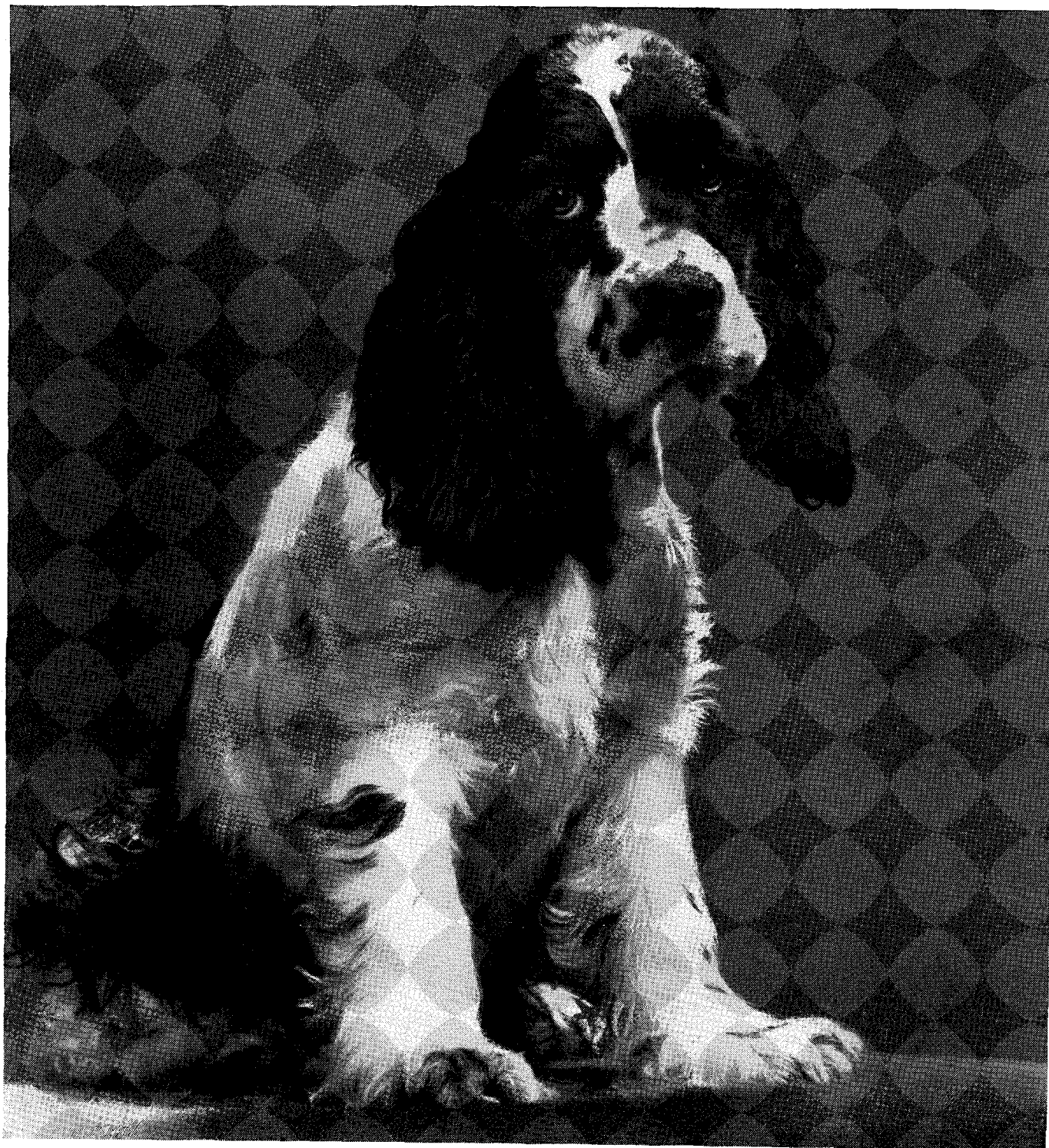
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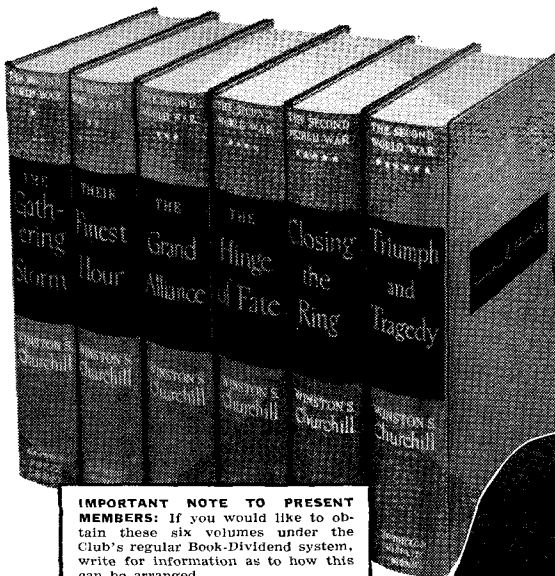
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

London

OVER the past half decade Britain has approximated ever more closely the ideal of the successful modern democracy. Politics is stable and placid, so much so that the two big parties — which are nearly even in popular favor according to the opinion polls — are desperate for a genuine issue to fight about.

Industrial production has never been so high. British firms repeatedly demonstrate their newly won competitive prowess by entering the lowest bids for building dams in America. The statistics for dollar intake have not indicated such good health since the war.

The refinement of manners is a source of wonderment to visitors. An American magazine marveled recently at the signs in the grounds of Westminster Abbey, "Please Do Not Walk on the Grass Unnecessarily." Equally indicative are the sign as you approach Middlesex Hospital in London, requesting you not to blow your automobile horn, and the smaller discreet sign as you pass the end of the same block, "Thank you." The readiness of motorists to come to a halt at pedestrian crossings to let people get to the other side is such that it constitutes a traffic hazard to cars that follow.

It is said, not without point, that the only conspicuous misery in the land is to be found among those current historians, the reporters, who have to scratch very hard indeed for troubles to write about. This past autumn the reporters' only two remaining sources of acrimonious incident — which is apparently as necessary to the news as salt is to potatoes — have both been very nearly removed, and the press is threatened with a still blander diet in the future.

Those two remaining sources of trouble have been Britain's bad relations with America, and the split within the British Labor Party. Oddly, both problems — that of Eden and that of Attlee — have been eased if not resolved by one and the same development: the French refusal to ratify the European Defense Community treaties for rearming Germany within the Western alliance.

Crack in the alliance

Regarding relations with the United States, the French nullification of four years of American planning threatened to bring to an ugly climax a long chronology of increasing friction within the alliance. When the frictions began — over the H-bomb in the Pacific that "got out of control" — people here rather enjoyed the novel experience of shouting at the wealthy nation they had dared speak to only in menial tones for so long.

The British were rather proudly satisfied when the frictions continued at the Geneva Conference with Eden daring to pursue a line of policy independent of the American State Department for the first time. But by midsummer the novelty of telling the United States off began to pale, and the endless exchanges of editorial recriminations between the British appeasers and the American warmongers began to cause irritation and some worry about where the alliance was headed.

Finally, with the collapse of EDC, these evolving sentiments turned into outright fear as to where America's anger and disenchantment might lead. People began to take very seriously the stories that the United States might either rearm Germany unilaterally or withdraw to some extra-European periphery. Either step would certainly have caused

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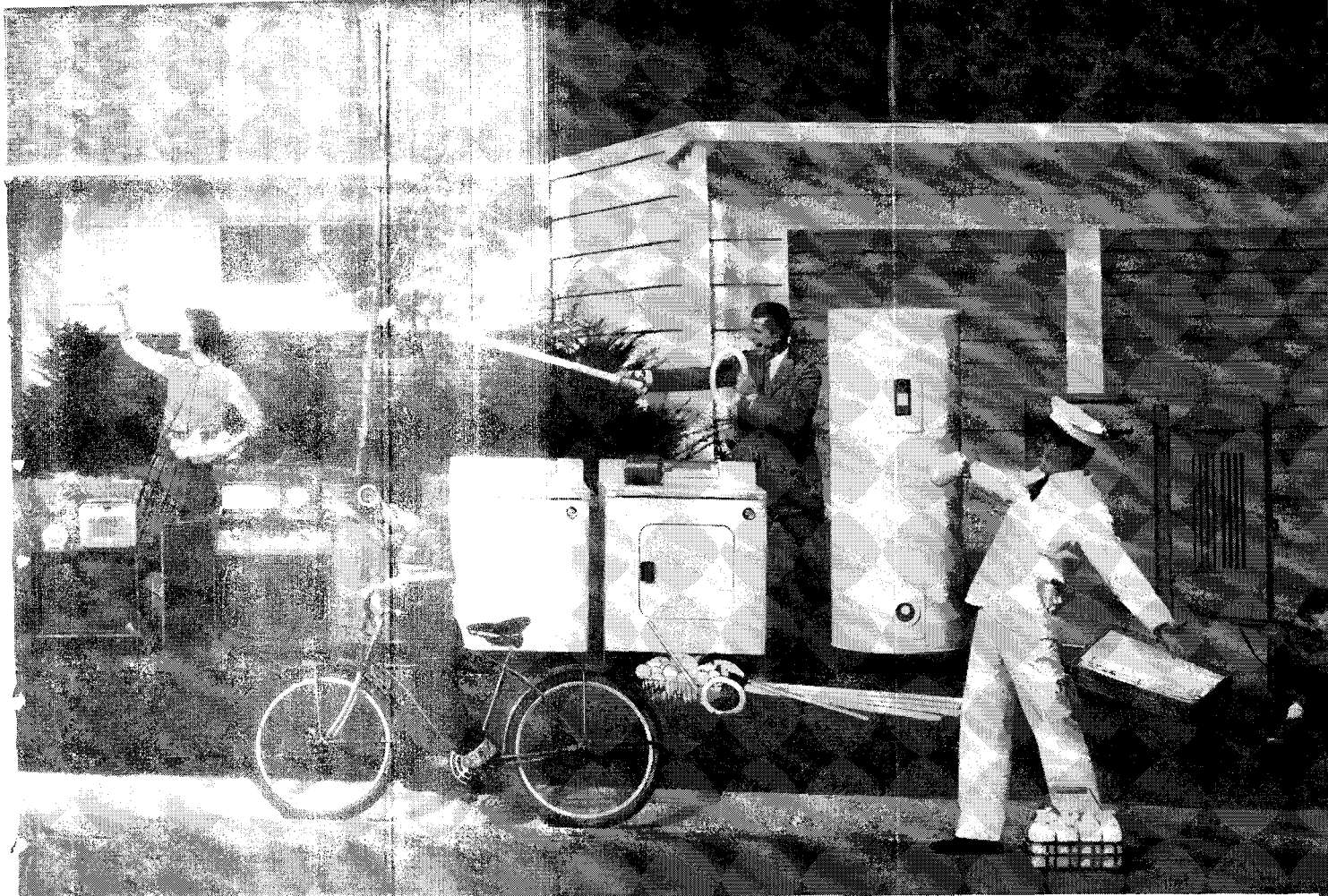
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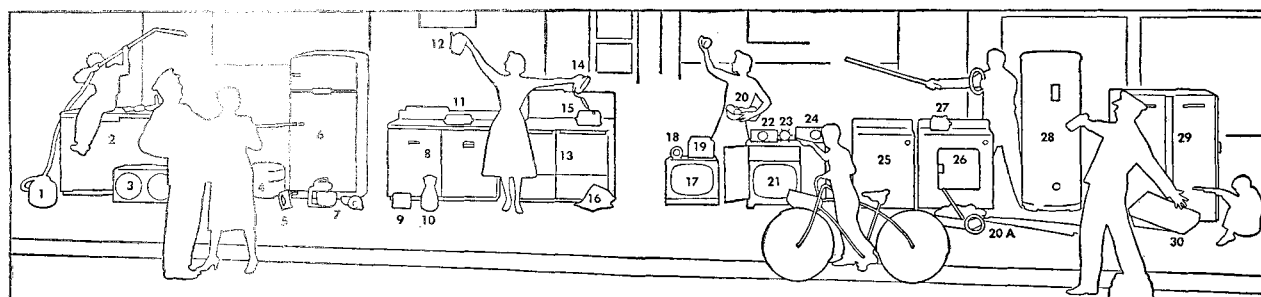
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The Atlantic Report on London



France to seek security against Germany by reviving her moribund alliance with Russia, and that would have destroyed the Western alliance and made Joseph Stalin the prophet of our times.

London reassures the French

So Anthony Eden began a race against his great ally's ripening ire. He canceled his trip to Manila and the conference on Southeast Asian defense. He sent requests to interested nations to come to a conference in London to discuss alternatives to EDC. His fears about the way feelings were developing were rather confirmed when both Dulles and Adenauer expressed indifference.

Undaunted, Eden adopted a new strategy: he had his conference piecemeal, as it were, by visiting each of the European capitals involved in turn, proposing an alternative to them and asking them to come to London. His alternative was a typical British improvisation. He proposed reviving the nearly forgotten old Brussels Pact, whereby the West European democracies had promised mutual military aid before the North Atlantic Treaty was thought of. The Brussels framework permitted controlled rearmament and it offered France guarantees of British aid of longer duration and more automatic effectiveness than does NATO. Within this framework, Germany could be rearmed.

The nations expressed just enough interest to consent to come to London to discuss the matter. At the conference, Eden put life and hope into things by making his offer — nearly sensational in British terms — to transfer four British divisions and commensurate air power to the control of the majority wishes of the Brussels Pact partners. Britain could hardly improve on this means of reassuring France of British support.

The plan was tentatively accepted by all. Its chance of ultimate ratification by national parliaments is not at this writing ascertainable. However, that was almost a secondary consideration to people here. What was primary was that the increasing friction with America seemed to have been terminated. When Secretary Dulles left the London Conference, he paused at the airport to praise Eden's initiative and vigor. His statement was aptly termed an "ecstatic reappraisal" by a British press which was in no way discountenanced by losing a major theme for editorials.

The event proved the climax of an exceptionally good year for Eden, who badly needed a good year. For nearly a generation the young man with

the mustache and the hat had been tediously destined for great things. It seemed almost that Fate had told him from the outset of his political career that he would be prime minister if he made no mistakes, and that he had therefore made the not making of mistakes his purpose in life. His return to the foreign office after the elections of 1951 was, as usual, competent and undistinguished. Then circumstance struck him a blow from which it was widely thought that he would not recover, politically speaking — he became ill and had to absent himself from politics last year for a series of operations.

The triumph of Anthony Eden

During that time, Sir Winston Churchill put forth his attractive and dangerous proposal for a "meeting at the summit" with Malenkov. When Eden returned to work, the best that was expected of him was that he would restore order and dull safety to the nation's foreign relations. Instead, he seemed to catch fire. In the Berlin Conference at the beginning of the year he produced the plan for free elections in both divisions of Germany which prevented the Russians from making propaganda out of the meeting. In the spring, he held the Geneva Conference on Indochina together singlehandedly, when the French cabinet had fallen, Dulles was sulking on the sidelines, and the Communists were stalling.

By keeping India informed daily, and to that degree involved, he put on Red China the only pressure to which it was susceptible — the fear of offending neighbors like India who might lend their territories to the Western nations for military bases.

Had the Geneva Conference collapsed, there is little doubt that the flower of the French army would have been destroyed or captured, along with several billion dollars' worth of American military hardware that would have become an important weight in China's side of the scales in Asia. This was the measure of Eden's achievement.

There followed Eden's settlement in Egypt, for which he faced a rebellion of the imperialist wing within his own party (that is, he dared to make a mistake), and the settlements in Iran and Trieste — the whole structure of successful diplomacy crowned by the London Conference on Germany.

The British Gallup Poll paid the foreign minister a high compliment. It said that 63 per cent of the people thought it was time for Churchill to retire from politics. It indicated that if he did so and

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left the party reins to Eden, the Conservatives might win the next election. It indicated that, failing this, Labor was likely to win. The proper young man with the mustache and the hat had become the difference between victory and defeat to his party.

Attlee retains control

If the patching up of Britain's relations with America involved a dramatic personal climax, so did the easing of the other trouble spot on the body politic, the division in the Opposition Labor Party. Aneurin Bevan, the Titan of the left, suffered a fall from popular grace in the fight over German rearmament, and there are many who predict he will not rise to any great importance in British affairs again.

The Labor split developed in 1951, the party's last year in power, when Bevan resigned from the Attlee cabinet because it put a small charge on the free health service Bevan had established as Minister for Health, and because it had embarked on a larger arms program than Bevan thought could be sustained.

The feud has gone on for nearly four years, taken many forms, and involved many issues, but its basis is simple: by 1951, the Labor Party had fulfilled the program it had come to power on six years earlier — a program of nationalizing some industries and effecting a redistribution of wealth — and the question arose, where did the party go from there?

The same general philosophical issue has arisen in every socialist party in the world. Some (loyal to Attlee) felt that the party had done enough changing of the nation's society and economy and that it should thenceforward merely consolidate and administer its welfare state efficiently. In a word, these wanted to convert the party into the new Liberal Party of Great Britain. Others (under Bevan) felt that the party should move on into revolutionary socialism, nationalize — in stages — the bulk of economy, and see wealth distributed on a still more egalitarian basis.

This essentially philosophical conflict was made dynamic by its expression in personalities: Attlee's thin little voice and figure disguise an extremely tough and resolute charac-

ter, and Nye Bevan is vain, capable, and brilliant, and has an exasperating streak of irresponsibility.

The Bevanites have challenged the orthodox leaders many times, but the rise of the German issue offered them their greatest opportunity. In opposing the rearming of Germany, they would attract to their support members of the party who otherwise had no affinity to the extreme left. If, at the annual policy-making convention of the party, the Bevanites could muster enough votes to write a ban on German rearmament into the party's official policy, it would cause extreme difficulty to Attlee and his friends, who have too long been committed to some form of German rearmament to change or even to modify their positions at this late date.

When the delegates came to the actual convention, it looked indeed as though the Bevanites would have a majority of the votes on the issue. But on the eve of the conflict, the Attlee group met in a smoke-filled room with wavering leaders of a union that had hitherto been opposed to German rearmament and had now changed their minds. Moreover, to silence the biggest guns on Bevan's side, it was decided that the party's executive committee had to speak with one voice: that is, Bevan and his six followers on the executive, a minority, might not speak at all.

With these precautions a resolution favoring German rearmament scraped through. The majority for it was small. But the decision appears to have been final. For, like spirits exhausted, the Bevanites fell back from their near triumph unable to make any further challenge.

Of the rank-and-file delegates who had opposed German rearmament, many were glad that a decision had at last been reached, though adverse to them. There was a general sense that Attlee and Morrison, and Attlee's personally chosen successor, Hugh Gaitskell, were in firm grip of the party once more after nearly four years of serious divisions.

Exit Nye Bevan?

The night after this decision, Aneurin Bevan — who had left the executive committee of the party for the first time in a generation — addressed a packed hall outside the

convention. All the old twists of oratory were tried, but where there had been cheers before, there were now embarrassed silences.

Bevan was able to summon no good alternative answer to the problem of what to do about Germany. His attacks on Attlee fell flat, as they were almost bound to, for had not the former Prime Minister just returned from a good-will trip to China and Russia during which he earned bitter criticism from the bulk of the American press? It was pretty hard to make out a case that Attlee was turning right in view of that.

Bevan's final weakness, and possibly his central one, was that in regard to internal affairs he was not able to produce any argument that his intensely advocated socialism had any relevance to the new problems Great Britain faces. His long experiment in striving to foment rebellion in a working class whose standard of living has improved very greatly, without telling arguments either for his case or against those he opposed, had failed.

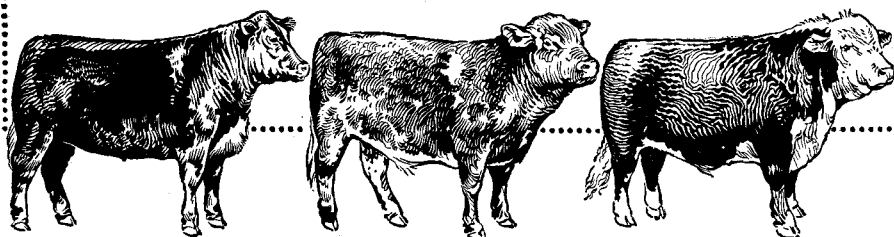
Nye carried no conviction; he made his case appear to be a personal one rather than a disagreement on principle. Even his chieftains on the platform beside him looked embarrassed. Bevan announced that he would launch a campaign outside the executive committee to gain support. But barring a very serious depression or other national crisis of major size, few commentators gave him a chance of coming back to a position of power.

The victor in this conflict, Clement Attlee, won praise in the main literary production of the season in London: the appearance, after an interval of fifteen years, of the last four volumes of Professor Arnold Toynbee's monumental *A Study of History*.

In the section of that work which deals with prospects of Western civilization, Toynbee listed two major achievements on which hopes might be based: 1) the softening of the rough edges of industrial capitalism by the creation of the first welfare state in a heavily industrialized nation, and 2) the relinquishment of India, Pakistan, Burma, and Ceylon as parts of the British Commonwealth. Both these were done by Clement Attlee's Labor Government.

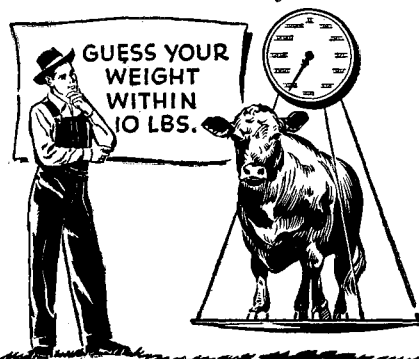
QUICK QUIZ for BEEFEATERS

If you know the answers, you are qualified to converse (or argue) with authority in the company of visiting cowboys, eminent economists or the waiter who serves you your steak.



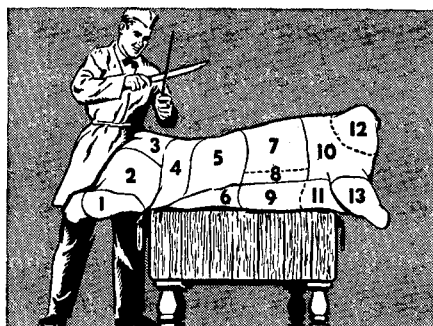
Q. Which steer will make choice grade beef?

A. The grade of the meat can't be established definitely until after the steer is dressed. But to be a buyer for a meat packing plant you'd have to be able to judge not only what the grade will be, but the meat yield within 1%.



Q. How many pounds of beef in a 1000-lb. steer?

A. Dressing percentage varies from one animal to another but on the average, a steer that weighs in at 1000 lbs. "shrinks down" to 600 lbs. of dressed beef. A steer that brings 25¢ per lb. on the hoof (for example) actually costs the packer about 40¢ per lb. for the beef.



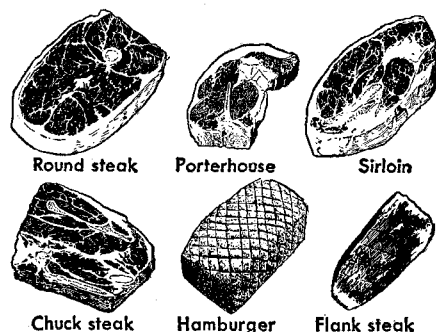
Q. Where does sirloin steak come from?

A. On the side of beef pictured, the sirloin section is No. 4. Only about 8% of a side of beef is sirloin. There is over 5 times as much pot roast, stew meat and hamburger in a side of beef.



Q. If the meat packer pays \$250 for a steer, what can he expect to get for the dressed beef?

A. \$250 or less. Meat packers frequently sell the beef for less than they paid for the animal on the hoof. Overhead costs and profit must come from recovery and sale of by-products, such as hides for leather, glands for medicine.



Q. Which is the best steak for broiling.

A. Opinions differ, but if you name Porterhouse as your first choice, remember there are only a few cuts of Porterhouse on a 300-lb. side of beef. That's why it naturally costs more.

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Sweden and Finland

EVERY nation in Europe feels the threat of Russia, and none more so than the Scandinavian countries. Norway and Denmark, as members of NATO, look for support to the West. But what of Sweden, standing firm upon and persevering in her own armed neutrality? And Finland, her uneasy position on Russia's doorstep held by the good sense and moral strength of her people?

History will judge the correctness of Sweden's attitude. Those in favor of neutrality want for their country the international importance of a Switzerland, the role of mediator between East and West, and survival in the first quick onslaught of an atomic war. They are careful not to move too far in any direction; they like coöperating committees and belonging to the culture of the West. Those against neutrality fear a major error in policy, feeling that for Sweden to be a balancing force is not so useful as for her to side with those countries which are earnestly trying to maintain peace.

But, given her difficult geographical position, Sweden's policy is not a loss to the cause of democracy. She boasts a vigorous and lively defense effort. Besides the third best air force in Europe, and an efficient army and navy, the Swedes probably have the best civil defense outfit in the world. It includes compulsory service for all; deep shelters; underground factories, hangars, and storage depots.

The Danish Foreign Minister, at a press conference in July, emphasized how grateful to Sweden Norway and Denmark should be, because after the war, when military regroupings were taking place, Sweden proposed a Scandinavian Defense Pact knowing that she, as the only partner with something to offer, would have initially to carry the whole burden. But though they derive comfort from their neighbor and are willing participants in the deliberations of the Nordic Council, Denmark and Norway feel a certain resentment that Sweden knew not the iron clamp of the invader.

Food to export

It is easy to accuse the Swedes of being comfortable, well-fed, and smug, and to forget that during

the last war they had to learn to feed themselves. This they did by a fairly severe rationing system and by a self-supporting agricultural policy which has been so successful that they now have an exportable surplus of wheat, butter, milk products, and cheese. They estimate that they have 400,000 tons of bread grains annually as surplus for export. They looked to Germany as the natural buyer of their first wheat surplus last year, and Germany's import restrictions disappointed and angered them. A new trade agreement may allay their fears of increasing competition from their largest pre-war market.

A new twelve-month trade agreement with Poland includes imports of 1.5 million tons of coal, various chemicals, textiles, and hardwoods, as against Swedish exports of 500,000 tons of iron ore, iron and steel, machinery, and fish. The agreement provides for certain temporary Swedish credits intended to facilitate Polish payments during the summer season when Poland's exports are at their lowest and Sweden's in full swing.

Car mania in Sweden

On the home front, boom conditions are obtaining, and the official production index has exceeded the record level reached during 1951. But government fears of renewed inflation are expressed in a curtailment of the huge post-war social welfare expansion and in the concern over the present car mania in Sweden. During the first five months of the year, 32,623 cars were imported, compared with 18,812 for the same period in 1953.

Opposition critics consider that by removing the 10 per cent excise duty on cars from the United Kingdom, France, and Italy last year, and by underestimating public demand, the government has itself brought about the situation which it is seeking to remedy. The Minister of Finance has said that building controls must remain, there can be no relaxation of restrictions on the free writing-down of assets for income tax purposes, and there must be further tightening of credit restrictions.

But unemployment is negligible and wages are high and the Swede is living very much up to,

if not beyond, his income. The Social Democrat government has a majority only by coalition with the Agrarian Party, and prosperity is inclining people towards the Conservatives and making them impatient of socialist legislation. They resent above all the housing shortage and the restrictions on, and fabulous cost of, private building.

There is criticism that in foreign policy the present government tends to be pro-Russian. Communism is vigorously opposed and lives as a traditional rump, particularly in the north. The Swedes are too close to Russia to have much love for its politics.

Timber and wood pulp are making large profits, and an increased demand for Swedish pulp in the United States is welcomed; but as long as prices remain lower than those offered in Europe, the Swedes will continue to sell to Europe.

The King of Sweden presides over the Cabinet, but he has no more power than a loving and interested governor-general. He himself is a hundred per cent democrat and the best example of the Swedish boast of the perfectly natural relations existing between employer and worker, King and Socialist minister. And yet, endemic in Swedish living is an exact ritual governing social life which to the foreigner appears contradictory in a people the majority of whom have for years voted Socialist.

The Swedes are not a talkative race and, in comparison with Danes or Norwegians, they seem to be stiff, worthy, and rather formal, but they are great restaurant goers and avid newspaper readers. Above all they have a bold love for things modern and an uncanny gift for urban planning, scientific research, technical education, mechanization, social welfare, and practical, tasteful industrial design.

Finland, a study in contrast

The Finns, whose unruly and hazardous past underlies the present, are a tough race of fundamental individualists, of dreaming poets and active planners, of solid worth and hopeful procrastination. The Finns describe their basic characteristics by the term *sisu*, which allows them a mixture of violence and placidity,

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of ardor and patience, and typifies the simplicity, courage, and tenacity of a people to whom things can never happen the easy way. *Sisu* is as much a part of Finland as the *sauna*, a steam bath in a wooden house, of which there are half a million for 4 million devotees who hurl themselves, sweating, into the icy water of their lakes or the deep snow of their winter mantle.

They read a lot of newspapers and are great buyers of books; Helsinki has the best-stocked bookshop in Europe. They are internationally minded and love to travel; have no great enjoyment of food or clothes but are lively makers of music and of original modern designs in ceramics, glass, and textiles. There is scarcely a town-dweller, from wealthiest to poorest, who in summer does not withdraw to that Finland of islands, lakes, and forests, whose unique beauty lies transformed by the strange and haunting play of light upon sky and water.

The last war and its peace terms took from Finland and gave to Russia

great slices of territory — including the prosperous regions of eastern Karelia, the rich mineral deposits of Petsamo — and a fifty-year lease of the Porkkala district, twelve miles southwest of Helsinki. Finland's armed services were severely limited and 450,000 refugees from Karelia had to be settled, housed, and fed.

But the losses of war have not stopped Finland's recovery. Her love of freedom and independence has, in fact, made her the only nation to keep up the payment of her First World War debt to the United States and to have paid in full at the agreed time her severe reparations to Russia. Her reward in the first instance has been the warm regard of Americans, and in the second a grudging respect from the Russians for a dangerous adversary.

Finland's tie with Russia

A matter of great concern to the West is Finland's post-reparations dependence on Russian markets for her relatively new engineering, ship-building, and metal industries. These industries cannot hope to compete

with those of Western Europe, nor can they be terminated and their workers dismissed without serious economic and social dislocation. A new five-year trade agreement recently signed in Moscow guarantees a market for Finland's heavy industries for the next five years.

Prime Minister Kekkonen, who has had a large say in Finnish foreign trade policy, is a most astute man, and is the leader of the anti-Communist Agrarian Party. But he has a dominant belief in himself as arbiter in Russo-Finnish affairs and it is to be hoped that he has not committed his country to greater dependence in the political as well as in the economic field.

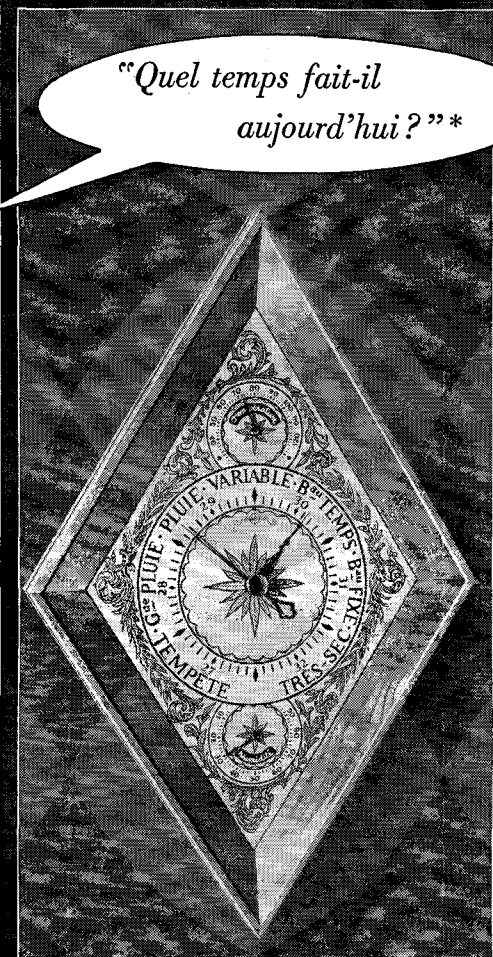
At home the Finns have their share of the current financial problems. They could be eased by cutting down government expenditure on social and other services and by lifting the burden from those who are hardest hit — the industrial middle class. Many of Finland's trading problems would disappear if her reserves of foreign currency could be built up. But for the Finn the most attractive thing to do when faced with a problem is nothing.

How much Communism?

The Finns dislike having to make up their minds about something, but when they do, they stick to their opinion. This is shown most clearly in their political setup. There are 200 seats in the Diet and the left-wing element has never been higher than 110 or lower than 90 and the right-wing element the same the other way round; there is not more than 10 per cent between them. The orthodox left wing is the Social Democrat Party, with the Labor Party farther to the left. Out of a working population of 2 million there are 250,000 organized trade unionists, of whom 100,000 are Communists.

The Communist vote is disproportionately large in the north: 33 per cent in Finnish Lapland compared with an average of 21 per cent for the whole country. By contrast, however, the vote is 12 per cent in the vulnerable province of Kymi in southeast Finland, adjoining the new frontier.

Russian propaganda makes a subtle appeal to the special problems and prejudices of the Laplanders, those



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mysterious, reticent reindeer-farmers who rebel against industry as they have always rebelled against agriculture. Extreme climatic conditions and a traditional poverty are common to Norwegian, Swedish, and Finnish Lapland, and a conviction that the central governments are indifferent to their welfare breeds resentment.

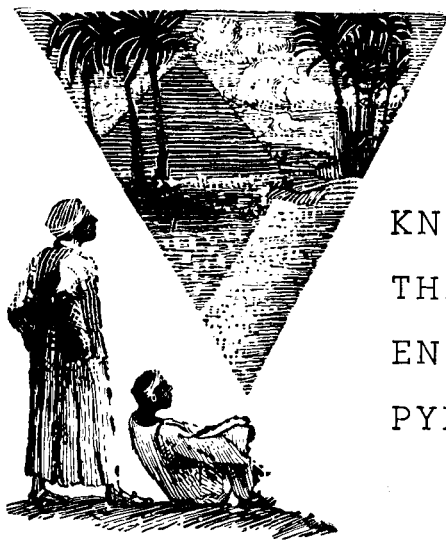
Various spy cases in Norwegian Finnmark and Finnish Lapland suggest the existence of an active spying network throughout the north. The peace treaty with Russia required Finland to extend the railway running from the Swedish border into Finnish Lapland to link up with the Murmansk Railway; control of this line gives control of Lapland. While Communism appears to be of minor importance in politics of the northern Scandinavian countries, subversive activity in the strategic areas of the sub-Arctic must not be discounted.

Modified neutrality

Finland's position is perforce one of modified neutrality. She cannot take sides because she cannot afford to belong to either the East or the West. Her only modification is in her commitment in the treaty with Russia to defend her soil if Finland, or Russia through Finland, is attacked. Her treaty relationship with Russia has naturally affected her foreign policy, but it has not weakened the long-standing ties between Finland and the rest of Scandinavia.

Swedish policies are of particular interest to Finland, just as Finland's present position is held in Sweden to be an important factor influencing Swedish policy. Whatever the balance of opinion is, for or against Swedish neutrality, the Finns are certain that they prefer to look westwards to a sort of no man's land than to be squeezed between two great-power blocs.

On a functional level, Finland tries to cooperate in all possible ways with her Scandinavian neighbors, and her absence from the Nordic Council table is certainly no fault of hers. Any murmurs in the free and outspoken Finnish press in favor of participation result in Russian fulminations against the disturbance of friendly relations between Finland and the Soviet Union, and in allegations that Finland is being tempted into the Atlantic orbit.



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Washington

CONGRESS has not yet found a way to write laws tight enough to prevent failures, moral or administrative, by executive officials. That much was confessed in the *Congressional Record* as House and Senate, fully awake at last to the delinquencies in housing, enacted the 1954 housing bill. What is now going on brings memories of the scandals in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Congress must share some of the blame—for not having kept close enough watch, and for not having acted quickly enough when it began to realize that something was wrong.

The problem underlying the wrongdoing attributed to officials and some of those doing business under the housing program was stated for the House on July 20 by Representative Jesse Wolcott, chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, presenting the new housing bill as agreed upon in conference committee. "The tightening up of the procedures, as we all well recognize," said Wolcott, "could not be spelled out to the last detail in legislation. We had to leave many of them to regulations, and a broad provision in the conference report is to the effect that wherein we have not spelled out these safeguards in the legislation, generally speaking the administration may, by regulation, supplement the legislation with that objective in mind."

Tightening up the law

In laboring to build honesty into the law covering government assistance for housing, Congress faced several handicaps. The housing program must be saved, with enough administrative leeway to make it workable. It is given key economic importance, in current doctrine, because of its "generative" characteristics stimulating industrial activity and employment far beyond the boundaries of the construction business itself.

Furthermore, in one area where the most spectacular misdeeds were alleged, the horse had not only been stolen but was dead. The great "wind-fall" profits had been made under Section 608 of the National Housing Act, which had expired in 1950. Congress could take only minor steps to avoid opportunities for like malfeasance in such

parallel programs for construction of multifamily projects as continued under other, surviving sections. Finally, the question of tightening up the law was almost completely obscured in floor discussion by the storm over the public housing issue.

The principal step taken to block further offenses, ethical and legal, like those invited by Section 608, was the writing of a new provision requiring builders to certify actual construction costs of multifamily housing built with an FHA-insured mortgage and to reduce the mortgage by an amount corresponding to any excess of the mortgage loan over actual costs. The windfalls had been collected where builders obtained FHA-insured mortgage loans bigger than actual construction costs.

Otherwise, the new restrictions deal chiefly with the provisions covering insurance of loans for home repairs and improvements. There the offensive practices occur in terms of a few hundreds of dollars in individual cases, contrasted with the millions harvested under Section 608.

In one or two interesting instances, Congress recognized at least subconsciously that one way to police the appetite for material gain is to introduce the penalty of material loss. For example, lending institutions had as a practical matter been protected 100 per cent against risk on home repair loans. The new law requires them to bear 10 per cent of the risk. (The Senate had wanted to make it 20 per cent.) It is assumed that this provision will make them more careful on such matters as the reliability of builders, the credit standing of the borrower, and the common-sense factor in the job for which the loan is sought.

The new law requires the FHA to check up on the lending institutions through which it deals, and requires the lending institutions to look into the reliability of the firms doing the work under the home improvement programs. One provision would bar the multiple loans under which home owners have exceeded the limits on individual loans.

To protect the borrower against himself and against high pressure, new provisions state much

stricter standards governing the kinds of projects on which loans may be obtained — the money must be used to protect the property or improve its basic livability or utility — and require the borrower to sign a dated credit statement to go with his application for the loan.

Congress moves too late

However creditable these legislative changes may be, Congress must admit to itself that it was slow in waking up to the defects in the housing law which made possible, and even invited, an estimated \$80 million in windfall profits under Section 608. That section was enacted in 1942 to stimulate construction of rental housing for war workers.

The FHA insurance provisions were deliberately designed to persuade builders to put up apartment projects instead of concentrating on single dwellings. Their effect was to give a builder opportunity to get insured loans without putting up substantial equity. After the war, the program was continued with much the same characteristics, except that its new objective was to provide living places for veterans.

The conference report on the 1954 bill acknowledges that as early as 1947, Congress was hearing rumors of "mortgaging out" under Section 608. That is the term applying when the mortgagor obtains a mortgage exceeding the actual cost of the project. It was these earlier suspicions which led to the repeated revision of the language covering the FHA estimates of cost.

There is a curious fact of history here. As the rumors of windfalls persisted, Congress acted to prevent them in two of the programs. It required builders engaged in FHA-insured work under the military housing program and the defense housing program to certify actual costs to the FHA and to apply any windfall to reduction of the mortgage. But Congress made no such move to eliminate the windfalls under Section 608. Not until 1954 did it write the across-the-board requirement for "builder's cost certification" on all FHA mortgage insurance for new or rehabilitated multifamily and rental housing.

The Internal Revenue Bureau is looking at 1149 apartment projects

DOES SCIENCE PROVE THE BIBLE WRONG?

Some people are convinced that it does.

They read in the Bible, for example, that the stars are fixed in the "roof" of the world like luminous ornaments, which is the way they appeared to the unscientific eyes of the authors of Genesis. Later scientific knowledge proves that the stars are incandescent bodies moving in space.

Although willing to acknowledge that God created the universe, these scientific-minded folks refuse to believe the Biblical account in which apparently it all took place in six days. Also, they contend that the scientific evidences of evolution appear to contradict the Bible in this instance.

As far as Catholics are concerned, there can be no real conflict between scientific truth and religious truth. From the time of Moses down to the present day, science has opened the doors to many of the earth's physical secrets—including in our own time, the fantastic secret of atomic energy. There will undoubtedly occur, in the unforeseeable future, even more revolutionary discoveries. But the fact remains that science has yet to produce any evidence that discredits the basic truths of Holy Scripture.

The Bible, to begin with, is a book of religion—not a scientific textbook. The Book of Genesis should be regarded therefore, not as a scientific explanation of the heavens and the earth, but as an exposition of certain divine truths. These include such matters as the creation of all things... the creation of man as the object of God's special providence... the unity of the human race... the loss of man's original state of blessedness through original sin... God's promise and plan of redemption.



In writing of these things, the authors of the Old Testament were divinely protected against error. God did not, however, stand over them and dictate what they wrote. Their writings, therefore, while recording basic truths, are clothed in language forms common to their primitive time, and are influenced by cultural and scientific concepts far less enlightened than our own.

A correct appraisal of the Book of Genesis, and the history of Creation, requires an understanding of the meanings which the Old Testament authors intended to convey, and an appreciation of the language forms, philosophy and mores of their times. An interesting pamphlet explaining these things, and detailing the doctrine of the age-old Catholic Church concerning Creation, will be sent free, in a plain wrapper, on your request. Nobody will call on you. Write today for Pamphlet No. B-48.

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on which builders collected an estimated \$80 million more than they spent. It will press the contention that taxes on these windfalls should be paid at individual-income rates rather than the lower capital-gains rate. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., has grand juries all over the country looking for housing offenses, and has created a special unit in his department to expedite investigation and prosecution. The resulting cases are expected to include bribery of government officials, mail fraud, and violation of banking laws, as well as falsification of documents in the home improvement program.

When all the crimes have been uncovered, the future purity of the housing program will still have to depend, for all Congress or the policemen can do, upon the integrity of its administrators. FHA had insured about \$3.5 billion in projects during the life of Section 608.

Taking the windfall figures as a guide, a rule of thumb may now be established that \$3.5 billion in opportunity excites \$80 million in cupidity. Between that rule and the most

ardent efforts of Congress to write self-policing legislation, it is the man behind the desk in the administrative office who has to stand guard.

Young and the civil service

The recent report on the Federal government service by the sixth session of the American Assembly naturally won special attention in Washington, acutely interested in all things affecting government workers. As read here, the report seemed to spread a layer of tact over an inherent irony and drama. The American Assembly, which meets at Arden House, Harri-man, New York, represents the fruition of one of President Eisenhower's great dreams in his peaceful interlude as president of Columbia University. Having had the dream, he called upon one of Columbia's bright young men, Philip Young, then dean of the graduate school of business, to do the work of giving it reality.

Philip Young, forty-four, son of Owen D. Young of General Electric, is now chairman of the United States Civil Service Commission. As such, he is the principal adviser to President Eisenhower in matters affecting Fed-

eral personnel. The critique of Federal personnel policies by an institution owing almost its very existence to President Eisenhower and Mr. Young contained, for Washington, the quality of a scene in which the son turns on his parents and gently but firmly points out ways in which they ought to improve themselves.

The report was not explicitly critical, but it did not suggest that perfection has been attained in personnel policies by the Eisenhower-Young regime. It did not say that the civil service had been purged of politics. It did not say that politics had been entirely absent from the loyalty program of which this Administration professes to be so proud.

Mr. Young has been a disappointment to Washington in his present post, and Washington has known him a long time and long held him in high regard. A good-looking man of great personal charm, he became one of the stars of the New Deal beginning in his mid-twenties — first at the Securities Exchange Commission, then at the Treasury, and then most notably, when war came, as a deputy administrator of Lend-Lease. He is remembered most of all for his determined and largely successful efforts to preserve honesty and common sense in programs which, being bold, novel, and usually expensive, always threatened to shoot off the track.

It is a matter of arbitrary judgment whether his total performance as Civil Service chairman has been good or bad. What has excited criticism has been his participation in the Administration politics of the loyalty-security program. He was a principal figure in the "numbers game" last spring, when the Administration announced the separation of 2486 persons from the Federal pay roll and undertook to convey the impression that most of them were dangerous subversives. Mr. Young dodged questions for a long time, and when pinned down was unable to support the Administration's implication that it had been cleaning out Communists and spies wholesale.

That uproar might have died down for good, and Mr. Young might have been forgiven for good, had not his commission announced a new set of figures on separations just at the height of this fall's political campaign.

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The public was told that in the 13 months up to the end of last June, 6926 "security risks" had been separated from the government, and that the files of 1743 contained information indicating subversive activities or associations.

The Republicans were perfectly willing to let it be understood that most of these had been appointed by the Democrats, but that thesis was challenged by disinterested experts in Federal personnel matters. It is too much to expect that politicians will not play politics with any materials that come to hand, but in Mr. Young's case it can at least be said that his friends feel he is falling somewhat short of the marks they came to expect of him during his earlier career in Washington.

Competence in the Pentagon

In the Pentagon and in other quarters of the government with which he has to do business, it is gradually being discerned that the "new" Deputy Secretary of Defense, Robert B. Anderson, is one of those priceless public servants who get things done without making noise or getting into quarrels. In that respect he is distinguished from his predecessor, Roger M. Kyes, who though remarkably capable was also dramatic and controversial.

Since his ascension to the second post in the Pentagon civilian command last spring, little has been heard of Mr. Anderson outside the government. Inside, his influence has been growing. Mr. Kyes was a production man when a production man was needed. Mr. Anderson is, to use a word cropping up more and more, a "generalist." This fall he has been in Europe, acting as the representative of the Department of Defense sitting next to Secretary of State Dulles in a whole series of international meetings including the Big Three, the Big Nine of the organizational efforts flowing from the London Conference, and the Big and Little Fourteen of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. That he should have such an assignment is evidence of the respect he has earned at the State Department and the White House.

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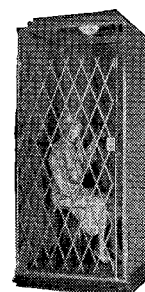
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tary Dulles in his address before the United Nations General Assembly on September 23, called "Partnership for Peace." High State Department officials passed the word to newspapermen that partnership was the thing to be stressed, although it is obviously less exciting as a slogan than "liberation" or "massive retaliation."

What it means in action was explained by Secretary Dulles in his statement upon returning from the London Nine-Power Conference. "When I went to London," the statement read, "I said that the initiative rested with the European powers. They have exercised that initiative. The result is what Europeans decided on for themselves. The United States will, I hope, cooperate with the result."

Perhaps the most significant thing about "partnership" is that it reflects the new dominance of President Eisenhower in guiding the foreign policy of the United States. It contains the essence of the President's instincts and thoughts as to how a coalition should be conducted.

President Eisenhower, in managing the affairs of the wartime military coalition, the peacetime North Atlantic coalition at SHAPE, the coalition of coordinate branches of this government, the coalition of factions within the Republican Party, and the coalition of all political elements which elected him to the Presidency, has believed in and practiced partnership. To him, it means gaining agreement, at however low a level, before leading the coalition in a course of action.

Dulles has been temperamentally disposed to order the coalition into a charge without waiting to learn just what the coalition thought about the objective and the proposed means of attaining it. Conscious of the power and resources of the United States, he was impatient with stragglers and malingers. The most conspicuous example of his tendency to get too far ahead of his troops was when he rocketed off to Europe last spring to form a Southeast Asia defense alliance in advance of the Geneva Conference. The President's method is slower, but his own record suggests that in the end an alliance is healthier for having taken its time — in partnership.

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

“THE OPPENHEIMER CASE”

SIR:

In the course of his persuasive article, “The Oppenheimer Case” (October *Atlantic*), Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., described one of the testifying scientists as follows: “Those who used to know Griggs when he was around Harvard in the late thirties remember him as a man of violent feelings, working out aggressions against a world which he conceived to have injured him.”

Conceivably, for readers who do not know David Griggs, this description will heighten the persuasiveness of Schlesinger’s account of Griggs’s testimony. But readers who knew Griggs at Harvard in the thirties will be startled by the description, to the point of wondering if Schlesinger could have been thinking of someone else. The vindictive type which Schlesinger describes was not unknown among Junior Fellows of that era, but Griggs’s type was decidedly another. He was the genial young outdoor scientist who addressed himself to physical risks and scientific riddles with zest and little evident mindfulness of self. Far from brooding resentfully upon a hostile world, he was very much the robustly extroverted man of action and good will.

W. V. QUINE
Professor of Philosophy
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

“The Oppenheimer Case” by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., ends with these two paragraphs: —

“Is absolute security possible short of an absolute state? Robert Oppenheimer was doubtless at moments a

cocky, irritating, even arrogant man. But surely no arrogance of Oppenheimer equals the arrogance of those who, in the frightening words of the Gray Board, affirm that ‘it has been demonstrated that the Government can search . . . the soul of an individual whose relationship to his Government is in question.’

“The government which claims to do this would hardly seem a government for Americans.”

This quotation and this statement by a professor of history at Harvard were so shocking, so incredible, that I too went to the report of the Oppenheimer hearing. What I found was this: —

“We find ourselves in agreement with much that underlies both points of view. We believe that the people of our country can be reassured by this proceeding that it is possible to conduct an investigation in calmness, in fairness, in disregard of public clamor and private pressures, and with dignity. We believe that it has been demonstrated that the Government can search its own soul and the soul of an individual whose relationship to his Government is in question with full protection of the rights and interests of both. We believe that loyalty and security can be examined within the frameworks of the traditional and inviolable principles of American justice.”

This to me is not the voice of arrogance or of tyranny. On the contrary, it speaks a humility that is ennobling, and shows a desire to do justice both to the individual American and to his country.

NEIL MACNEIL
Southampton, N.Y.

Mr. MacNeil would suggest (as George Sokolsky has suggested in his newspaper column) that a reading of the full quotation from the Gray Board would give a wholly different impression of the Gray Board’s views from the excerpts with which I concluded the article. I do not see this. The essential question is: Can a government search the soul of an individual? The Gray Board replied: Yes, it can. The fact that it additionally replied — in language I omitted for purely literary reasons — that it can search the soul of an individual *without injuring his rights and interests* surely only compounds the enormity of its claim. A more candid view would be to admit, as the totalitarian states do, that government soul-searching must imply the rejection of individual rights.

As for the phrase about government’s searching its own soul, I omitted it because I could not make head or tail of it; but I would suggest that deification of the state along these lines is surely not in the American tradition.

No one could disagree with the last sentence quoted by Mr. MacNeil; but this is quite a different proposition from the one above about searching individuals’ souls.

— ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

SIR:

Schlesinger’s article implies that my testimony in the Oppenheimer hearings was perjured, and that I sabotaged the project for continental defense. I shall first answer the latter charge.

Contrary to some accounts current in the press, the Air Force led the

efforts to improve the Air Defense of the United States, beginning with a briefing of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on the urgency of the problem, immediately after the first Soviet A-bomb explosion. The Air Force encouraged scientists to tackle the difficult technical problems. My predecessor as Chief Scientist of the Air Force, Dr. Louis N. Ridenour, and his colleague, Dr. Ivan A. Gettings, then Assistant for Evaluation in the Air Force office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Research and Development, were responsible, among other things, for the initiation, by the Air Force, of the Air Defense effort at M.I.T. which is now the Lincoln Laboratory.

When I assumed my duties in the Air Force in September, 1951, it was a large part of my responsibility to see to it that the Air Defense effort was pushed as vigorously as was possible, and in the most productive directions. The classified record shows clearly the steps that I took to accomplish this. I may mention one unclassified item: in the spring of 1952, I assisted in increasing the budget for Lincoln by a substantial amount, which required a strenuous effort in Washington, as the need for this increase had only recently resulted from the rapidly evolving Air Defense program.

In refuting Schlesinger's charge of sabotage, it is necessary to distinguish between the Lincoln Laboratory and the Lincoln Summer Study, since apparently he has in mind the latter. The Lincoln Laboratory is the large, continuing, Air Defense effort of M.I.T., housed by the Air Force and supported by the Air Force with a very large budget. The Lincoln Summer Study was an *ad hoc* study of certain aspects of the Air Defense problem, held under the auspices of the Lincoln Laboratory during the summer of 1952.

As I testified, I was concerned about some things in the plan for the Summer Study. My concern was based on my desire to see that the Study be conducted in such a way as to make the greatest contribution to our Air Defense effort. My concern was shared by Mr. Finletter, then Secretary of the Air Force, and by Provost Stratton of M.I.T., as I testified. When measures to meet our shared objections were taken by President Killian of M.I.T. and I was so informed by him, we in the Air Force backed the Summer Study.

This is all set forth in my testimony, and could have been checked by Schlesinger had he taken the trouble to do so. I might add that after I left the Air Force on July 1, 1952, I was invited by Dr. Hill, Director of the Lincoln Laboratory, to participate in the Summer Study. I was unable to do so only because of prior commitments; this would hardly make it appear that I was then considered a saboteur by the Lincoln Laboratory.

Now I turn to Schlesinger's statement that my testimony contains "demonstrated lies." My general comment on this is that on rereading my testimony, I find nothing that I believe I could say more accurately if I were subpoenaed again today. Schlesinger apparently bases his statement principally on two items: —

1. The conflict between my testimony and that of Dr. Zacharias and Hill relative to ZORC.

2. My testimony that Mr. Finletter had serious question as to Dr. Oppenheimer's loyalty. Schlesinger says Finletter has since denied this.

If I were asked again today under oath, I would have to say that to the best of my recollection I saw Zacharias write ZORC on the blackboard at the Scientific Advisory Board meeting in September, 1952, as I testified. Schlesinger says that others who were there deny that such an incident took place. I do not know how well Schlesinger canvassed the group. Since I testified, I myself have talked about this to only a few people who were there. One recalled the incident. Another recalls Zacharias using the word ZORC in his talk.

A similar incident occurred at a meeting of the Lincoln Summer Study in late August, 1952, which I did not attend. An Air Force memorandum prepared at the time records the fact that ZORC was written on the blackboard then. I now have a copy of that memorandum.

It has been suggested to me since I testified that my memory may have been confused by the fact that during the meeting which I attended I was told of the earlier blackboard incident. All I can say is that there seems beyond doubt to have been at least one blackboard incident; that I think I saw it happen once myself; and that I know memories are fallible.

Here I must say with emphasis that, unlike Schlesinger, I do not accuse Zacharias and Hill of perjury because their testimony is in conflict with mine. I much prefer to think

that their memories failed on this point. I can't leave the ZORC incident without remarking that "ZORC" seems to me to have assumed an inordinate importance in the press. It is common for scientists to concoct a word composed of initials to denote a project or an idea. There is nothing sinister in this. The fact that Zacharias, Oppenheimer, Rabi, and Charlie Lauritsen were working together on some aspects of Air Defense during the summer of 1952 is well known, and certainly to their credit. I testified that, in my opinion, the Lincoln Summer Study resulted in material improvement of our Air Defense.

Finally, Schlesinger says that I "charged" Mr. Finletter with making remarks about Oppenheimer's loyalty which Finletter has since denied. In this case, I believe Schlesinger misunderstood my testimony. He asked Mr. Finletter if he had told me that Oppenheimer was disloyal, to which Mr. Finletter replied in the negative. What I said in my testimony was: "I was told by Mr. Finletter that he had serious question as to the loyalty of Dr. Oppenheimer." At this point in my testimony, it is evident from the published transcript that I was seeking for the right way to say this unpleasant thing. I wanted to say that Finletter *did* have a serious question as to Dr. Oppenheimer's loyalty. I *did not* intend to imply that Mr. Finletter had concluded that Dr. Oppenheimer was disloyal. If my words created the latter impression, I wish to set the record straight.

Many responsible officials who have reviewed the investigative files on Dr. Oppenheimer have felt themselves confronted with a serious question regarding his loyalty. For instance, it is clear that Lilienthal did, when he first reviewed the summary of Dr. Oppenheimer's file. The transcript of the Gray Board hearings shows that Lilienthal believed that the evidence "could seriously impeach Dr. Oppenheimer" (p. 417) and that he suggested to President Truman through Clark Clifford that the case be reviewed by an evaluation board of distinguished jurists including Justices of the Supreme Court (p. 419). Since no such formal evaluation had been made when Mr. Finletter expressed his uncertainty, his attitude at that time seems in retrospect to have been wholly reasonable.

DAVID T. GRIGGS
Los Angeles, Calif.

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(My commission expires February 9, 1956)

Mr. Griggs overstates the case when
he suggests that I charged him with
perjury or with sabotage. What I said
was that, *by the same standards on
which Oppenheimer was convicted by
the Gray Board and by the AEC*, Mr.
Griggs could equally have been con-
victed of defects of character (because
of demonstrated misstatements in the
testimony) and of lack of enthusiasm
for the national security (because of
his campaign against the Lincoln
Summer Study air defense project).

On the air defense issue, it would
be hard for Mr. Griggs to produce a
single one of the scientists engaged
in that struggle who would testify
that they received unstinted support
from Mr. Griggs and from the Air
Force.

As Dr. Oppenheimer was charged
with discouraging scientists from
working on the H-bomb, so Mr.
Griggs was charged with discouraging
scientists from working on air de-
fense. For testimony showing fur-
ther examples of Mr. Griggs's activity
against the air defense effort, be-
ginning with his effort to prevent the
initiation of the Lincoln Summer
Study, see the *Transcript*, pages 760,
925-926, 930, 938, 940.

As for Mr. Griggs's factual reli-
ability as a witness, his two points
by no means exhausted my examples.
Another, for instance, was the remark
he attributed to Dr. Zacharias about
wishing to do away with strategic air
power. But let me deal with the two
he brings up:—

1. Mr. Griggs is now no longer sure
that he saw Dr. Zacharias write
ZORC on the M.I.T. blackboard.
But he had no doubts at all when he
testified under oath on April 29. Of
course, no such incident took place;
and no one among those present with
whom I talked could recall anything
which would conceivably have given
rise to such an impression. It is
rather late for Mr. Griggs now to con-
clude that "memories are fallible."

2. His remarks about Secretary
Finletter are simply incompatible
with his sworn testimony. He then
said, "I was told by Mr. Finletter
that he had serious question as to

the loyalty of Dr. Oppenheimer. . . .
This was not an irresponsible charge
on the part of Mr. Finletter."
"Charge," in short, was Mr. Griggs's
word, not mine. Of course Mr. Fin-
letter never made such a charge.

Professor Quine comments on the
character of Mr. Griggs. I probably
should not have attempted a charac-
terization of Mr. Griggs in the space
available in the article, since what
I could say certainly did not do jus-
tice to the qualities mentioned by
Professor Quine. Mr. Griggs is unde-
niably a man of charm, intelligence,
and ability. Others felt, however—
even if Professor Quine did not—
smoldering fires within. I would sug-
gest that both Mr. Griggs's testimony
and his letter display again a shaky
sense of fact which would argue
against his reliability as a witness,
though not against his sincerity as a
man. — ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER

✓ ✓ ✓

In the editorial note accompany-
ing Professor Schlesinger's article,
we referred to his "outspoken anti-
Communism which has won him bit-
ter condemnation on the far left . . ."
Because several readers have chal-
lenged the reference, we invite atten-
tion to these facts:—

Schlesinger is the author of "The
U.S. Communist Party," *Life*, July
29, 1946, one of the first full-length
indictments and exposures of the
Communist conspiracy in the United
States to appear in a national maga-
zine. He was attacked in a series of
articles by Milton Howard in the
Daily Worker, beginning on July 30,
1946; in another *Daily Worker* series
by Samuel Sillen, beginning on Sep-
tember 8, 1946; and he has been at-
tacked by the *Daily Worker* repeat-
edly ever since. On August 13, 1946,
the *New Masses* ran an article by
John Stuart entitled "Schlesinger:
Rankin Historian"; followed by a sec-
ond piece the next week, "Schlesinger:
Luce Liberal." In 1949 the Commu-
nist Party issued a pamphlet devoted
to a full-scale attack on Schlesinger:
"The Schlesinger Fraud" by Herbert
Aptheker. — THE EDITORS

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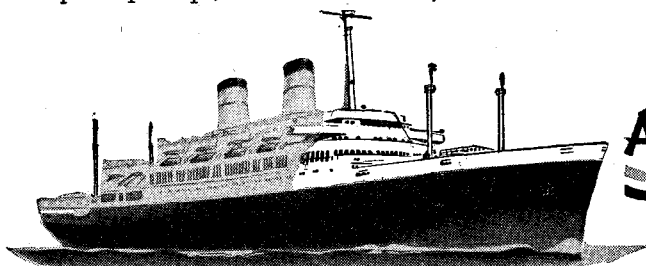
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"Pondering the degree to which accident could overturn the schemes of wise men, Prince Bismarck once concluded that there was a special providence for drunkards, fools, and the United States. Indeed there is much to be said for the argument that America has survived and grown strong by a miraculous streak of luck that, at one turning point after another, has directed fortune its way." So writes OSCAR HANDLIN, Professor of History at Harvard and author of The Uprooted, which won the Pulitzer Prize for History in 1951. This is the first of a series of five articles, each focused on a major event in American history.

INDEPENDENCE AT YORKTOWN

Chance or Destiny?

by OSCAR HANDLIN

IT TAKES an effort of the imagination to look back over the long distance we have come on the way to being a great power. We make our influence felt in the distant corners of the earth; and every act of politics today must take account of American will and interest. It is difficult now to recall that the road to the present was not straight or easy — that it led often by decisive turnings at which our fate was subject to the accidents of chance, to the whims of forgotten foreign statesmen, and to the firmness of certain Americans.

It is well, therefore, to remember how we, a new nation, came into being. Rebellion, war, and diplomacy were the means. But in our success were involved the miscalculations of men, the chances of casual encounters, and even the winds of the unpredictable weather.

The young Americans who dared aspire toward independence in 1776 lacked resources and experience and authority; they faced a powerful empire and a vigorous and resolute king. Although defiance was already a habit with them, it was a hazardous course that the members of the Continental Congress took when they determined to cut the ties that bound them to Britain.

In the next two years, they had frequent occasion to wonder at their own foolhardiness. They had

staved off the first attempts at reconquest. But they had not been able to clear the English away from their coasts. And the uncertain operations of the state and central governments generated no confidence in their permanence or stability.

As the volunteer armies melted away with the fading of the first flush of enthusiasm, as the currency depreciated toward nothingness and the tax yield fell off, increasingly the only hope for success seemed the intervention of some powerful outsider. It was for this reason that American thoughts drifted often to France, where Benjamin Franklin labored to convince the government of Louis XVI that it had a stake in the struggle.

Whether France would intercede or not would be largely the decision of an aristocratic minister of state. Charles Gravier, Comte de Vergennes, had seen long service under the French crown. Born of a branch of the nobility that had distinguished itself in government, he had spent his whole active life in diplomacy, moving from one embassy to another — from Frankfort to Munich, Stockholm, and Constantinople. In 1774 he became Minister of Foreign Affairs for Louis XVI, determined to regain the ground France had lost in the disastrous succession of eighteenth-century wars.

In the polished salons of Versailles the aging

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courtier would take a step heavy with consequences for the New World. For Vergennes the American Revolution was a lucky chance, an opportunity for retaliation against the overconfident British, now the possessors of so many prized colonies once French. Through spies in England and agents in America he had watched discontent ripple through the seaports and back country from Massachusetts to the Carolinas, and shrewdly hoped to chart his own way through these unpredictable currents. He had cautiously advanced aid to the colonies, encouraging them to keep a disturbing sore alive in the side of his British enemy. But he remained formally a neutral until 1778.

The Battle of Saratoga the year before had given him a basis for belief that the rebels might actually gain their independence. He did not dare hope that France could win back her old empire; but judicious assistance to the Americans would weaken George III and would attach the new nation in friendship and alliance to Louis XVI. In the early spring he extended formal recognition to the new state and entered into a formal alliance with it. "No event was ever received with more heartfelt joy," wrote Washington, out of the depths of relief and renewed confidence that the news had brought.

In the alignment of powers against Britain that now took shape, the French played a critical role. Along with themselves, they drew Spain actively into the war. The Netherlands were persuaded to maintain a benevolent neutrality toward the United States until 1780, when they too became belligerents. In the north, Russia and Sweden were encouraged in "armed neutrality," almost as advantageous to the Americans as open intervention.

Now that France was openly at war with Britain, Vergennes was realist enough to know the magnitude of the task ahead. Not the man to underestimate the power of his opponent, he could envisage all the risks of defeat and was determined to avoid excessive commitments. Cautiously he maneuvered to retain freedom of action, wary, yet alert to every opportunity.

As the indecisive years went by, Vergennes's caution was justified. The pendulum of fortune swung from one side to the other; and the humiliating defeat that would bring the obdurate George III to terms was as remote as ever. An American army was in existence, and French forces had been of some assistance. But the British held the principal Atlantic cities and there was not much hope of immediately dislodging them.

Furthermore, Vergennes had paid a heavy price for Spanish assistance. The conservative court in Madrid had shied from the idea of encouraging revolutionaries; and only the promise that Gibraltar would be his reward had overcome the caution of the proud Floridablanca, principal minister of the Spanish king. There was not, however, the least likelihood that the British would agree to a peace

by which they would lose the great fortress that was the key to the western Mediterranean. To compel her to yield to such terms would prolong the war indefinitely.

Early in 1781, Vergennes therefore imagined that the time had come to end the fighting and to consolidate the gains already made. It was almost six years since the shots fired at Concord, three since the French had become belligerents. The long struggle was bleeding the treasury dry, and Louis XVI was in no position to support an indefinite drain on his purse. Much better to cut the conflict short and to realize limited gains than to hazard all in further combat.

Vergennes's plan was simple and in accord with the accepted diplomacy of the eighteenth century. The purpose of war was not the unconditional surrender or the total destruction of the enemy, but a moderate improvement of strategic position and whatever accessions of territory were not too expensive. On the battlefields of Europe the great powers were all the time trading corners of the continent. This war's foe might be the friend of the next; and unrestrained ambition was not only indecent but might provoke the united hostility of all the states committed to keeping power in balance.

The French minister's reasoning was therefore almost classic in its logic. Let peace be on the basis of the status quo. Let all the struggling powers retain what they then possessed. That would put a halt to further unprofitable expenditures in men and money and at the same time stabilize the advantages already attained.

There seemed every prospect that the war would draw to a close on some such terms as these, subject, of course, to the usual diplomatic haggling over details. This would make not a perfect but a feasible peace, Vergennes reasoned. True, Great Britain would retain New York, Savannah, and the seaports in between, and the United States would lack a proven outlet to the sea except at Boston. But on the other hand, the new nation would have its independence recognized; and it would hold a substantial stretch of territory — more, indeed, than the present needs of its population required. True, also, Spain would not retake Gibraltar; but it would gain both banks of the Mississippi and the whole coast of the Gulf of Mexico. France would weaken England and strengthen its alliance with both the United States and Spain. Yet the terms were not so ruinous as to push Great Britain into unyielding resistance.

2

VERGENNES, it happened, was somewhat reticent about bringing into the open proposals that were "lacking in delicacy," since they were far short of the expectations of his allies. It was usual in such situations to spare the sensibilities of all involved; there was no embarrassment if the initial suggestion

came from neutral mediators. In this case, the Emperor of Austria and the Empress of Russia were available, and, indeed, in due course they advanced the proposal for peace which had been spelled out for them by Vergennes. All was in proper form, and rationally there seemed no reason why the terms might not be accepted when they were presented in May, 1781.

Rationally! On some questions, however, the Americans refused to be altogether rational. Strangers to diplomacy, they were not disposed to compromise. The Continental Congress had already dispatched a plenipotentiary to keep them informed of the situation and to treat with the powers concerned should peace become possible. It was fortunate that the choice for that role was John Adams, a man not given to compromise of principle or interest.

As a negotiator, Adams had the country lawyer's zeal for the welfare of his client. His brusque manner, his self-righteousness, and his scarcely concealed reflections upon other men's virtue often offended those with whom he dealt. As he moved between Versailles and The Hague, his Yankee suspicions of the titled foreigners hardened into a resolve not to let himself be outbargained. Above all, however, he burned with a fierce loyalty to the ideals of the Revolution; even then he was composing the ponderous *Defense of the Constitutions of the United States*. He would accept no such compromise of those ideals as the mediation proposal involved.

Yet before the superior force of his French ally, what weight did Adams's objections have? And Franklin, the resident minister in Paris, was older, more temperate, and familiar with European statecraft. His mind absorbed the realities of the situation, and the bird-in-hand argument impressed him. He was likely to fall in with the mediation idea.

Vergennes held all the cards. If Adams was unyielding, Congress could be persuaded to find another envoy. Without French aid, the Americans would be in a poor way indeed. Yet, what would the nation have been had its boundaries been drawn within the limits of Vergennes's terms? A poor, provincial territory, lacking access to the sea, meager in resources, and hemmed in by powerful unfriendly neighbors on the north, west, and south. Independence would have been in name only; the reality would have remained dependence.

For the moment, George III spared the Americans the necessity of accepting that outcome. The headstrong monarch was enraged by the very suggestion of foreign mediation in a domestic quarrel with his colonies. "I certainly, till drove to the wall, will do what I can to save the empire," he still insisted. His intransigence, now, made further negotiation futile.

But Vergennes could wait. The logic of events would make London more tractable, and peace would take the form he had sketched.

At this critical juncture only some dramatic and altogether unattended news from overseas could have altered the complexion of those events.

The news came from Yorktown.

The early months of 1781 found American military fortunes at their lowest ebb. The Continental treasury was empty, the currency was worthless, supplies were low, and the states no longer bothered to honor requisitions. The army had all but disappeared. As enlistments expired, men drifted back to their farms, their patriotic ardor having waned through the years of dreary fighting. In the depth of winter the flare of mutiny in the Pennsylvania line had brought into the open the resentment of soldiers who found it hard to keep faith alive while they were unpaid, ill-clothed, and often hungry.

In 1781 two clumps of military strength remained. At Newport was a superb French force of 5000 men under General de Rochambeau. They had come the summer before, well equipped and bountifully supplied. But they had thus far done little other than to open the eyes of provincial New Englanders and their daughters to the potentialities of a polite society.

Near West Point, Washington himself directed the American army of scarcely 3500 men. The Virginian had aged markedly since the spring day six years earlier when he had assumed command of the Continental troops in Cambridge. Indeed, he had had a weary time of it, struggling to keep alive the dreams of honor and glory while the nagging details of administration crowded in upon him. Often his thoughts drifted to his Mount Vernon home from which he had been so long absent, while he composed labored letters to Congress explaining the necessities of his situation.

Thus far, failures were as conspicuous as success; and at the opening of the year 1781, Washington was on the verge of despair. The mutiny was a shock, and the prospects for the months ahead gloomy. A man of few intimate friendships, the general grew nervous and irritable. Worried over a near defeat in the South in March, he was driven unfairly to blame Rochambeau in letters that almost caused a break with the French.

3

THE spring passed without a rift in the clouds of anxiety. In May, Washington saw no prospect of a glorious offensive. To his journal he confided the fear that he would be trapped again in a "bewildered and gloomy defensive" campaign.

With the French, he was faced at this time by two English armies, each larger than his own. Comfortably established in New York City was Sir Henry Clinton in command of at least 14,500 well-equipped men who were being continually reinforced from home. In the South, Lord Charles Cornwallis had gathered his 5000 veterans at York-

town, which he was fortifying as a base for further operations.

Washington was not overdisturbed at the danger from these forces. Clinton, the ranking British commander, was neither decisive nor vigorous. He had shown a preference for resting in New York and pursuing bands of Continentals through the countryside. Thus far he had displayed neither the ability nor the will to stamp out the rebellion.

But it was altogether another matter to contrive Clinton's defeat. The Americans could hold on in indefinite stalemate. But they could hardly be expected to destroy forces so superior to their own. And that, of course, had been Vergennes's reckoning, as he waited that summer for the hints of peace which he had planted to take root.

Washington yearned for victory. The thought of remaining on the defensive revolted him. He therefore set about planning Clinton's destruction. His plan proceeded from the correct premise that to win he must unite the French and American forces and strike at one of the British armies cut off from the other. But the plan had a flaw which might have proved fatal had the Americans seriously pursued it. Washington's error was to imagine he could launch a successful attack on New York. However, an unforeseen turn of fortune was to alter the whole design and reorder the future course of the war.

Washington knew that Clinton's force was larger than any he and Rochambeau together could muster. He knew, too, the strength of Manhattan's fortifications. But he imagined that he had no alternative. To get at Cornwallis's smaller army called for a long overland march skirting Clinton's stronghold — a march in which the French and Americans would be cut off from their bases and would run the risk of an assault by both British armies.

New York, despite the risks, seemed therefore the necessary goal. Early in July, Washington and Rochambeau joined forces at White Plains and prepared to attack.

Now was chance's first intervention. The advance American detachments sent forward to land secretly upon the island ran into British foraging parties and withdrew. Offered the opportunity for reconsideration by these accidental encounters, the allied generals took more sober stock of their position and reluctantly determined to avoid an engagement that would certainly have proved disastrous.

Their thoughts turned again to Virginia. Perhaps a feint at Yorktown would induce Clinton to reinforce Cornwallis, thus weakening the New York garrison. But the hazards of the move gave them pause.

Long before, Washington had understood that a powerful fleet would give the army mobility. In January, he had sent to Versailles a desperate plea for ships. He had not dared hope that his request would be granted, and since an exchange of letters

took five months, he could not afford to wait for a reply. He had been moderately cheered in the late spring by the news that a first-class French fleet under the Comte de Grasse was in the West Indies. But its further moves had then been uncertain.

Early in August, as Washington and Rochambeau lingered indecisively in the vicinity of New York, the long-awaited word came from De Grasse. The French fleet, almost thirty vessels with 3000 additional troops, would sail in the middle of the month for the Chesapeake, prepared to assist in an assault upon Yorktown. The news dispelled every trace of irresolution and brought with it a refreshing certainty of what had to be done. Delighted and relieved, Washington prepared to act.

The pieces of the plan now fell into place. The march to Virginia became feasible when it was clear that supplies could move by sea. A tiny garrison would remain at West Point, while every available man was committed to the gamble of a single decisive campaign. Washington and Rochambeau would steal swiftly across New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania, while a small fleet under Admiral Barras brought their artillery down from Newport. In September they would all rendezvous with De Grasse in the Chesapeake.

4

THE movement by land was quick and secret, undiscovered by Clinton while he could still intervene. Yet ultimately the fate of the expedition depended upon command of the sea. For a brief interval, but long enough, the French controlled the ocean.

Fortune that spring and summer had mocked Admiral Rodney, the British naval commander in the Atlantic. All year, he had engaged the French in a campaign of "strenuous futility"; indecisive petty fights had sapped his energy. A moody, solitary man, disappointed by his failures, his health had broken down. He had been warned that De Grasse was moving northward, but was reluctant to face the bitter weather of the North Atlantic as autumn advanced. Early in August, as the critical moment of the war approached, Rodney determined to return to England with a part of his fleet for a rest. In any naval battle that was to come, the British would therefore be outnumbered by the larger French force. The balance of power at sea had shifted against them.

They would not intercept the French fleet before it reached the shelter of the Chesapeake or had the opportunity to disembark the troops and equipment for Rochambeau's army. A warning of the danger from De Grasse had indeed been dispatched to Admiral Graves in New York; but the vessel that carried it was lost and never reached port. Not until September 1 did the English ships set sail.

By then De Grasse was safely lodged within the Capes of the Chesapeake ready to greet Graves at

his arrival four days later. In the battle that followed, misfortune maintained its attachment to the British. Outmanned and outgunned, surprised that the French were already in occupation, Graves let slip an opportunity to attack before the enemy had formed a line of battle. Thereafter he was doomed to failure. In addition, his signaling system went wrong, or was misunderstood by his subordinates, which only added a comic sting to the defeat.

For the time being, the French were masters of the Bay. Within a week Barras's ships from Newport entered with their precious cargo of artillery, and the armies of Washington and Rochambeau were ferried safely and swiftly from Baltimore and Annapolis to the James near Williamsburg. As September drew to a close, the combined forces were establishing a siege of Yorktown.

Within the beleaguered town, Cornwallis knew soon enough what had happened. A bend in the river cut Yorktown off from a view of the Bay. Yet even from a distance, the naval battle off the Chesapeake must have held Cornwallis's attention. The news of the French victory made grimly clear his own desperate situation. Just over forty at the time, Cornwallis was only at the beginning of a career that would one day earn him distinction in India and Ireland. He had come to America at the very start of the war and had served creditably in the southern theater. Largely through the fault of others, he was about to be responsible for the most decisive defeat in British history.

In the first week of October, the siege settled down to its traditional routine. The French engineers busied themselves mounting the heavy guns, planning trenches, and preparing the apparatus of assault. Occasional sorties and little charges enlivened the long periods of digging and waiting. But mostly it seemed the test would be one of the patience of the attackers against the persistence of the besieged.

Cornwallis was unwilling to surrender. He knew the formidable odds against him and advised Clinton not to attempt to send reinforcements. But there was still a glimmer of hope. Suppose he could break through the trap and escape? Yorktown was surrounded on three sides by the superior forces of the French and Americans. The fourth side was the south bank of the York River.

Cornwallis determined to flee across the river. While the besiegers were still occupied with their digging, he would take his men across in small boats, and then, without baggage or supplies, by forced marches, flee speedily northward to join Clinton. Enough of his army would remain intact to carry on the war.

Late in the night of October 16, the movement began. At midnight, a substantial detachment was across. Then, without warning, a furious storm swept across the river. The boats already over could not come back. Others were carried by the

current down the river. For want of a few more hours of calm, of a few more boats, the last hope of escape was gone.

On October 17, Cornwallis offered to surrender.

Surrender at Yorktown removed from the war a substantial portion of the total British armed strength. It also freed a large part of the continent south of New York. Most important, it altered unexpectedly the diplomatic balance upon which Vergennes had counted. Even if the formula proposed by the mediators in the spring were adhered to, it would now have a different meaning. The Americans held far more territory in October than they had six months earlier. However, Yorktown had a wider significance: it was responsible for a shift in control of British politics and, indirectly, gave an entirely new turn to the negotiations then proceeding at Paris.

5

YORKTOWN did not make George III any friendlier to the Americans. Bitterly, he insisted he would not recognize the independence of the colonies, and threatened abdication as the preferable alternative. His rage, while genuine enough, now concealed the shift to a new policy.

Although this monarch never was known for the display of tact or common sense, he did have a nose for the realities of a situation. Often enough his choleric outbursts were devices to conceal the embarrassment of an unwelcome accommodation. After Yorktown, there was no alternative to independence; and George III quickly knew it. The news discredited the Tories and the king's friends in power. In the extremity, George summoned back into office the ministers most friendly to the American cause. Rockingham, who had once earlier repealed the Stamp Act, Shelburne, and Fox were thereafter to make British policy.

The new English ministers had no desire to justify the errors of the past. They preferred to restore friendly relations with the rebellious colonies, not only because they sympathized with the cause, but also to emphasize the shortcomings of earlier Tory policy. Even independence was not too high a price for American friendship, particularly since it would be Lord North, the prime minister responsible for the Revolution, who paid the price.

As the implications of Yorktown sank in through the early months of 1782, the British ministers realized peace was imperative. They held 30,000 troops in North America, consuming enormous quantities of supplies. To maintain and reinforce them would be ruinously expensive. There was no assurance that a new campaign would be any more successful than the old. Most critical, every passing day of war confirmed American dependence upon France. Delay might create for England's traditional enemy a firm friend in the New World.

In March, 1782, therefore, a long series of negotiations looking toward the peace ponderously got under way. The final treaty was not signed for another year. But the essential elements quickly became apparent.

Franklin and Adams were joined in Paris that spring by a third negotiator, John Jay, come up from Spain where he had fruitlessly been representing the United States. Jay was the youngest of the diplomats, rather vain and self-assured, and very conscious of his gentlemanly upbringing. The unlovely Spanish court in Madrid had left him with a permanent distaste for European statesmanship; and even more than Adams, he was dubious as to Vergennes's intentions.

Jay now uneasily reconsidered the instructions drawn up by the Congress four months before Yorktown. Those instructions reflected a situation that had ceased to exist. The envoys were directed to follow the French minister in all matters; had they literally done as they had been told, they could not long have put off acquiescence in Vergennes's original terms. Yet Jay knew that they could do better and, by dealing with the British, outwit Vergennes. Old family ties and his interests as a spokesman for the New York merchants drew him also to the idea of an Anglo-American accommodation.

There was already a great coming and going of secret agents between London and Paris. Franklin had been dealing with Richard Oswald, an unofficial representative of the English. But in accordance with the rules of the game and with the terms of the French treaty, the Americans had kept Vergennes informed. Jay now found a pretext for cutting short these conversations, and sent to London a secret emissary of his own. The word carried to the new English ministers was that the Americans would consider the framing of a separate preliminary treaty, without the French, and that "it was the obvious interest of Britain immediately to cut the cords which tied us to France."

In November, 1782, the English and Americans agreed upon the terms of settlement that were later written into the treaty of peace. By those terms Franklin, Jay, and Adams secured far more than the most sanguine of them could have dared expect a year earlier. Independence was recognized. The new nation's boundaries reached west to the Mississippi, and the English agreed to evacuate the ports and posts they still held. The Yankees also retained the fishing privileges in British waters they had once held as British subjects. And the United States was not bound to the necessity of compensating the Tories for their confiscated property.

It was no easy matter to break the news of this agreement to the French. When the word came to

him, Vergennes took it in silence. For two weeks, he considered the matter, while the American envoys anxiously awaited an indication of his attitude. No doubt Vergennes was offended at having been outmaneuvered; but he was not one to let false pride lead him into headstrong action. His great concern was still to make the best of the unexpected turn in the game.

His reply when it finally came, then, was hardly the bitter protest that might be expected. Reading the moderate note, Franklin knew that the French could be conciliated. In a communication which was a model of tact, the aging Philadelphian admitted that the Americans had perhaps been lacking in *bienséance*, but insisted it was not through want of regard for French interests. The British, he wrote Vergennes, "flatter themselves they have already divided us"; and that warning, he knew, would be enough to remind the king's minister it was necessary to accept the logic of the situation created at Yorktown. On this basis the peace was made.

The other powers fared less well as the remaining issues of the war were settled. France got nothing for all its efforts: Spain received the Floridas in return for the surrender of its hopes for Gibraltar; to the Netherlands were restored some colonies earlier taken from them; and Britain was confirmed in the possession of Canada. But the Americans emerged from the treaty negotiations with the lion's share of the spoils. Although the United States was the weakest of the powers involved, its untrained diplomats had outplayed the professional statesmen of Europe.

More than skill had been responsible. The American envoys had succeeded because they had exploited the situation Yorktown presented. Taking advantage of the British eagerness for peace and Vergennes's anxiety to end the war, they had played one off against the other, and emerged with a highly advantageous settlement. Yet they left England and France eagerly vying for American friendship.

The turning point at Yorktown was the product of the unexpected wanderings of British foragers along the Jersey shore, of the accidental loss of the English frigates alerting Graves to the presence of the French fleet, of the luck that permitted two separate armies and two separate fleets to converge at the right moment on Yorktown, of the storm that held Cornwallis in the beleaguered town. All these chance events had conspired to make the decisive victory that set to nought Vergennes's most canny plans. As a result, the nation that came into being in 1783 was not the narrow coastal state the Frenchman had envisaged. It had earned a princely territorial settlement within which it could grow in power in the decades of expansion that lay ahead.



This is the account of a young inventor overtaken in his thirtieth year, on the verge of his first success, by a rare and disfiguring disease. MARGARET RICHARDSON, his wife, tells the story of the vigil she kept, and of the reverence and love that overwhelmed her as she watched the accepted armor of living disintegrate and the reality of a spirit emerge, to grow and to live beyond its ruined flesh.

THE LAST SPRING

by MARGARET RICHARDSON

I

I WAS disheartened the day I went to Sharon. It was nearly a month since I had begun house-hunting and what I had seen had given me little hope of finding the kind of house I wanted. The countryside, in spite of the lightly falling rain, was pleasant to drive through, and in a small town twenty miles outside of Boston, I stopped and asked for the real-estate office.

The man who paused briefly on the sidewalk to think gave me a woman's name and directed me to her house. Sitting watching small streams run off my raincoat onto her dark oiled floor, I told her my errand. She was sympathetic but not encouraging. I explained the necessity for privacy. "Of course," I admitted, "the house I am thinking of is impossible. But an approximation would do. An old house, with lots of trees. In the country, but not too remote. And — this is very important — costing practically nothing."

"I know the house that you want." She stopped and thought. "I love it myself, but the owner — well, he's difficult. It's a good house but in bad shape, and there is nothing he will do about it." As we drove out of town and onto a winding country road, the woman beside me went on talking. It had once been a firehouse, she said; it had been moved to its present location years before. Momentarily my hopes dimmed; I wanted a real house. But when we turned up the generous loop of a drive, the house was solid and reassuring. It sat on a slight rise of ground, penned close to the earth by trees and shrubs just turning green.

There was never any doubt about the house; the rent was unbelievably small. We arranged to move in as quickly as possible; and although an appeal to the landlord, chiefly for a stove, brought no concessions, we went on packing.

We moved to Sharon in April when the house was knee-deep in spring. The warm grass was still damp and I could smell it as I walked through it

the first day. The lawn was already high, a soft meadow that stretched down to the road and was halted by a weathered stone wall. In a corner of the wall, under last year's leaves, slim spears of lilies of the valley were pushing up. The sun overhung and in its rays drew from the season it informed all lovely sights and smells. It was a benediction in whose warmth we were wordless and calmed.

We accepted the run-down condition of the house; it explained our luck in having it. Confronted by the ancient stove in the kitchen, the rotting linoleum, the sink not much bigger than a basin, I sometimes questioned the luck but was reassured by a glance out of doors. Through the window above the sink, I could see a small English hawthorn that flushed a delicate pink halfway down a slope. Below it was a brook that after a rainstorm swelled to a brief importance. A narrow belt of a bridge confined its slimness and caricatured its pretensions.

Once we were settled we missed the coming and going of people, the irrelevant interruptions we knew in the city. One day, hearing a trace of homesickness in Jay's voice, I asked, "Are you sorry we came here?" Some anxiety in my voice warned him, and after a vigorous denial he began to make plans for the workshop.

Of all the problems the house presented; of all the things that were too big, too intricate; of all the things whose opposition made me homesick for the dependability of the apartment, the refrigerator offered the most solid, the blandest face. It jutted out into the back hall. One day I would enlist some visitor's help in pushing it back. As time went on, I began to hate the swerve I made each time in passing it. Occasionally, I tried to push it back myself. The last time I tried I lost my temper and, standing back, kicked it very hard, and in a whisper told off the stupid, white-faced thing.

I felt Jay's hand on my shoulders before I knew he was in the room. Suddenly conscious of the absurdity, I turned to him prepared to concede that absurdity.

But there was no laughter in his face and after a moment I dropped my head against his shoulder. "I hate the silly thing," I said. And his voice, for the most part sad, told me after a minute's silence, "You're indomitable." I think I sighed, there were so many sweeter things I had been, and I felt his arms tighten around me.

2

IT WAS hard at times to evade him, to get some of the difficult things done in the house without making them a wounding affirmation of his helplessness. Sometimes he insisted on doing some heavy chore and I watched, measuring the effort it cost him.

When the spring rains came, and the wind slanted its course carrying tree and shrub before it, we found a kind of exultation in the storm, found in it an excitement our lives excluded. It was then that we loved the old house best and, in the absence of the sun, around the hearth we found another kind of tranquillity.

We assured each other that, captious in matters of plumbing and heating, our house was adequate to any gale. Returning to it after a long drive through a storm that stripped the young and the dead branches and tossed them in the way of the car, that bent every upright thing before it, I had the feeling that the house was built to endure forever. And Jay, standing before the fire, braced by his cane, eager for my small stories, seemed scarcely less immortal.

There in the bend of an S, on the crest of a rise of ground, protected from invasion yet a part of the elements, Jay lived out the spring of his thirtieth year; and, respecting him deeply and loving him dearly, I watched. We bivouacked in a nature that was all charm in her young season. We settled back in her hospitality, but failed to close our eyes to her distortions. Feeling ourselves cloistered, happy in hope, we turned to each other to insist, "It isn't true," and to something else to ask, "Is it true?"

Sadness came rarely. Like some mist that settles where it finds a hollow, it caught us in empty moments. Sometimes it was dispelled by a leaky roof, sometimes by an invasion of ants.

"They've breached another wall," I reported to Jay, dropping down beside the couch and giving him the container of insect poisoning.

"Redouble the guard." He made it crisp.

"Could be Danny is eating it." I restrained the dog's black muzzle that investigated the can.

Inside the house I tackled one job after another. I won only a compromise victory over the stove and, one day, kicked that too.

Jay, knowing the lack of respect the car had for me, and my tendency to tell it, "Well, do it your way," urged me to take a motor corps course.

"If the car stops, you can't kick it home." Concurring, I made arrangements. I learned how to change tires, to fix spark plugs, to listen to the sound of an engine. I learned how to park, on the diagonal and the parallel. I brought home my newly acquired learning for Jay's expert opinion.

Afternoons while he slept I climbed into the Ford with the complete understanding that it trusted me as little as I trusted it. One by one, I explored the narrow country roads. In the absence of traffic I forgot my unsure driving and enjoyed the spell of the early summer.

Occasionally at first, and then almost daily, I turned the car toward Stoughton. Our deepest regret in moving was the neighbors we must leave behind. We reckoned it a part of our good fortune that two dear friends, Marion and Newt, went with us. In the course of my own house-hunting I had found a place for them five miles from Sharon.

In Marion's kitchen, fragrant with the smell of cookies or the evening roast, the fears I held in check unfolded and I let all the wrinkles fall away as from a crumpled garment shaken. For an hour I would sit and talk against time, fighting tears some days, on others riding a high crest of optimism. Sometimes Marion's hands would pause in the polishing of a saucepan and while I insisted, "There's got to be hope," she would slowly nod.

But when the hour was over, as though a clock had struck, I felt the need to go. The visit never exceeded an hour and was seldom less. The hospitable "There's no hurry" was idle, because on the instant came a great urgency. A few miles away a man roused, shook off sleep, and went to the window. The car when I climbed into it seemed to have lost its reluctance. It was a live thing on those drives homeward; impelled by something other than my timid driving, it moved at a speed that was often frightening.

To outwit sadness, we learned to ignore the present. More and more easily we dropped behind into the past and laughed again in old merriment, were vulnerable again to old tenderness.

Unhampered by any restrictions, we planned the months and years ahead, agreed on the trees we would prune and just where the flowers would go. In long absorbed talk we cleared the bed of the struggling cluttered brook and encouraged the diffident hawthorn. With the broken pieces of an old-fashioned soapstone sink that lay in the cellar we would someday, we decided, terrace the incline that led to the brook.

Rainy Sundays we listened to records and read aloud. In drowsy undertones we dreamed before the fire. Watching the flame build and flare and turn to embers, we saw Jay build and perfect his motor and make millions. We lived the years

ahead: we built a laboratory, he bought the books he wanted, the records he loved, and a car that was a new model.

For my part, in that bright future I rescued our little house. I painted it inside and out, had the wiring foolproofed and the plumbing brought up to date. In extravagant joy, a hand on my heart, I contracted to love it forever. Catching my hand, Jay drew me close. "That's how it will be; that's how we'll live together, you and I."

I loved his voice; I loved the trouble his mind took, his serenity waiting, always open to laughter, optimism. He rarely touched his work, and not knowing what it would involve I never mentioned it. The little vision he had left seemed reason enough.

Moments of fear came and went but were seldom born in the house at the top of the slope. Through the cavellike darkness of the back roads that laced the countryside I drove a friend home one night and listened while he spoke of Jay's endurance.

He was recalling the figure he had left waving in the lighted doorway, obscured by the disease, bent, and he said, "I would have to take my own way out."

I heard his words against the steady swish made by the low-hanging trees and bushes that brushed the car. Absorbed in that rhythmic sound and the peace of the night, I did not answer. My mind briefly considered his words, knew there was a warning there, but disregarded it. Jay was too involved with life, loved it, respected it too much.

But out of the darkness, the lostness, of sleep one night I woke to a strange sound and felt that warning. Fumbling with buttons I was on the stairs, terribly afraid, still a part of sleep, running more from than toward fear.

I stood in the door of the living room, blinded for a moment by the light. I watched while Jay went on swabbing his bloody footprints from the floor. Then he looked up and waved his towel. Again we held each other close, half laughing and half crying until, weighed down by peace, we lighted the fire, made tea, and in the strange small hours of the night drank it.

We sat in the firelight, quiet. Jay leaned forward as he always did to ease the strain. His swollen feet rested on the towel. Watching him I wondered, what is left? What is it that I love so much more than I have ever loved anything in my life? And I knew I loved Jay, and that love was none of the things I examined; not any of the things I had dreamed of for him. Once I had loved not just this Jay but all the things he would be, everything he was capable of becoming. I recalled how once I had hated the inroads on his dignity. But the dignity, or whatever it was that warranted a man's dignity, had increased. I wondered again, what is it that you love?

I looked at Jay in his corner of the fireplace. The

kindly firelight did not insist, but I knew the sores, the seeping, the head covered with lumps, the lips that twisted, contorted to shape his words. What is it, I wondered, that I love so terribly, so tenderly, so protectively? And so proudly.

3

Now, toward the end of our second year of marriage, I felt all life had led to this. The early happiness, content, I had recognized and accepted. In the present I was only sure that what was before me I knew with no trace of uncertainty how to do. I couldn't make a mistake. When I put it into words it became, I will not let you die. But everything I had ever learned seemed taught to me for now, that I might move surely beside someone who needed exactly what I could give.

There were two men I loved those months — the scarred disfigured one at my side, and the one I had married. Though the two could never merge, he was both. His voice from another room, strong and distinct, would recall the early love. Going to him, I found the strength of the new. At times I hated with fury the malignancy that rent the dignity of one, and there were other times when I loved almost with awe the victim who gave such dignity to his sores.

The helpless ache of his dearness followed me wherever I went. His laughter, the way he held contentment in his two hands, his integrity. Only the small human things were lost, the right eyebrow he always raised in amazement at my temerity, the suggestion of a dimple, the mustache he had chanced. Occasionally I recalled those small things.

In his laughter, deep and sudden, I found an appreciation of a gift that was mine to give. In his sure acknowledgment of a moment's richness I learned the limits of ambition. In his surprising honesty I found a rock. No sorrow ever swerved his laughter or chipped his integrity. He never lost his contentment, never replaced it with resignation.

We did not talk of God those weeks. I no longer saw Him as a child once had, the great force that, like the wind, was everywhere. That He was there, I knew. I saw Him as a cold stranger who only watched; who, inscrutable, detached, was unmindful that this thing I loved went down under a horrible destruction.

To this stranger I turned no prayer. My mind tight and set, I leaned above the couch to laugh a little and to shake my head at fear. To hide if I could this love that was mine. Somewhere, I was conscious, there was that presence that waited, aware. Almost, but not quite, I knew the place to look. But, angry, I thought, "I won't beg. You know and you won't help."

Of God and Jay I knew only this. Jay did not fear death, and a never-questioned knowledge gave him a strange consistency. What Jay accepted I

never allowed him to commit to words. I covered his mouth with my hand, and laying my head against his, I tried to outstare the stranger who could help but wouldn't. I refused to think that Jay might die and felt at times he joined that other presence in an understanding I did not share.

His own contentment, a kind of self-possession he maintained, advanced on what was inevitable and enveloped it. Each moment now was numbered; it must be stopped and prized. What life held but would never give stirred him still, left him interrupted, lonely, but never altered the composure of some realization.

The siege went on, progressed. Weakening, Jay made concession after concession. There were times when he faltered, then, lifting his shoulders, resumed an old, a deeper courage, but resumed it each time with a deeper weariness.

His hands — strong, definite ones — remained unchanged. His voice, always deep, took on added depth, exaggerated his optimism, braced himself and me with his own improvisation of a battle cry. His humor took every revolting betrayal and made it possible to live with, and to look at.

There's much in nature that's unlovely, the debris cast up by the clearest of waters. Jay went to the sun and the balm of the open air, when first we lived in Sharon, as to a bath long denied. Stooped, walking slowly, his weight upon a stick, wrapped about in a fresh cotton robe, he seemed like some pilgrim following the way of the cross. I would watch him pause in the midst of his walking, see him bring his head up slowly, carefully sideways, and examine with reverence the height of some old pine. Then, taking a firmer grip upon his stick, he would slowly lower his swollen and heavy head to continue along the path in the spring sunlight.

To know the lovely and to lose it, to be offered the sweetest of gifts and find it bitter. Outside was a world that glistened, called. But outside was a world against which the multiplying sores had no protection. Out of the delight of spring were born a host of insects, enemies that made him a prisoner in a house we carefully guarded. We might with knowledge have avoided one horror. Disquieted, one day, Jay spoke of a strange movement in his head. When his uneasiness did not pass, to soothe him, to stave off his mounting apprehension, I bent and examined the deep sore in his head.

Shocked and sick I stared for a moment at the maggots I found there. For the space of a slight cloud across the sun, life came to a stop. But there was Jay's voice, asking. Turning back I began the work of cleaning the deep wound. Watching my bloodstained hands work I noted the depth of the sore, wondered with dread where a brain began. Talking to hide my sick despair, I told him, "The work of elm tree beetles." They seemed so clean.

Nothing in the past had so demoralized him and nothing in the future would. The difficulties of

walking, seeing, holding his head erect — these he could master. He contrived new expedients to offset new handicaps. Together we learned to accept and live with them, to find the insurmountable one day an old sorrow the next.

There was a luxuriance in the growth about us brought on by the heavy rains and the warm sun that at times, in spite of its loveliness, I found stifling. Everything grew so fast.

Inexorably, the season matured and became summer. The grass was too heavy for the mower, and in full foliage the trees and plants outside the house seemed a part of an advancing disorder that would not be held back.

Jay walked only short distances now. One leg was badly swollen, and the black hole I tried to clean only bled; knowing I was hurting him to no avail I gave it up. He could no longer lie down and he walked when it became painful to sit.

4

I HAD not yet put out the light; I was still reading the night Jay painfully mounted the stairs to the second floor. No call announced his intention and, perhaps because of his silence, I lay without moving, hearing the uncertain feet, his stick as it groped, his labored breathing. I did not move to meet him but, puzzled, waited, trying to elicit from the scraping sounds and the long pauses some understanding. When he reached the top of the stairway he halted, and I examined the silence as I had the sounds. Then, still without a word, he came to the doorway and paused at the threshold.

We stared at each other across the room and I said, hello. He did not return or seem to notice my half-smile; he did not comment on the difficult way he had come. His slow glance examined the room, his eyes caught at the white curtains lifting at the window.

"You look very cool," he said, watching the curtains, their whiteness against the night outside.

"I am."

His eyes examined the room again. He was not troubled or worried; restless, he seemed to be searching for something. His eyes considered the old-fashioned roses on the wallpaper, remembered the pictures, the dressing table, the low chintz chair. They came to rest on the whiteness, the undulant dimity at the window.

His voice drew my eyes from it. "May I come in?" He sounded formal, stiff.

I really did smile then at the man who stood at my door. Equally formal, I said, "Please come in."

He walked to the foot of the bed. Because of the heat, only the white sheets covered it. Gripping his stick with one hand, with the other he steadied himself on the bedpost. It was a long time since I had seen him there, and because, at the moment, there was nothing in him to answer, I lay and

watched. Perhaps because his mind was elsewhere my own was free to think of him just as I saw him, as he stood at the foot of the bed. Without his voice I saw him as an outline, saw the emaciation that his cotton robe fell back to reveal. Saw it more shocking than the sores.

The book had fallen aside; I pushed my shoulders back against the pillows. With the length of the bed between us, with an infinity between us, we followed our own thoughts. I watched the hand that polished the ball of the bedpost.

"You look very cool. And very clean." Nodding, I waited. I had followed him easily before, and now I waited. His eyes dropped to the white sheets.

"So very clean and cool," he murmured and raising his eyes to mine said, "I wish I might lie down here."

Without thought or inflection, I told him, "You may if you like, you know."

But his voice was weary and he shook his head. "I'd only soil them." Then, because there was nothing else, I reminded him, "They can be washed."

He gave no sign of hearing as he turned to the door. But suddenly, as though conscious that he frowned, he gave me a token smile. Halting just before he left the room and turning about, he tried to say how it was with him.

"Tonight," his eyes were troubled, "tonight I want to take a bath."

I said, "Yes, I know," and he added, "Very much."

I nodded again and said, "I know," and, helpless, saw him leave the doorway.

Lying very still, I listened as he lowered himself down the stairs. I heard him stumble where they curved. I listened until he reached the bottom, my eyes on the white curtains, watching them stir in the night air.

In the morning, in the bright sunlight that poured in through the four windows of the dining room, dressing Jay's back I noticed again the thinness. One bandage overlapped another now. It was hard to place the adhesive. Before I was finished the first bandage needed replacing. I found it difficult to talk. Leaving him to his breakfast, feeling useless, helpless, I turned to the housework. I found the electricity had gone off. After calling the company, I wandered about the house noting the things that needed to be done, pursued by the doubt that any of them mattered.

Keeping the house free of flies was a haunting necessity. Jay read from the encyclopedia one day the fantastic number of larvae left by one fly. "An enemy to be reckoned with," he pointed out.

Automatically now, I looked about the kitchen, saw the black wings on the screen and reached for the rolled paper. When the fly settled I would kill it. But while I waited I thought, "How easy not

to. How easy to let it live." It was a bargain I had in mind. I will let this small thing live—I have that power—and somewhere something bigger than I—something that has the power—will let Jay live.

I killed the fly and, turning my back on the cleaning and painting, I went to the door. I called to Jay that I was going for a walk. He was still at breakfast when I closed the door behind me.

Just outside, in a crack on the doorstep, an anthill was building. "If you step on it," I remembered from childhood, "it will rain." Very carefully I stepped over it. I found I was crying, and rubbing the tears away, I began to walk. Reaching the stone wall at the foot of the lawn, I stopped, leaned against it, and lighted a cigarette. I looked back over the way I had come. I felt lost and without direction. I examined again the tangle of grass that would soon be a wilderness. I crushed out the cigarette between two stones and started up toward the house, the long grass dragging at my feet. Where the gradual slope steepened I dropped to a hummock and recalled a story read long before of three soldiers hopelessly lost behind enemy lines. They had no course but to keep walking, day after day, without direction. One of them, I remembered, got through.

I went on up the slope, circled the house, and went into the kitchen. I washed my face before I joined Jay in the other room.

"You're tired," Jay told me when I sat down beside him.

"I've been for a walk," I explained, taking the hand he held out.

5

THE doctor who came twice a week gave a routine treatment but he offered no hope. One morning as I poured soap and water for him to wash his hands, I protested, "If so few people have it, how can you be sure that a very strong person won't outlive it?"

"It's not a completely hopeless disease," he said wiping his hands. "And it's not that rare. There's a man five miles from here who has it." He spoke more quickly. "It hasn't, you must understand, progressed to this extent. And you mustn't hope that what has helped him can do the same for Jay."

They had found, he told me, not a cure, but a drug, one that could hold it in check. In spite of his warning I was eager to try it. He said again, "It's very unlikely it can help now. At best it can only halt the disease for ten years."

We were standing in the kitchen. Looking out the window I thought of what those ten years might mean. At the moment all I wanted was time. But the doctor at my side, hesitant, glancing toward the next room, pointed out, "It will not cure. It may halt a disease that has not gone too far."

At my insistence, he came the next day and brought the new drug. The injections, he explained, would be followed by a fever. "And don't," he warned me, "expect any immediate results."

But I was elated and full of a new hope. And Jay was sure once more. We revived all our plans and talked excitedly about the future. Then the fever set in and Jay's speech began to wander, and though he continued to walk about, it was hard for him to keep his feet. The fever went on for some days, and listening to Jay's rambling talk I suddenly felt alone in the house.

But looking closely, after a day or two, I was sure I saw an improvement. The lumps about his eyes had grown smaller. In another day, for the first time in many months, he could see. Excited, but knowing it was just what I had been warned against, I called the doctor, urged him to come when he could. When he came, he said there had been a great improvement. He made haste to add that it was hard to say what it meant. I knew, however, that the change impressed him. All that day, hugging the knowledge of a turn for the better, I sat with Jay and wondered with him if we could hold the little victory.

Overriding every dream was the ominous silence of friends, the knowledge of what they thought; the glances that slipped away admitted what we would not. On our second anniversary we sat a long time over dinner, and in haltingly recalled laughter we laughed again.

Abstract, and feeling very still at last, across the table I studied Jay and felt our aloneness. It had been a day all sunshine. It was a day we were suddenly careful, careful not to remember now, to be matter of fact. Not to draw too near the love we celebrated. Memories we liked to finger were merry ones and that day we were many things but we were not merry.

Losing the conversation for a bit, my mind came back to Jay and I saw tears, although, in fact, he was smiling.

In some emptiness I had rested; now it was gone, and, torn by tenderness, helpless in it, I stood beside him and held him close. Smiling down at him through my own tears, I felt a part of every sore.

At times I was his legs, his arms, his eyes. But at all times I was his pride in himself, a mirror for his courage. But now in the face I kissed I encountered a loneliness, a sadness I could not assuage, could not quite meet. It lay in the end of a journey I would not share.

It was not a long sadness and the following day the doctor came again, for a second injection. Jay, I knew, had only just thrown off the effects of the fever. In spite of the improvement, he had grown weaker. He had lost something, some grip that he had had before. I watched the doctor prepare the needle and hesitated. I wanted terribly to say "Wait a little, let him draw himself together before

you continue. Let him get back a little strength." I put one foot forward.

I thought of the time, how short it was. A small advantage had been gained, a small victory that had steadied through the week, one that I knew the doctor respected. If we hesitated now the disease might move in again. Better to push the advantage, I decided, and staying where I was made no protest.

The fever came almost at once now, and there was no mistaking the work it did. I watched it destroy the growths this time with no sense of triumph. More surely I saw it drain every bit of strength, erase some definite outline that Jay had always been. He was lightheaded, unable to move; his speech rambled; the strong will that had lifted his head and brought him to his feet each day was gone. Examining the improvement that was more and more pronounced, he checked his own pulse, waved away the aspirin I offered, but then dropped once more into delirium.

I watched the drug do its work, miraculously clean away the marks, but I knew it was too late.

"Your voice is tight," Jay told me while I waited for the doctor's visit.

"I'm hurrying." I stopped by the couch. "I needn't, I'll stop."

The visit was brief. He was only just looking in, the doctor said. At the door he said he would like to see Dan retrieve and I followed him out. Dan was off when the stick left my hand.

"There are worse things than dying," the doctor said. "Let him go now." He laid his hand on my arm. There was more; he spoke of a kind of pain Jay hid from me.

"Don't hold on to him any longer." His words were quiet. He leaned down to pat Dan for a moment and then turned to the car.

I waited while he started the motor, called Dan away from the wheels and waved as he went down the drive. Then I started back toward the house.

I sat in the chair directly across from Jay. "He's fond of dogs," I said, to explain my walk outside. We talked in a desultory fashion and while we talked I watched the man on the couch. I thought mostly about the heat. The days were very warm, they would grow warmer. I could never protect Jay from that terrible heat. Suddenly, very tired, I knew that.

6

THAT night, drowsy and intent on bed, I turned at the foot of the stairway to wave a last good night to the bent figure on the couch.

I think exhaustion held him then, surrendered him to loneliness and deep grief. Lifting himself from the couch and getting to his feet, he cried for me to wait, not to go. I stood very still and saw him tortuously cross the room. Waited while he stumbled into my arms.

And listened while he spoke.

Not fear of death, broken, lonely, his voice told of; not fear of death, but the awful emptiness where once hope was.

Not fear of death, the stricken voice insisted, not fear of death, but a desperate shrinking from separation.

Not fear of death, he told me, but the good-bye to a loved companion.

Not fear of death but the hunger he still knew to go on with life.

Not fear of death, the lost voice said, but a great longing to be once more a human among humans.

Holding him close, I comforted him, reassured him as one does a child in the dark. And he in turn, to reassure another frightened child, hid his shuddering distaste, quieted, and accepted my empty promises. Then, like a good child and a very strong man, he went back to bed and pulled the covers up.

And something I had always known was quite clear again. I took the hand of a small girl who had learned too late what death meant. Never to be able to look at a face again or to hear a voice, never to reach again with your own voice ears that were closed. In the room above, I stared through the white curtains at the even blackness of night outside, knew how little time there was left to study that face, to memorize the voice, and to say to those ears a few more things.

So I filled my eyes with Jay, knowing that one day soon he would be gone. I said to myself, see him now and listen to his voice, and when you hold him, hold him very tight. Know that the hand that lies so warmly in yours must let go. But remember the grasp. And while you look into his eyes, and hear his voice, think that in this day is all a lifetime's love.

I stopped coaxing him to new efforts. I gave up the bursts of temper that once alerted him, and never again threatened to go away. I said, "I love you very much," held his hand, and watched with him. As the whole world seems to quiet before a storm our lives settled into a stillness. We waited. As he grew weaker, delirium and frequent sleep cut into the time we shared. He slept sitting upright, since he could no longer lie down, his scarred head bowed under a great weight. And then, at length, even when he roused, vagrant fancies held him.

I missed the old bravado, and deprived of his encouragement and laughter, lost without his rallying from the sidelines, I tasted while I clung to him the loneliness of life without him.

But in the stillness I came to understand, to know the thing I loved, and never wondered again. My love, I knew, is this slight flame, a mind reined by a heart and a soul. No trace of feature, depth of smile, or strength of carriage remained now of the Jay I had learned to love. But I never wondered

again about the thing I loved. I knew Jay could only surrender now, or I could relinquish for him, the ruin that lay about what he could never quit, a trinity of mind and heart and soul.

And the God who had moved into the house at Sharon, who was there from beginning to end? Of whom I never begged, only perhaps hoped he would hear me when I whispered, "Let me keep him," "Don't hurt him any more," and "Let him keep his dignity"? The pain which seemed inevitable never came. And the dignity he kept, kept me whole. Please let me keep him, I prayed. But knowing I couldn't, I knew too I could go on alone. The sorrow then was in the wonder at that lonely darkness to which, turning, I must leave him.

Very sorrowfully at last, knowing it must be done, I uncupped my hands from about the flame and, stepping back, watched while it burned low.

It was June, a soft night in which nothing stirred. Jay, a little delirious, a little petulant, murmured a protest at every attention, fought every enticement to sleep. Like a child parrying the loss of a light, the approach of darkness, he sought in little ways to delay my going.

But very firmly I withdrew the light, smoothed and tucked the covers in; then, closing his eyes for him, I turned up the corners of his mouth to smile. Then I kissed him and told him good night.

When I came down to him in the morning, my friend Jay was dead. Stooping over the bent figure for the last time, I kissed him. Then I left the house that seemed invaded; on one sharply drawn breath I found my way out into the sunlight.

"Jay is dead," my heart knew, and only that.

And out of the coldness, the sick defeat, I walked into a morning washed clean by a storm. The sun was there and, closing my eyes against its brightness, I paused at the top of the steep stairs that led down to the lawn. In the sunlight gentle as the man just dead, I found the sorrow that I should see him so at last. As every living thing that ever loved has sorrowed, or someday will, I dropped my head and said "No," and lifted it to plead, "How is it with you, Jay? How is it with you now?" Then, as when someone very close and dear slips his hand into yours, I steadied. Putting my hand on the rail I went down into the garden.

It was hard to walk. To carry that heavy coldness, that leaden knowledge, "Jay is dead." It was a great effort, the walking, but I seemed to move into some warmth, and I was no longer alone. Warm in a love I thought I had lost, I walked in peace among old friends. With a companion who had never learned to keep a secret, who could never bear to see me cry, I shared the end of a journey, a peace he had only just found.

Then curiously elated, strangely lighthearted, I uncupped my hands and let him go again, a small flame that was now a part of this warm peace.



A graduate of Harvard, class of 1929, GUY MURCHIE, JR., was a navigator of transport planes from 1942 to 1945. In the process he acquired an unusually observant knowledge of all things pertaining to the sky, including the wind, the clouds, the birds, and those cumbersome devices with which, over the centuries, man has striven to keep himself aloft. Mr. Murchie's new book, Song of the Sky, from which the following article has been drawn, is the December selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and is being published by Houghton Mifflin.

THE PERFECT FLYING MACHINE

by GUY MURCHIE, JR.

I

THE birds that we see flying successfully around us every day are only the surviving ten per cent or so of much larger numbers that hatch from eggs, who in turn represent far less than one per cent of all that would be hatched if the extinct birds survived in their former numbers. In other words, our present birds are a very select bunch, being actually only the topflight athletes, the champions who have won the flying tournament of evolution by their prodigious feats of soaring, of diving at terrific speed, plunging deep into the sea, or fighting in the air.

Can you imagine any better example of divine creative accomplishment than the consummate flying machine that is a bird? The skeleton, very flexible and strong, is also largely pneumatic — especially in the bigger birds. The beak, skull, feet, and all other bones of a 25-pound pelican have been found to weigh but 23 ounces. Yet the flesh too is pneumatic, and in some species there are air sacs around viscera, muscles, and, where balance and streamlining permit, immediately under the skin. The lungs are not just single cavities as with mammals but whole series of chambers around the main breathing tubes, connected also with all the air sacs of the body, including the hollow bones. Thus the air of the sky literally permeates the bird, flesh and bone alike, and aerates it entire. And the circulation of sky through the whole bird acts as a radiator or cooling system of the flying machine, expelling excess humidity and heat as well as exchanging carbon dioxide for oxygen at a feverish rate.

This air-conditioning system is no mere luxury to a bird but vitally necessary to its souped-up vitality. Flight demands greater intensity of effort than does any other means of animal locomotion, and so a bird's heart beats many times per second, its breathing is correspondingly rapid, and its blood has more red corpuscles per ounce than any other

creature. As would be expected of a high-speed engine, the bird's temperature is high: a heron's 105.8°, a duck's 109.1°, and a swift's 111.2°.

Fuel consumption is so great that most birds have a kind of carburetor called a crop for straining and preparing their food before it is injected into the combustion cylinders of the stomach and intestines, and the speed of peristaltic motion is prodigious. You may have heard of the young robin who ate fourteen feet of earthworm the first day after leaving the nest, or the house wren who was recorded feeding its young 1217 times between dawn and dusk. Young crows have been known to eat more than their own weight in food per day, and an adolescent chickadee was checked eating over 5500 cankerworm eggs daily for a week.

The main flying motors fed by this bird fuel are the pectoral muscles, the greater of which pulls down the wing against the air to drive the bird upward and onward, while the lesser hoists the wing back up again, pulling from below by means of an ingenious block and tackle tendon. This extraordinary halyard which passes through a lubricated pulley hole at the shoulder is necessary because the heaviest muscles must be kept at the bottom of the bird so that it will not fly top-heavy. Just as the motor may weigh half of a small airplane, the powerful wing muscles of a pigeon have been found to weigh half the whole bird. These pectorals, by the way, are the solid white meat attached to the breastbone or keel, a location insuring the lowest possible center of gravity — just forward of such other low-slung ballast as gizzard and liver, and well below the very light lungs and air sacs.

If you want to see the ultimate in vertebrate flexibility, you must examine a bird's neck. More pliant than a snake, it enables the beak to reach any part of the body with ease and balances the whole bird in flight. Even the stocky little sparrow

has twice as many vertebrae in its neck as the tallest giraffe: fourteen for the sparrow, seven for the giraffe.

The most distinctive feature of all in a bird, of course, is its feathers, the lightest things in the world for their size and toughness. The tensile strength of cobwebs is great but feathers are stronger in proportion in many more ways, not to mention being springy and flexible.

The growth of a feather is like the unfoldment of some kinds of flowers and ferns. Tiny moist blades of cells appear on the young bird, splitting lengthwise into hairlike strands which dry apart into silky filaments which in the mass are known as down. At the roots of the down lie other sets of cells which, as the bird grows older, push the down from its sockets. These are the real feathers, and when the down rubs off they appear as little blue-gray sheaths which may be likened to rolled-up umbrellas or furled sails.

Each of these sheaths is actually an instrument of almost unimaginable potentiality and at the right moment it suddenly pops open — revealing in a few hours feathers that unfold into smaller feathers that unfold again and again. Each main shaft or quill sprouts forth some 600 dowls or barbs on either side to form the familiar vane of the feather. But each of the 1200 barbs in turn puts out about 800 smaller barbs called barbules, each of which again produces a score or two of tiny hooks known as barbicels. The complete interwoven mesh of one feather thus contains some thirty million barbicels, and a whole bird normally is encased in several hundred billion tiny clinging barbicels.

It is hard for the human mind to take in the intricacy of this microscopic weaving that is a feather. There is nothing chemical about it. It is entirely mechanical. If you pull the feather vane apart in your fingers it offers outraged resistance: you can imagine the hundreds of barbules and thousands of barbicels at that particular spot struggling to remain hooked together. And even after being torn the feather has amazing recuperative power. Just placing the split barbs together again and stroking them lengthwise a few times is sufficient to rehook enough barbicels to restore the feather to working efficiency — by nature's own zipper action.

The feather webbing is so fine that few air molecules can get through it and it is ideal material for gripping the sky. In a sense the feather is as much kith to sky as kin to bird, for by a paradox the bird does not really live until its feathers are dead. No sooner is a feather full grown than the opening at the base of the quill closes, blood ceases to flow, and it becomes sealed off from life. The bird's body does not lose track of it, however, for as often as a feather comes loose from a living bird, a new one grows in its place.

Did you ever notice how similar are a feather and

a sail? The quill, though it can be bent double without breaking, is stiff enough for a mast. The forward or cutting vane is narrow as a trimmed jib, the aft or lee vane wide like a mainsail. The barbs correspond to the bamboo lugs of a Chinese junk, strengthening the sail, enabling it to withstand the full typhoon of flight. The primary feathers of some sea ducks, however, can be as jibless as catboats, having virtually no vane forward of the quill, which thus itself becomes the leading edge. The cross-section of such a feather is rather like an airplane wing and highly efficient in lift.

Besides its individual qualities a feather is a perfect part of a whole, its shaft curved to blend exactly into the pattern of the wing, its shape to fit the slipstream of the sky. Like roof tiles, feathers are arranged in overlapping rows, the forward part of the bird corresponding to the top of the roof. Which explains why birds do not feel right unless they are facing the weather, why when they turn to leeward the wind blows against their grain letting the rain soak through to the skin just as shingles reversed will funnel the wet into the house instead of shedding it away.

Different feathers naturally have different functions and shapes. The wing-tip feathers are called the primaries, usually ten in number, and serve to propel the bird. These grow out of what corresponds to the bird's hand. The forearm feathers nearer the body are the secondaries, twelve to fourteen of them — they mainly support the bird — while the upper arm tertiaries or tertial feathers fair in the secondaries with the body and stabilize the bird in the air. The tail feathers average about fourteen, overlapping from the center outwards, but they vary so much in different birds that hardly any generalization can be made about them. They are rooted in a pincushionlike muscle mound, the pope's nose, which in some species has been found to house more than a thousand individual feather muscles, each capable of moving one feather in one direction.

One might think that as a bird moults, shedding feathers from once to three times a year, the uneven loss would sometimes set the bird off balance in flight. But nature provides that at least the important primary feathers drop off exactly in pairs, one from the right wing with the corresponding feather from the left wing, waiting then for two new feathers to replace them before moulting the next pair.

2

WHEN Leonardo da Vinci and later Otto Lilienthal and the French glider pioneers studied birds in order to learn the principles of flight, their concentration naturally was focused on the motions of wings and tail. But these movements turned out to be so fast, complex, and subtle that their analysis

was extremely difficult. Even today much remains to be learned of them.

One of the first facts revealed by close observation and the high-speed camera was that wings do not simply flap up and down. Nor do they row the bird ahead like oars. The actual motion is more that of sculling a boat or screwing it ahead by propeller action, a kind of figure-eight movement.

A bird's "hand" (outer wing) is longer than the rest of its "arm" (wing) but it has almost as complete control over it as a man has. It is true that two of the original "fingers" have fused into one and the others have disappeared, but the big primary feathers have replaced them so completely that it has gained many more digits and muscles than it has lost. It can twist its "hand" to any position, spread its ten primaries, waggle or twiddle them, shrug its shoulders, even clap its "hands" together behind its head and in front of its breast. That is why wing motion is so complex, variable, and hard to comprehend.

The powerful downstroke that obviously lifts and propels the bird also is a forward stroke, so much so that the wings often touch each other in front of the breast and almost always come close at take-off and climb. Many people have trouble understanding this fact proven by the camera until they reflect that it is likewise forward motion of the airplane wing that generates lift. Just as a sculling oar or a propeller drives a boat ahead by moving at right angles to the boat's motion, so does the force of the bird's wing resolve itself into a nearly perpendicular component.

Even the wing's upstroke plays its part in driving the bird upward and onward — for the same reason. This quick flip of recovery takes half the time of the downstroke and has much less power, but is still part of the sculling motion that is almost peristaltic — like a fish in the sea or a snake in the grass — probably closest of all to the rotor screw action of a moving helicopter: forward and down, backward and up and around.

A fuller understanding of this marvel can be gained by careful study of photographs taken at very high speed, flashed in slow motion on a screen or strangely frozen in stills. The pliable feathers at the wing's tip and trailing edge are then seen to bend according to the changing pressures, revealing how the air is moving.

The downstroke plainly compresses them tightly upon each other the whole length of the outstretched wing, each feather grabbing its full hold of air, while the upstroke, lifting first the "wrist," then the half-folded wing, swivels the feathers apart like slats in a Venetian blind to let the air slip by. It is an automatic, selective process, probably nature's most graceful and intricate valve action, the different movements overlapping and blending smoothly, the "wrists" half up before the wing tips stop descending, the "forearms" pressing down while

the tips are yet rising. The convexity of the wing's upper surface and the concavity of its lower aid this alternate gripping and slipping of the air — this compression of sky into a buoyant cushion below the wing while an intermittent vacuum sucks from above — this consummate reciprocal flapping that pelicans accomplish twice a second, quail twenty times, and hummingbirds two hundred times!

Birds are clearly way ahead of the airplane in aileron or roll control; and some, like ravens and roller pigeons, close their wings to make snap rolls just for fun or courting. And the same bird superiority holds in the case of flaps which brake the air to reduce speed in landing, the birds fanning out their tails for this purpose as well as their wings. Web-footed birds such as geese usually steer and brake with their feet also, and inflect their long necks like the bow paddle of a canoe to aid in steering and balancing.

The tail is of course intended primarily for steering — steering up and down as well as to right and left. Some birds with efficient tails can loop the loop, fly upside down, or do backward somersaults like the tumbler pigeon. Small-tailed birds such as ducks are handicapped by not being able to make any kind of sharp turns in the air, though their tails steer well enough in water and in slapping the waves on take-off from water. The male whidah bird has such a long tail that on a dewy morning he actually cannot get off the ground until the sun has evaporated the extra weight from his trailer. The variety of bird tails never ends, nor does the multiplicity of functions. Furled to a mere stick or fanned out 180° and skewed to any angle, tails serve for everything from a stabilizing fin to a parachute, from a flag to a crutch.

3

MAN cannot hope to match the bird in sensitivity of flying control, mainly because he usually has to think air or read it off instruments, while the bird just feels air everywhere on his feathers and skin. This is not to say, however, that the bird is a faultless flyer. Birds make plenty of mistakes — even forced landings! Not a few are killed in crashes. Usually bird slip-ups happen so fast they go unnoticed. But when you get a chance to watch a flight of birds coming in to land in slow-motion movies you can see them correcting their errors by last-moment flips of tail or by dragging a foot like a boy on a sled. If a landing bird discovers he lowered his "flaps" too soon he still can ease off these air brakes by raising his wings so that his secondaries spill wind, his primary feathers remaining in position for lateral or aileron control. Buzzards do something almost similar called a "double dip" to correct a stall. But lots of times excited birds do not notice their mistakes soon enough and lose flying speed while trying to climb too steeply,

or fall into a spin from tight turns or from simply misjudging the wind. Once they have ceased making headway they tumble downward just as surely as a stalled airplane.

I saw a heron one day muff a landing in a tree, stall, and fall to the ground, breaking his leg. This is particularly apt to happen to heavy birds like ducks when they are tired. Sometimes ducks lose half a pound on a long migratory flight and are so exhausted on letting down that they splash into the water and cannot take off again for hours.

The energy required of a heavy bird at take-off of course is very great. It has been estimated at five times normal cruising energy. Many birds, like the swan, need a runway in addition to the most furious beating of wings to get up enough speed to leave the ground. Others like the coot are lighter but low-powered and take off like a 1915 scout plane missing on three cylinders. All birds naturally take off against the wind for the same reason that an airplane does: to gain air speed, which is obviously more significant than ground speed at take-off. You have surely noticed that birds feeding by the lee roadside will often take off across the path of an approaching car, actually tempting death to gain the wind's help.

Heavy birds that dwell on cliffs of course have the advantage of being able to make a catapult take-off, dropping into a steep glide until they build up flying speed — but again they must beware of landing at a place where this needed gravitational asset is not available. The penalty for lack of such foresight can well be death.

I heard of a loon that made the mistake of alighting on a small pond set amid a forest of tall pines. When he wanted to take off an hour later he found himself stymied. He could not climb steeply enough to clear the trees or turn sharply enough to spiral out. He was seen thrashing along over the water, whipping the waves with his wings to get under way, even pedaling at the water desperately with his webbed feet before getting into the air. He almost made it a couple of times but also nearly got killed crashing into the big trees, then plowing back through the underbrush on his sprained wishbone. Finally he had to give up. But this particular loon was lucky. After four frustrated days in his pond jail a very strong wind came up and enabled him to take off and climb so steeply against it that he just brushed between the treetops and was free!

A very different and special capacity is required in bird formation flight or mass maneuvering. Did you ever see a puff of smoke blowing against the wind? I did — but it turned out to be a tight flock of thousands of small birds. When you get close enough to watch a large flight of starlings feeding on a field you wonder how each bird can so completely lose its individuality as to become part of that smooth, flowing mass. Sometimes the flock moves like a great wheel, individual birds alighting

and rising progressively as parts of the rhythm of the rim. Now it rolls as a coach on the highroad, now with uneven grace like a tongue of sea fog folding over and over.

Sandpipers, plover, turnstones, sanderlings, and other small shore birds are all expert in this sort of flying, which seems to depend on extreme quickness of eye and a speed of selfless response not equaled elsewhere in nature — not among its counterparts in the hoofed animals of the plains, not even among the mysterious schools of the deep sea where whales and the lesser fish have been seen to dive in wonderful co-ordination miles apart. No one knows exactly how this amazing unity of action is accomplished or why. It may depend on much more than visual contact. It may be a part of one of the seams of life where the individual is granted a pretaste of absorption into a greater order of consciousness, far above and beyond his own little being.

When birds migrate they often fly in V formation and for the same reason that the Air Force does. It is the simplest way to follow a leader in the sky while keeping out of his wash and retaining good vision. Birds instinctively do it, peeling off from one heading to another and sometimes chasing after man-made gliders. They even have been seen pursuing power planes until they were unable to keep up with them. I know of a glider pilot who was followed for half an hour by a young sea gull who copied his every maneuver: figure-eights, vertical turns, spins, loops. It was only after the glider led the gull into a vertical dive for three thousand feet which blew most of the bird's feathers off that it realized it had been a little too glibly and left off the chase.

Lots of birds, far from feeling jealous of human trespassing in their ancient territory, seem to get such a kick out of airplanes that they hang around airports just like human kids watching the big ones take off and land. Many a time I've seen sea gulls at the big Travis Air Base near San Francisco flapping nonchalantly among the huge ten-engined B-36 bombers while their motors were being run up. The smoke whipping from the jets in four straight lines past the tail accompanied by that soul-shaking roar would have been enough to stampede a herd of elephants but the sea gulls often flew right into the tornado just for fun. When the full blast struck them they would simply disappear, only to turn up a few seconds later a quarter mile downwind, apparently having enjoyed the experience as much as a boy running through a hose — even coming around eager-eyed for more.

4

Or all birds the hawks have probably contributed most toward teaching man to fly — through their example of soaring over the zones of the earth

where most men live. But how they accomplish their miracle has been discovered only a little at a time over long periods.

Sir George Cayley around 1810 concluded that a rook, whose weight is about a pound for each square foot of its wing area, would be able to glide horizontally as long as it could maintain a speed of at least twenty-five miles an hour. What could enable it to keep up that speed, however, he did not pretend to know.

A partial answer was revealed long afterward by a study of gulls circling close to the sea in autumn and winter, times of year when the relative warmth of the water often produces updrafts in which birds can soar indefinitely. Even in a fresh breeze when these warm columns of air are blown over to leeward until they lie almost flat upon the waves, the gulls have been observed soaring buoyantly along the invisible wind seams — gliding magically upwind upon a continuous fountain of air where two counterrotating columns adjoin.

But when they cannot thus coast “downhill” in air flowing “uphill,” neither on thermal nor deflected updrafts, soaring birds somehow still manage to stay aloft on almost motionless wings — traveling at high speed as often against the wind as with it. A mission of the French scientist, Idrac, to the South Seas during the last century to solve the mystery of the albatross determined that this largest of soaring birds flies at the high average speed of forty-nine miles an hour. When soaring close to the waves and losing altitude, reported Idrac, the albatross uses his remaining speed to gain height. If he can rise only four or five times his wingspread of about eleven feet he usually gets into an air stratum fifty feet up where the wind is blowing three times as strongly as at the surface, thus giving him an extra boost just as a kite will be sent upward by a gust of wind.

The theory of this eventually expanded into one of the first real explanations of why birds soar in circles: since surface friction reduces wind speed at lower altitudes, the bird soars against the wind aiming slightly uphill to take advantage of higher wind velocity as he goes up, giving him the kite boost by *horizontal* shearing (by differences of wind speed at different horizontal levels). But as forward speed eventually falls off because of the climb, he turns away from the wind and coasts slightly downhill to leeward, again getting a boost from his increase in air speed as the tail wind decreases — then into the wind once more, and so on round and round.

The principles of “static soaring” — soaring on rising air currents — have been worked out in detail mainly during the last twenty-five years as sailplane pilots have experimented with thermal currents over sun-baked fields or up the windward slopes of hills or cold fronts. But only more recently has “dynamic soaring” come into use by man: this

more difficult since it depends on the sudden variations of wind speed in gusty air to impart the kite boost by *vertical* shearing (by differences of wind speed in different vertical planes), relying of course on the pilot to be heading to windward at each increase of wind and to leeward at each decrease, a rhythm that can be irregular to the point of inscrutability.

All of these discoveries have helped explain how birds can glide on motionless wings against the wind, for it became clear that gravity is to the bird as the keel is to the sailboat or the kite string to the kite. All three hold the moving object firm against being blown to leeward, each in its own way.

The form of the wing is obviously another basic factor in flying effectiveness, and birds have adopted a great variety of special shapes just as have the airplane designers after them. There are the narrow, pointed wings of the fast and strong flyers: the falcons and swallows, the swifts and hummingbirds. There are the bent-wrist wings of the fast gliders like the nighthawk; the broad, fingered wings of the slow soarers, the red-shouldered and red-tailed hawks; the short, rounded wings of the woodland darters: grouse, quail, the small sparrows and finches.

Gulls and albatrosses also have narrow, pointed wings, theirs however adapted specially to long-range gliding and soaring over the open ocean. The albatross, in fact, so perfectly geared to the air that he cannot fold his lengthy wing restfully inside his flank feathers when on ground or sea, is thought to stretch out in sleep while actually on the wing — dozing aloft, even as some of us, but literally in his own feather bed upon the sky.

Little by little the factors of wing efficiency have resolved themselves into the separate relationships or dimensions of the wing: specifically, its aspect ratio or the proportion between its length and breadth, its degree of bluntness or pointedness, its camber or curvature fore and aft, its horizontalness or dihedral angle in relation to the other wing, its slotting or spacing of primaries (if any), its degree of sweepback, its fairing or smoothness of surface, its thickness, its flexibility, and innumerable minor points.

Aspect ratio in birds averages around 3:1. That is, their wings are generally about three times as long as they are wide. The albatross exceeds 5:1. Airplanes sometimes reach 7:1, and sailplanes as high as 18:1. Theoretically, the higher the ratio the greater the lift, but practically a limit comes when the wing gets so long and narrow that it may break in gusty air. And of course soaring birds have many considerations besides flying that affect their shape: things like catching food, preening their feathers, folding their wings, laying eggs, raising a family. Thus sailplanes, built solely for soaring, have a distinct advantage over the bird who must also be somebody’s uncle or grandmother.



An Atlantic Story



A graduate of Exeter and Harvard, RICHARD BISSELL knows our inland waterways — the Ohio, the Missouri, and the Mississippi (on all of which he holds a pilot's license) — as well as Mark Twain knew them. From this river experience came the source material for his first novel, A Stretch on the River; his second, 7½ Cents, the story of a strike in a pajama factory, was converted into a highly successful musical comedy, The Pajama Game; and his third, High Water, made its debut in September under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

CANDLE SALAD

by RICHARD BISSELL

I DON'T very often favor this spot I mostly go over to the Rex Club down by the Ruby Street bridge but as long as I'm here I don't mind telling you the spot is OK and although the bartenders act like they was related to English royalty we will skip that. Now mister, you and I will sit here by the end of the bar and if we find each other's company tedious and tiresome why we can at least look through that fine expensive plate glass window at the colorful holiday throngs treading the sidewalks and loaded down with Yuletide gifts for the little ones. For myself I'll have a whisky and sour in fond memory of a girl in St. Paul who run off to Billings, Montana, one night when we was down at the Robert Street landing loading supplies. After the ceremonial whisky and sour I'll indulge in something more interesting and you can reveal all your various troubles in life's thoroughfare and I'll give you mine.

You're a salesman and you just made three calls and got shut out. OK. I'm a boy from Aurora, Illinois, and not half as nuts as I sound being the Second Engineer over here on the canal on a very large and commodious diesel towboat whereby they pay me a grand total of 375 dollars each and every month with room and board thrown in. Considering my old man worked thirty-five years as bookkeeper at the Acme Sheet Metal to get up to 50 per week this is not so bad and proves what a glorious age we live in when we stop and consider I will be twenty-three and no percent of age at my next birthday.

So I will lead off with a Christmas story as it is plain to be seen I am off watch and nothing to do

until 6 P.M. and the boat is laying over at the landing waiting on empties to come down the canal from Chicago. I want to hear something about your different experiences in the selling game but first I will tell you a nice little story about how Christmas come to the motor vessel *Irene* in the midst of all the dirt and grime of the Chicago ship and drainage canal.

Picture a nasty little 200 horsepower pushboat shuttling coal barges from here in Joliet into Chicago and back. With a crew of four on deck, three in the engine room, and a cook. Pretty rotten outlook you'd say it was actually even worse than your imagination could picture it. From being on this lousy run we was all at each other's throats once or twice a week and in between times we was none too friendly and ate our meals more or less in monosyllables if you see what I mean. The god-damn canal stunk like the back door to hell in the summer and in the winter it was so cold it would freeze the hinges on same. She was a mighty rough go but before you get aboard a good boat you simply got to put in some time on the ratttraps it's the same on every job I imagine your trouble is they got you on a bum territory and a bunch of lousy accounts.

I thought so.

Well we argued and fought our way from week to week and there wasn't what you would call much merriment and good spirits aboard but we moved the coal and could get uptown maybe once a week and away from the sight of each other thereby avoiding any murder being committed but at the same time it was no demonstration of the happy

carefree life that we advertise so highly to the folks at home who wonder what we are doing out here in the first place.

But they understand the wages. I'll guarantee that.

My story don't really have any big moral result to it, it is just a little story about the fact that life is never as bad as it seems especially if you got somebody to point out the fact to you when the going is tough.

I guess I'll have another of the same, Frank, in memory of the girl in St. Paul with the black hair and the big brown eyes. Some girl. No, this one is on me, mister, you get the next one.

2

IT WAS about two weeks before Christmas and the cook had family trouble with some old boy taking his wife out while he was running up and down the canal so he quit and went home to check up on things and got a job as short-order cook over here at the Elite Lunch. The next day the office sent us a new cook and that's where the story begins, with the new cook coming aboard at the landing one night at 2 A.M. when we got down from Chicago with four empties.

After we picked up our loads and locked through at Lockport and had passed by the butterfly dam I run back to the galley to set the coffee pot on. You have to stay in the engine room most of the time here in the canal because it's pretty close work for the pilot and you never know when he's gonna ring a bell. Pilothouse control is just something you read about, to our company — the engineers do the handling, and I mean that's a full-time job and keeps you as busy as a cat on a tin roof mostly every watch.

Well when I come into the galley, which sets aft and is about the size of a dollar-fifty room in a cheap hotel, here is the new cook taking inventory of the supplies with one hand and cleaning the stove with the other and he has a fresh pot of coffee all ready and waiting.

"That stove," I says, "ain't been cleaned since Peaches Browning was a kid."

"I can see that," he says, "but it's getting cleaned now. What would you like with your coffee?"

What would I like with my coffee? Now there was a novel thought at 3 A.M. This cook was not only bound in determined to clean that stove but he was all set to make me something to go with my coffee.

"I got to get back to the engine room," I says. "I only come up here to grab a cup of Java on the fly."

"How would a denver sandwich set with you?" he says. "I'll bring it up."

"Like a new suit of clothes and a bonus," I says, and I went out and up the deck and in the engine-

room door. We was plowing through the broken ice and far off over beyond the bank of the canal there was some lights burning where the sensible people lived. After a while sure enough in he come into the engine room with a denver sandwich on a plate all wrapped up in a napkin in one hand and the coffee pot in the other.

"Thanks," I says, "but brother you better get some sleep."

"After I get cleaned up back there," he says. We was both shouting at each other of course with that old diesel blamming away beside us and the generator likewise. So he went out.

The next evening we had candle salad. Yes that's what I said. You take a ring of pineapple and put it on a plate and then you stick a banana in it up-right with a cherry on top — see, it looks like a candlestick with candle and all and the cherry represents the flame.

"I got that one out of *Your Home* magazine," he says. "It's a killer ain't it?"

"It's a killer all right," says the Captain, but he ate it. The Captain for a captain was a story in himself; he was ex-secretary of the teamsters' union down at Peoria only he stole the funds and had to make himself scarce so he went off steam-boating. For a captain he was a bird all right and could entertain you by the very hour with tales of Peoria if you got him in the proper mood. But ordinarily very sour. Just like the rest of us.

"Where are we at, the Ladies Aid Society?" says my boss the Chief Engineer when he sat down and confronted his salad. He was a disappointed man. He married a woman from down at La Salle who supposedly owned a dance hall which was reputed to be a gold mine but after the honeymoon, which was spent on a trip to Fort Dodge, Iowa, to see her folks, what was left of them, as she was no debutante herself, tipping the scales at about forty-nine years, he learned the painful facts which was she didn't own the dance hall at all but only the bar concession and the bartenders was robbing her blind.

"Where are we at," he says again in case none of us heard him the first time, one of his particularly aggravating habits, "the Ladies Aid?"

But he ate his candle salad and he ate up all his Swiss steak, too, and kept reaching for those good hot rolls like he was wound up on a spring. There was hardly a meal from this time on where we didn't have hot biscuits or rolls, and on top of it all this cook would rather stay up all afternoon, instead of snoozing in his bunk over some periodical magazine, and make pies and cake, oh this boy was nothing less than a regular character on the Chicago ship and drainage canal.

"I got into a funny one on the Lakes," he told me one afternoon when I slipped into the galley and found him working up a coconut lemon layer cake, "on one of them big ore ships. You see I always

use to stay up and bake all afternoon and the union steward said I was working overtime and should get paid for it. I told him I says I can't sleep in the daytime and it is just relaxation to me to bake I don't want no overtime. Nevertheless he called a grievance, over my protest, and from then on I was to get paid for my afternoon work. It didn't set right with me so I quit the baking much to the disgust of the crew and it got so mean I walked off when we got to Duluth."

"How come you knock yourself out with all this here candle salad and peach pie?" I said. "Why we'd be satisfied with fried potatoes and pork chops. And as for the deck hands, the most of them never seen a layer cake outside of a magazine before."

"Just a funny habit I got, I guess," he says. "I like to see people eat."

3

THE canal into Chicago is all right if you check your brains someplace at the entrance and just live from watch to watch and try to overlook the ever present facts that you are going crazy by degrees with the monotony of the thing. But it takes an awful toll in a man's natural desire to enjoy life and extract some satisfaction out of doing the job.

I got so tired, for example, of hearing about them thieving bartenders down at the Chief Engineer's concession why I could gladly have buried a wrench in his head, but this is part of the life and you learn a fine lesson in self-control with only an occasional lapse to the point where you give him an opinion on your true interest in them bartenders, for example.

Point? There ain't no point. I told you already. Have another Corby's Reserve and relax. It's too late in the afternoon now to get any buyers interested in your line anyway. Especially with the Yuletide rush in full swing. Frank, let's have a repeat here. Yeah, the same for both of us.

It just goes to show you the fine results of a lot of hot biscuits with gravy and a constant succession of candle salad. Why when this old cook come aboard we was at each other's throats two or three times a week but before long that boat was like a long vacation at Camp Bide A Wee by the lake.

"I'll take her," says the Chief to me when he come in to relieve me, giving a burp of satisfaction. "Go on in and get your dinner. You ought to see what that crazy cook has dreamed up now."

"Peach upside-down cake?" I says. "I seen him opening up the peaches at 3 P.M."

"You got to see it to believe it," he says. "He calls it Peach Surprise and it's got whipped cream all over it. Did you check them valves?"

"No," I says. "I was handling most of the watch, I never had time."

This would have been a signal for a catalogue of my different types of ignorance a few weeks back,

but all he says is, "OK, if I don't get 'em on this watch, see if you can get at it tomorrow," he says. "Peach Surprise. Some tugboat."

Christmas was only two days off and we was figuring on the layoff. I had a girl over in Aurora all set to meet the six o'clock P.M. bus Christmas Eve and from then on it was to be an old-fashioned Christmas at the Hotel and Christmas dinner at my folks' house. When lo and behold on December the 24th at 2 P.M. we run onto something and took off the rudders and knocked a fluke clean off the wheel and there we were. So it was work for all hands and a bonus, but there was no joy in Mudville regardless as you can picture without taxing the imagination.

They sent a boat up to tow us down here to the slip, got two of the shore crew to quit trimming the tree, and Christmas Eve was spent raising the boat and cussing the company in Gaelic and any other languages available. I called up my girl and canceled the love feast and got some damn poor comments on my character for my trouble and after working all evening climbed into the sack cold and tired and sore and as full of Christmas cheer as an old shoe floating in the canal amongst the ice cakes.

Christmas Day dawned miserable of course, but the cook had blueberry pancakes and plenty of hot coffee so we set to work feeling a little less ornery, but not wearing any big smiles either. Blueberry pancakes? Why that's just hot cakes with a can of blueberries stirred into the batter. Sounds nuts don't it?

We was about half done our repairs at noon and all mad as hops — cold, disgusted, and snarling at each other in the old familiar way.

We went in to eat, restraining the impulse to blow the whole works sixty feet in the air and get new jobs in the television field, but count on Charlie, that cook that liked to see people eat. Man he had turkey and the sauce and the stuffing and the giblet gravy and the roast potatoes and the squash and the hot mince pie and eight or ten gallons of good coffee and he even had cigars paid for out of his own pocket.

"This being a special occasion," he says, "I made up a little beverage that is said to contain considerable good cheer," and he passed out the old barrel tumblers and filled all around from a china water pitcher.

I don't know what was in it but he called it Artillery Punch and good cheer predominated in it to such an extent that within an hour all hands was feeling like Sunday afternoon at the Elks picnic and any idea of finishing up on the damages to the rudders and wheel had fled to the snowy slopes of the Rocky Mountains. The Chief Engineer was telling anecdotes from his childhood down in Arkansas and the deck hands was planning an expedition to the North Pole to pay old man Santa Claus their respects. The Captain and the cook

was playing a duet on the mouth harp while your correspondent assisted with the vocals. The galley begun to look like New Year's morn and with the cigar smoke and all you couldn't cut it with a knife.

We had some party over that punch and of all the drinks I ever had that was without a doubt the most welcome.

At the height of the uproar the Port Engineer arrived all dressed up for the festive day just to check up on our progress and found the Chief Engineer under the galley table humming Christmas carols to himself while the Captain was roaring some verses of an old hymn called "Down In the Lehigh Valley."

"What's going on here?" he said.

"It's all very simple," I said. "All very simple

to explain, Mr. Johnson. To put it in the simplest possible terms so even you can understand it, we have left off working on them heathen rudders and we have all got drunk. Pax vobiscum."

Haven't had a candle salad from that day to this. When I come to with a swell case of hot pipes the next morning the galley was all cleaned up neat as a pin but no Charlie. He was gone. And we never seen his shining face again aboard the mighty motor vessel *Irene*.

What was in that Artillery Punch? Damned if I know. But it wasn't such a bad Christmas after all. I wish there was more cooks loose in the world like that Charlie. He was one for the congressional records, that boy.

OK. I don't mind if I do.



WILBURY HILL

by MORLEY DOBSON

Illa cantat, nos tacemus.

In the night the wind rose up from the south, bringing
The moist reviving warmth and the sharp pain
Of the early season; and now there are willows springing
Green-gold by the brook behind me, and, after the rain,
Thorn-buds swollen and pink, and a low lark singing.

The pines stand ragged and black on the blown gray sky.
The wind rushes, rushes through their branches, racing
The express in the throat of the valley rushing by
Northward. A shower sweeps over Bedfordshire, chasing
The light that flickers on fields and church. And I

Remember Fauré's timeless music in the brief
Hour of singers and strings and organ blending,
And the young schoolgirl with her dress green as a leaf
Who sang in her sweet hard voice, uncomprehending,
The pitiful words of intercession and grief,

Sempiternam requiem. O tender bloom
Of the winter corn, O foam of pink and white
Cherry down the streets — youth laughing over the tomb!
But the years rush past like the train, like the wind, and I write
My love to you, my love, in the loved empty room.

Quando ver venit meum?



What can we do to help the underdeveloped and uncommitted countries in Asia, Africa, and South America? Military power is not enough, says CHESTER BOWLES, who, as our former Ambassador to India and Nepal, had the opportunity to study Asia at first hand, and who was shocked to discover that the Russians are starting to adopt ideas which we originated and then backed away from. Mr. Bowles, who was Governor of Connecticut from 1949 to 1951, entered public service after a highly successful career in business.

PARTNERS IN FREEDOM

by CHESTER BOWLES

I

TODAY America is spending \$34 billion on military defense. No thoughtful person believes that this sum, or indeed twice this sum, is too high, if that is what it takes to avoid the devastation of an atomic war.

But the threat which faces America today goes far beyond the growing nuclear power of Russia, superimposed on the greatest orthodox military establishment in history. There is also the danger that shrewd Soviet tactics, taking advantage of our almost total concentration on military matters, will gradually cut us off from our friends and potential friends, isolate us, and eventually throttle us into ineffectiveness.

Since Stalin's death in 1953, the Soviet Union has moved steadily to capture the diplomatic offensive and to divide the free world. Day by day it is striving to convince millions of people in Europe, Asia, and South America that the Communist nations are the true advocates of peace, and that America, towards whom the world looked with such fervent hopes in 1945, is a power-hungry aggressor.

That this incredibly distorted picture is now widely accepted is a measure of the problem which we face. If we are to change this picture while there is still time, we must develop a fresh concept of our relations with other free nations, a broader understanding of the nature of power in a revolutionary world, and a bold new approach to match that understanding.

What we do or fail to do in Europe is of crucial importance. But what we do in Asia, Africa, and South America is of at least *equal* importance. In these underdeveloped areas our concentration on military answers and our indifference to economic and political factors have been particularly damaging.

Instead of drawing on the strength of our democratic traditions and forming a partnership with

these billion or more people, we have remained timid and uncertain. We have appeared to turn our backs on the anti-colonial revolution. We have failed to grasp the dynamic possibilities of Point Four, the Colombo Plan, the World Bank, and the specialized agencies of the United Nations. Now, to compound our failure, there are signs that the Soviet Union may use some of our own ideas further to cut us off from those who should be our friends.

If the world Communist movement closed up shop tomorrow, the underdeveloped areas would still be of profound importance to every American. Although we produce 40 per cent of all the industrial goods in the world, we have only 6 per cent of the world's population. As our own resources dwindle in relation to the demands of our economy, we have become more and more dependent on trade with Asia, Africa, and South America — which now amounts to 50 per cent of our world-wide total.

Today, these underdeveloped nations are going through a revolutionary period which would affect our lives regardless of the cold war. In Asia, Africa, and South America the people, confident that science can quickly erase their poverty and misery, are determinedly seeking a better life.

The Communists did not create this turmoil and ferment. If Marx, Lenin, Stalin, and Mao had never existed we would still be contending with it. What the Communists do is to ride the revolutionary wave like surf riders, and to work with all their skill and ideological fervor to speed the destruction of the old order and fill the resulting vacuums.

Since 1945, America has done much to bolster the war-torn economies of Europe and to contribute to the development of new countries in Asia and also Africa and South America. However, the measure of the world's need is not what we have tried to do, but the gap that remains to be filled. Today this gap is substantial.

The government of every underdeveloped nation is now on trial. In the next few years these governments must demonstrate to their people that democracy can provide not only *political* freedom for each individual but also steady and even spectacular *economic* growth.

Demands for higher living standards, for more food, for freedom from disease, for schools and roads, for the damming of rivers to provide irrigation and hydroelectric power, for the expansion of railroads and communications, are growing steadily more insistent. Any government which consistently fails to meet these demands, however honest, democratic, and well-meaning, will eventually go under.

The obstacles in the way of rapid progress are great, and one of the most stubborn is lack of capital resources.

Whether the country is rich or poor; whether the economy is capitalist, communist, or socialist, capital accumulated through savings is the essential dynamic motive force which determines the speed with which industry can be expanded and living standards raised. Today every underdeveloped nation is struggling with the question: Where can the savings be found to push forward development at a pace that will satisfy the impatient people? If a democratic government piles the taxes too high it will face defeat at the polls. Yet if it fails to match the progress of the Communist nations such as China, it will be swept aside in revolutionary upheaval.

In India, the tax load has been pushed to the limit which a democratic people will accept. Yet, each year, total savings — public and private — amount to only 5 per cent of the gross national income. In Indonesia, the percentage is only 3.8 per cent. These figures are in sharp contrast with the ruthlessly forced savings of the Communist police states. In Russia, the proportion has reached 20 per cent. Communist China claims to have matched this figure. Although this is surely an exaggeration, the actual figure is probably in excess of 10 per cent. The economic and political implications of these comparisons for the long haul are obvious.

2

THE challenge to those of us who believe in free institutions is compounded by the steady growth of the Soviet economy. A few years ago many Americans comforted themselves with the belief that the Russians were clumsy, backward people, incapable of modern industrial development. This picture is obviously a long way from the truth.

In the last few years the Russian economy has been expanding rapidly. Russian steel production is now almost half that of the United States and electric power is about one-third.

This means that three years from now the Soviet

Union may be producing some \$30 billion more goods each year than at present. If this figure is actually reached, how will the Kremlin distribute the additional \$30 billion worth of new production?

Some of these added billions may flow into increased military preparation, some into the expanding use of atomic energy. Some will surely go into additional heavy capital investment. A large share must be earmarked for the increased consumer goods and higher living standards which have been repeatedly promised to Russian families. But it would be surprising indeed if a billion or two or three of this additional production is not invested in economic-political development programs, particularly in Asia, which will have a simple clear objective: the expansion of Soviet political influence and power and the disruption of the free world.

Many American observers who minimize the likelihood of such a program point out that in foreign trade the Russians have been notorious for their big promises, small deliveries, and impossibly harsh terms. This comfortable reaction fails to take into account the fundamental change in Soviet tactics which has been taking shape since the death of Stalin. If the increase in Soviet production even approximates the estimates of American government experts, it is inconceivable that Malenkov and his associates will not use a formidable fraction of that production to bolster Soviet prestige abroad and further divide us from our friends and potential friends. Indeed there is ample evidence that this program is already moving forward.

Persuasive Russian trade representatives are already peddling their wares throughout Europe and Asia. A sizable Soviet Point Four program is under way in Afghanistan. There are reports that the Soviet Union will soon be given the order for an ultramodern steel mill in India with a capacity of 500,000 tons. It is said that the Russians have agreed to build this mill in less than two years, and loan the Indian government the money to pay for it on a fifty-year basis at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest.

It is also reported that contracts will be let for medium-sized Russian tractors at prices well below those charged in the West. The fact that such prices are set on a political rather than an economic basis makes such competition difficult to meet.

The implications of this developing phase of Soviet policy are of profound importance. For 180 years the people of Asia, Africa, and South America have looked at America not only as the stronghold of democratic freedom and individual opportunity but as a dynamic example of the power of free institutions to soften economic injustice and to create an expanding society.

In the coming years we must assume that the Soviet will offer persuasive proof to the underdeveloped, uncommitted world that under Communism the economic pace, at least, can also be spec-

tacular, and that Russia stands ready to help those nations which will accept her help. Although the political price of Soviet beneficence will be high, it would be folly to discount its attraction for hungry people desperate for progress.

3

OBVIOUSLY we cannot cope with this challenge by simply adding more atomic bombs to our already massive supply. Indochina should have taught us that Western military power in revolutionary Asia has its limits. Nor can America "save" Asia from Communism by lectures and threats. If Asia decides finally to reject the Communist doctrine, it will be because Asians have become convinced by their own experience that steady economic progress and individual freedom can *both* be attained under democratic governments, and that the bloody totalitarian road is a political and economic dead end.

The situation calls, among other things, for a fresh new approach to foreign economic assistance that is practical, acceptable, and within our capacity. In developing this new approach it is essential that we put political expediency and partisanship behind us. The mistakes which have been made are neither Republican nor Democratic. They reflect the complex world with which we are contending, and they belong to all of us. The election is over, and it is time for a fresh start.

If a fresh start is to be meaningful, the leaders of both parties must agree on some basic principles. Precisely what, for instance, is the purpose of our aid?

If we are concerned solely with stopping Communism, our effort will start under a grave handicap. We will tend to concentrate our efforts solely in those areas where Communism already exists as an active threat, and this will hang a political label on everything that we do.

If, for instance, a new American assistance program is concentrated in Communist-threatened South Asia, while Africa and South America remain largely neglected, Asians will promptly assume that we are interested, not in their welfare, but purely in thwarting the Communists. We will be charged with attempting to buy their loyalties and to draw them into the "Western camp." Many free Asian leaders, although desperately anxious for assistance, will accept our aid only with reluctance or not at all.

Why indeed should it always take the cold war to goad us into doing what we should do for its own sake? To reach out a helping hand to others less fortunate than we was basic to our religious beliefs and our traditions long before the Moscow-Peking Axis came into existence.

The political objective of our aid programs is clear, urgent, and profoundly worth while: to develop indigenous political and economic strength

among the nations of the free world so that they can survive as free people — not to serve America's interest but their own. As they succeed in meeting the needs of their people, their confidence in democratic methods will grow, and with it their determination to defend their achievements against all adversaries, either from within or without. With such nations, America can form a free and dynamic partnership which over the years will ease the threat of Communist aggression and gradually establish the foundations for a lasting peace.

For this reason the purpose of any effective program must be broader than the easing of poverty. Misinformed people tell us that "a man with a full stomach will never become a Communist." History does not bear them out. Revolutions are led, not by hungry peasants, but by middle-class, frustrated, and normally well-fed intellectuals.

It is urgent that people throughout the world have more food, better health, and opportunities for good schooling, as soon as possible. It is equally essential that their gains be achieved in such a way that the people themselves develop a sense of self-respect and common purpose through their own active participation in the building of their villages, their state, and their nation. A dynamic movement of this kind can never develop if it be dominated by outsiders. Asia, Africa, and South America must grow and develop largely through their own efforts, and from the villages up.

Furthermore, the freely given labor of the people themselves is a major source of capital savings that is essential to rapid progress in the underdeveloped countries. Each year, the peasants have weeks and months of leisure after the crops are in. If this idle time can be used to build roads, schools, and health clinics, to create new irrigation ditches, and thus to strengthen the community itself, the people of Asia, Africa, and South America can greatly speed their progress.

Our aid programs to non-Communist nations must be free of *political* strings. But it is essential that workable requirements be established for long-range economic planning, land reform, tax reform, and a ban on the use of foreign exchange for the purchase of luxuries for the wealthy. Today, in several underdeveloped countries the effect of American aid is not to speed such reforms but to postpone them. If we dodge this issue, a large proportion of our aid money will be wasted, and we will be charged with subsidizing feudal economies which serve the few and not the many.

The underdeveloped nations cannot be transformed over night. We must not delude ourselves into thinking that our American assistance program is a temporary expedient. Our help will be required for many years. Unless our commitments are placed on at least a five-year basis, efficient planning will be impossible.

Finally, we must forgo our search for a simple,

glib, all-inclusive formula. The problems of economic development are infinitely complex, and the solutions which we bring to bear must reflect their complexity.

For instance, lower tariffs and increased trade will help greatly to reduce the amount of aid that is needed. The underdeveloped nations are willing and anxious to pay for their own progress as far as that is possible. But there are only two ways that they can get dollars: they can earn them by selling us things which we need, or they can get them through American grants or loans. The easier we make it for these nations to sell part of their production to the United States, the less assistance they will require from us. Moreover, the higher their living standards rise, the more goods they will be able to buy from American manufacturers.

The present Administration has stated that it fully supports the lowering of trade barriers. With the election behind us and with bipartisan support, let us hope that it will live up to the promises which have so frequently been made to the American people and to the world.

4

ANOTHER factor is the health of our own economy. When business slows down in America, the results are felt in every remote corner of the globe. As one European expressed it: "When America sneezes, the rest of the free world gets pneumonia." A serious economic depression in America would be the best news which has reached Moscow in many years, for it would appear to bear out the Marxist claim that capitalism is bound eventually to collapse of its own weight. Our economy must continue to expand to its full dynamic capacity.

We should also take steps to bring a greater element of stability into the prices of raw materials which we buy in the underdeveloped areas. The incomes of three fourths of all the families in Malaya are tied to the price of rubber in America. In many of the tea, coffee, cocoa, tin, and oil producing nations, the link is almost equally close.

Surely we are ingenious enough to develop some system of minimum and maximum prices that will avoid the violent swings of the market which cause such suffering and bitterness and which benefit only the speculators. A price band might be set up for normal fluctuations, which could ordinarily be controlled through stockpiling. If production remains beyond the capacity of the market to absorb it, an orderly planned movement into other fields of production could be set in motion. No responsible person would suggest that such a program could easily be put together or agreement quickly reached. But the time to make the attempt is now, while there is latitude to give it considered attention.

Freer trade and assured markets for raw materials at stable prices will strengthen the economies of

the underdeveloped nations and enable them better to help themselves. But a substantial program of direct assistance is also urgently needed. Such a program must be as bold and imaginative as the Marshall Plan, which helped put the economies of Western Europe on their feet between 1947 and 1951.

What should this program include? There is immediate need for more engineers, public health experts, agriculturalists, educators, and other technicians. The present programs of American, Colombo Plan, and United Nations technical assistance should be reorganized and expanded. Several improvements should also be considered. When this program was launched there was pressure to send Americans everywhere throughout the world, in the belief that they were most competent to work out technical problems. This Americanized approach may have been carried too far. The Japanese, for instance, know far more about increasing rice production on a two or three acre irrigated plot than do most American farm experts who are accustomed to work large acreage with machinery. Indians are as experienced as we in the control of malaria on a mass scale. Indonesians have made tremendous strides in the development of fish farms.

This program of technical assistance is fundamental to the economic growth of the underdeveloped nations, and it should be pressed forward vigorously with the help of American funds. By handling all of it, or as much of it as politically possible, through the Colombo Plan and the specialized agencies of the United Nations we will help eliminate the Communist propaganda charge that the Point Four program is a cover for American intrigue and subversion.

But technical assistance without major capital investment will only scratch the surface, and only to a limited extent can these capital needs be met by private investment from America and other Western nations. Since the war, private investment in the United States has averaged \$46 billion annually. In this same period our *total* overseas investments were only \$10 billion. Most of this was in Europe and Canada, and it came largely from profits earned in those countries by American corporations. If we eliminate American oil expansion in South America, American private investment in the underdeveloped nations since the war totals scarcely \$1 billion. In India, during this period, it has been less than \$100 million.

There are valid and understandable reasons for this meager flow. Conditions in most underdeveloped nations are uncertain. Often there has been unreasoning prejudice against foreign investors based on colonial experience. In some cases tax laws make it difficult to take out a reasonable share of the profits once they are made. There are often nagging bureaucratic difficulties on operations.

But even under ideal conditions it is folly to ex-

pect that the essential foundations for economic growth in the underdeveloped nations can be built through private capital. The investment that is required is too great and the profit opportunities too limited and uncertain. Such basic primary needs as increased electric power, adequate port facilities, more efficient railroads, and improved communications must largely be created with government funds. Only after these foundations have been built and colonial fears have receded can we expect broad opportunities for private investment to be opened up. Hence, in most underdeveloped nations, direct government loans and grants on a substantial scale are essential to adequate progress. America is now giving modest grants to India and a few other countries. Malaria control, for instance, is basic to the economic development of India; yet India lacks the dollars with which to buy the DDT, spray guns, and jeeps which are required. Twenty million-odd dollars has been provided by the American government to purchase these essentials.

Equipment for road building, locust control, flood control, health centers, schools, and community development projects are other examples of projects which, although urgently needed, produce no direct revenue, and where outright grants are essential to rapid progress.

As in so many other fields, the first proposal to meet such needs on an adequate scale came from America. In 1950, the United States International Development Advisory Board, under the capable chairmanship of Nelson Rockefeller, recommended "the prompt creation of a new International Development Authority in which all free nations will be invited to participate."

But, as has been the case on so many other occasions, our early imaginative proposals soon ran into a political dead end. When the underdeveloped nations seized enthusiastically on these proposals, we promptly backed away. It is deeply disturbing that America, under both Republican and Democratic administrations, has refused to support its own program. It is particularly disturbing because we have refused on the grounds that we cannot *afford* both economic development and defense at the same time.

The poverty which exists throughout much of Asia, Africa, and South America provides the soil in which Communism is most likely to grow. When we condition our willingness to assist the underdeveloped nations on the willingness of the Russians to agree to a reduction in armaments, we simply offer the Russians one more reason to maintain the present arms race. Why cannot we break loose from our obsession with the Russians? Why cannot we take those measures which are clearly in line with our own American heritage and which will begin to meet some of the most impelling demands of our fellow men?

Another essential but quite different type of cap-

ital investment is provided by the World Bank which was created at Bretton Woods in July, 1944. The Bank grants loans to other governments throughout the world for government or government-guaranteed projects which seem likely to provide an income out of which the loan can be repaid. Today, most of the capital which the World Bank loans to other governments throughout the world comes from American private investors. The World Bank, under the competent direction of Eugene Black, has filled a vitally important role and deserves continuing support and expansion.

But under its charter the World Bank cannot grant direct loans to privately owned companies unless they are guaranteed by their governments. This led the Development Advisory Board, under Nelson Rockefeller's leadership, to propose an International Finance Corporation which would be affiliated with the World Bank and which would grant loans not only to governments but to private corporations for new equipment and for expansion. These loans would be granted where there is a reasonable expectancy that the loan can be repaid out of profits over a period of years. Such a corporation, backed by ample capital, could make a major continuing contribution not only to economic progress in the underdeveloped nations but to the vitality of the private ownership system here and abroad.

Although the bulk of such loans will be repaid, the standards should be much less rigid than those required by the World Bank. The interest rates should be low and the loans placed on a long-term basis. Under some circumstances, the loan authority might agree to accept repayment in rupees, yen, rupiahs, or other currencies, which in turn could be reloaned to other nations in the area, thereby distributing and encouraging trade.

This proposal for a loan agency was also supported wholeheartedly by the Asian and South American nations, which suggested that it be combined with the proposed International Development Authority. But again our government refused to follow the recommendations of its own committee. Let us hope that this decision will be reconsidered. Perhaps, instead of setting up a new organization, the program could be handled through an expanded Colombo Plan.

5

A COMPREHENSIVE aid program of this kind, keyed to the economic and political realities of Asia, Africa, and South America, requires substantial long-range commitments for a period of at least five years. However, the bulk of the money required would be in loans which would be largely repaid. Exclusive of the World Bank loans, the *total* amount which could be effectively put to work each year would be no more than 7 per cent of our annual military budget.

Although money and legislation are the first essentials, much would also depend on the manner in which our assistance is offered. The underdeveloped nations, regardless of their poverty, want no *charity* from anyone. Their allegiance and loyalty are not for sale.

A good starting-point would be to remind ourselves of what the West owes Asia. In the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries much of the capital which made rapid progress possible in the colony-owning nations of Europe came from the exploitation of colonial people overseas. Low "native" wages on the one hand, and high taxes, meager improvements, and big profits on the other, enabled Britain, France, the Netherlands, Portugal, and Belgium to drain tens of millions of dollars from Asia and Africa every year.

Even America, which has always disliked colonialism, benefited indirectly from the European colonial system. Much of the capital which built our industries and our railroads in the last century came from loans advanced by European banks which were based on profits made in India, Pakistan, Burma, Indonesia, Indochina, and Ceylon. Yale University was named after Elihu Yale, who, as Governor of Madras, sent three shiploads of "Indian goods" to New Haven as Yale's first major endowment.

If President Eisenhower, against this background, and with bipartisan support, should speak to the underdeveloped nations in the following terms, the effect would be electric:—

"For generations the West took from the colonial areas vast wealth to develop its own high living

standards. This flow of wealth from East to West came at a time when the moral standards of the world were different from those of today.

"Recognizing this change and recognizing also the great needs of the new underdeveloped nations of the world, we now propose to make available to you loans, grants, and technical assistance, as part of a major five-year plan to speed your development. We ask nothing in return except your dedicated efforts in behalf of your own people to create rising living standards and expanding opportunities under free governments."

Can America summon the imagination and understanding to talk in such terms? It is not too much to say that the survival of the free world during our generation may depend on the answer. The struggle for a democratic Asia, Africa, and South America will be won or lost, not on the battlefields, but in the rice fields and malaria swamps, the assembly lines and the river valleys. In this fight America must soon stand up and be counted, or repudiate the very truths which she once held to be self-evident.

The time has come for members of both political parties to set a new measure of action for the future. Let America put her hesitations behind her and boldly offer the free, underdeveloped, and uncommitted people of Asia, Africa, and South America a partnership to quicken their economic progress.

Then the world will know that America, drawing on her great traditions, has responded dynamically and effectively to the exciting and dangerous world in which we live. And at long last free people everywhere can begin to face the future — unafraid.



AN OLD PICTURE

by HOWARD NEMEROV

Two children, dressed in court costume,
Go hand in hand through a rich room.
He bears a scepter, she a book;
Their eyes exchange a serious look.

High in a gallery above,
Grave persons frown upon their love;
Yonder behind the silken screen
Whispers the bishop with the queen.

These hold the future tightly reined,
It shall be as they have ordained:
The bridal bed already made,
The crypt also richly arrayed.



A long and energetic newspaper career in this country and overseas afforded GLADWIN HILL opportunities to scrutinize many varied systems of public education as they affected his own family and the communities where the Hills lived. As an undergraduate, Mr. Hill was Harvard correspondent for the Boston Evening Transcript, and continued as a reporter for that paper before joining the Associated Press in New York. He covered World War II in Europe, and for the past eight years has been chief of the New York Times Bureau in Los Angeles.

A FATHER LOOKS AT PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

by GLADWIN HILL

I

FOR a number of years, I enjoyed a reputation among my friends as a stalwart conservative. But of late, on repeated occasions, I find myself abruptly the target of the pitying glances accorded supposedly solid citizens who have just been revealed as former Communist Party cardholders. What precipitates this change in the social climate is my disclosure that my children go to a "progressive" school.

My friends are usually polite in their implied censure of this circumstance. They charitably take it for granted that I had no choice, and cast their comments in the form of sympathy. Isn't it difficult, they ask, having one's children daily exposed to an atmosphere of anarchy? And what about their learning? When are they going to have a chance to assimilate the fundamentals which they are missing in attending a progressive school?

These, I have found, are the two most prevalent notions about progressive education — that it is devoid of discipline, and also devoid of learning.

When, on occasion, our two children, a twelve-year-old boy and a nine-year-old girl, subsequently walk into the room and turn out to be neither fiends nor cretins but reasonably polite, intelligent youngsters, the sympathy continues unabated. Obviously my wife and I have performed a Herculean task in compensating at home for the depravities and intellectual deprivations to which the children have daily been exposed at school. And the suspicion begins to crystallize that if I am not subversive, I must be something of an eccentric in thus complicating the family's life, when the children could just as well go to a conventional school where, theoretically, discipline and the "three R's" prevail.

My friends' sympathy is compounded with dismay and bewilderment when I inform them that the school my children attend not only is being sup-

ported by their taxes, but is by way of being a fountainhead of the teaching which their own children receive in the "conservative" public schools.

For the school in question is the University Elementary School, a division of the department of education of the University of California at Los Angeles — the demonstration school in which student teachers receive practical training in handling classes. As an official arm of the State of California, which most educators will concede is hardly backward in the realm of education, the school simply reflects the educational philosophy espoused by the State Department of Public Instruction, which is supposedly the criterion of public schools throughout the state. This philosophy stresses development of "the whole child" and of social adjustment along with book learning.

The Los Angeles public schools, like those of many cities, are terribly overcrowded — as many as forty pupils to a teacher, double-shift education, little chance for individual attention, and all the attendant shortcomings. The University Elementary School in contrast, being styled as an ideal laboratory in educational methods, is scaled to twenty-five-pupil classes, with one instructor teacher and two student teachers to a class.

Having been subconsciously indoctrinated in the anarchy-and-ignorance notions about progressive education, I was prepared for the worst.

My first jolt came on the matter of discipline. I happened to be on the school playground when it was time for a class to cease its fun and games. Unlike the ordinary school, no bells were rung, whistles blown, or shrieks shrieked. The teacher simply stood on the steps with her arm upraised; one child after another saw her, passed the word to the others, and they stopped their play. In classes, I found, the disciplinary standards were just as high as in any school. When a pupil disturbs a class or

gets fresh, he or she is sent out of the room. Repetitions bring a trip to the principal, a stern lecture, possible parental conferences, and ultimately possible expulsion.

This conventional sequence of sanctions has, at U.E.S., far more than the customary impact. I discovered this one morning when David languished late abed and complained of feeling sick. I routinely suggested that he might be malingering.

"I'm not saying that to get out of going to school," he retorted. "I *like* to go to school."

That certainly called for some investigation. In what respects, precisely, did the curriculum at U.E.S. differ from that of other schools, at which attendance is so widely and cordially disliked? This question of course opened up the whole subject of the theory of progressive education, on which volumes have been written which it is impossible to summarize here. Suffice it to list what to a layman are salient features.

Basically, there is the concept that a school's function is not to turn out walking encyclopedias, but to produce individuals better qualified to cope with the world. A corollary of this is that the function of the elementary school is not merely to inject the rudiments of knowledge into juvenile brains, but to commence as early as possible the process of shaping citizens who not only can spell, but who will be well enough oriented to their environment to enjoy it, and well enough adjusted to their fellow men to stay out of prisons and mental institutions, which are crowded with good spellers.

This school of thought, accordingly, discounts as inadequate the compartmentalized hour-of-arithmetic-then-an-hour-of-spelling technique of instruction, and substitutes for it the pattern by which we learn throughout life: the assimilation of many subjects, including the basic ones, as they impinge on our individual orbits.

At U.E.S., each class has a semester theme topic. It may be the postal system, the Hopi Indians, shipping, Mexico, the newspaper business, or the Chinese. In the process of exploring these subjects by, as nearly as possible, *living* them during school hours, pupils assimilate everything from handicrafts to interpretive dancing — including, let it be said, reading, writing, and arithmetic.

I was duly skeptical of the latter aspect, especially when, in the second grade, David, although an expert on the postal system, was still hazy about the alphabet since he was learning reading by the flash card words-and-phrases method. I suffered over this ignorance for about six months. Then one night he walked in with the evening paper, remarking: "I see where the Chinese Communists attacked us again. . . ."

The widespread impression that under this system children are expected to assimilate the fundamentals of learning passively has no validity at U.E.S. Osmosis is supplemented by many of the

same textbooks used in schools throughout the country, by study periods, and by homework. I am bombarded with just as many arithmetic problems as the fathers in *Saturday Evening Post* cartoons.

The integrated-instruction system has turned out in my observation to be not a device for giving children something different from basic elementary school learning, or something less, but for giving them something more.

The "more" covers many things. It includes the encouragement of manual dexterity, with activities like carpentry started in the first grade. It includes self-expression, in improvised dramatics and interpretive dancing keyed to the study topics — activities which some people scoff at in elementary schools, while hailing them as a great scientific advance when used as therapy (perhaps belatedly) for repressed adults. It includes the earliest possible realization that geography, economics, history, and arithmetic are not compartmentalized abstractions, but are the interwoven warp and woof of real life. The topic system gives a coherence and impetus and enjoyment to learning and school experience which is lacking in starkly compartmentalized education.

In observing their pupils in a broad gamut of activities and situations — including even a week-long camping expedition in the sixth grade — rather than simply in a series of textbook sessions, U.E.S. teachers have the maximum opportunity to appraise the children's individual strengths, weaknesses, and problems, and help them accordingly.

What about marks? A widespread impression is that progressive education rejects any precise measurement of pupils' advancement in favor of a vague periodical satisfactory-unsatisfactory rating.

On the contrary, the school our children go to maintains detailed records of the pupils' progress in all their activities. To be sure, these are not set down on a card once a month for the child to bring home and merely get praise or Hail Columbia for. This isn't necessary, because it is assumed that parents have enough interest in their children's progress to keep close tabs. In contrast to many public schools, where parental visits are welcome one day a year, at U.E.S. parents are urged to visit their children's classes often. When a child shows pronounced retardation in any respect, it is a matter for special consultation between the parents and the teacher. In addition, there are regular semester conferences on the children's general progress. This involves a lot more participation and effort on the parents' part than simply glancing at and signing a report card.

2

How does the system actually work out in educating children? I don't pretend to be a pedagogical expert who can put a pair of calipers on one group of youngsters and say they are better or worse edu-

cated than another group; and I am a bit skeptical of those who do. If a child at the age of twelve can't read, there's obviously a deficiency somewhere; but that's the exceptional case. The real test of education generally is the kind of adults it produces. U.E.S. has not been functioning long enough to have produced a representative group of adults.

In general, however, U.E.S. children, after completing the sixth and final grade, go on to other schools more than qualified to start seventh-grade work. At a recent annual open house at a large local junior high school, three of five compositions chosen for an English class display were by U.E.S. graduates.

In addition, to judge by my own children and their classmates, they already have a far wider knowledge and understanding of what the world is about than their contemporaries; they seem to have more initiative and self-reliance, and in general more maturity. This was brought home to me one day when David's teacher showed me a note he had written her. He had vouchsafed a flippant answer in class, and the teacher had sent him to the sidelines to think the matter over and write her an explanation of his behavior.

"I guess," he wrote (yes, he can write), "I was just trying to attract attention."

Well, the system may work all right, my skeptical friends sometimes suggest, with a hand-picked group of children. Unfortunately for this argument, the 300 children at U.E.S. are hand-picked only in the sense of being selected to provide a complete cross-section of the population. There are rich people's children, middle-class children, and poor people's children, white children and Negro children, children of Mexican-American, Japanese-American, and Chinese-American extraction — most of the kinds that the student teachers may have to handle after graduation. There are even a few children admitted whose home environments are so unsatisfactory as initially to affect their school adjustment. One of our little girl's classmates wanted to do nothing her first two years except sit by the teacher and clutch her doll. She was allowed to, and after two years' collaboration between the school and her parents, and the school and the little girl, she is now a well-integrated member of the class.

The reaction to all this is, not infrequently, the blunt feeler: "How do you get a child into that school?" Then I have to pass along the discouraging information that U.E.S. has a waiting list of more than one thousand. But I console such inquirers with this thought: there is not the cosmic difference between this school and the ones their children are going to now — except for the widespread shortages in facilities — which they might

imagine. As heretical as it may seem at first blush, the approaches that are being used at U.E.S. and other progressive schools are ideas which, day by day, are finding their place in all education.

The most vehement advocate of "three R's" education would not seriously suggest that schooling be confined literally to those subjects and such adjuncts as geography. And fewer extremists are jabbering that while the teaching of history and geography is proper, any correlation of them into social studies is somehow subversive.

On the other hand, no intelligent disciple of John Dewey would countenance a vacuum in discipline or willful failure to equip children with the basic tools of knowledge. I have no doubt there are some schools where tangential exponents of the "new" child psychology have allowed children to run amok and learn little. But, on the basis of current reports, such deviations are as frequent among conventional schools as any others — and seem often attributable, incidentally, to the parental detachment and apathy which representative progressive schools deplore.

The fact is that now almost universal recognition of the necessity for turning out well-rounded children, rather than academic robots of specified wattage, has led educators generally to embrace features once identified with progressivism — to the extent that the term "progressive" has become meaningless. Exponents of integrated curriculums like that at U.E.S. are coming more and more to use the term "practical education" as more informative.

Within recent weeks I encountered two striking illustrations of the mingling of methods that exists even in the most unlikely places. Both occurred in Los Angeles, which, despite California's official state educational outlook, is a center of great hostility to anything in education that can be labeled "progressive." The first incident occurred at a school board meeting, where a mathematics teacher was explaining how, in learning weights and measures, students often *even* built their own scales in the classroom. The board unanimously nodded approvingly, quite unconscious of the fact that they were endorsing a fundamental feature of progressive education.

A few days later I noticed a full-page illustrated newspaper feature about a class of school children who were operating a miniature post office in a school in Westwood — a unit of the Los Angeles city school system. In running the miniature post office, the article patiently explained, the pupils were — *mirabile dictu!* — at one and the same time acquiring learning not only in reading and writing, but also in arithmetic.

Who's "progressive" now?

The next article in this series will be "Textbooks Under Fire" by Virgil M. Rogers, Dean of the School of Education at Syracuse University.



Author of the delightful I and Claudie stories which have been running in the Atlantic in recent years, DILLON ANDERSON is a Houston lawyer who enjoys nothing so much as a relaxing game of poker. The mentor of his poker table is his friend Billingsley, and Billingsley's methods of wearing down the opposition will be relished by every Atlantic reader who ever tries to bluff with a broken straight. Mr. Anderson's new book, Claudie's Kinfolks, has just appeared under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

PORTRAIT OF A POKER PLAYER

by DILLON ANDERSON

FROM the vantage point of a fellow player, I have frequently witnessed the high invariable success of Billingsley's matchless poker — stud and draw — and have heard it described on countless occasions as defying analysis. Now, having finally mastered the subject, at the expense withal of many of the little luxuries that might otherwise have come to me at this stage of life — if not, in fact, a few downright necessities — I am setting down this analytical study for future reference.

Billingsley will come to the game late

Before writing the foregoing seven words, I carefully secured confirmation of the statement from several of the players whose memories are reputed to be as reliable as my own. Billingsley has never been to a game on time yet, even when we who always have to organize the evening attempt to trick him by naming seven as the starting hour for games that are scheduled to start at eight. He comes to games like that around nine-thirty. When we are honest with him he usually comes by nine.

Now the obvious result of such a course of conduct is that Billingsley will avoid having to help classify and count out the chips, and will likewise escape a number of other growing pains that attend every game, including: —

1. The argument as to "Who the hell is going to bank this game anyway?"
2. The discussion and arbitration over how the banker's mistakes will be handled when the settling up is done. (This usually proves to be an academic problem for reasons which will be related.)
3. Putting the beer on ice, paying for it, and pinching the first pots to cover. This is usually over by nine or a little after.
4. Calling Ames, a regular player who never gets away from home until after he has been called several times on the phone.

5. The slow start when all pots are fairly small and hardly worth the employment of much virtuosity to garner. (In describing his attitude toward these early hands Billingsley employs a Latin quotation which escapes me just now, but the literal translation is "An eagle will not bite at a fly.")

6. The dangerous play of Fielding, who usually has a date at nine.

7. The ringing of the telephone by the wives of some of the players who merely wish to check up on their whereabouts.

Thus it will be seen that by the time our hero arrives the coast is clear and the quarry is ready.

Billingsley arrives

He can be heard when he slams the door of his car outside. The windows all rattle in the house, and if there are any dogs in the neighborhood they will likely bark. Billingsley calls from the front door and says, good news, he has arrived; he wants to be counted in on the very hand we are then playing. If it is winter he has his coat and tie off by the time he enters the room. If it is summer he has his shirt off, but he often leaves his hat on throughout the first few rounds. If he does not like the looks or greeting of any of us, he tosses a shoe at us. He will belch and sit down calling for beer. He will be ignored in the request, but he will wait until another player proceeds to the icebox for his own beer; whereupon Billingsley will ask such player to please bring him two bottles when he comes back.

I do not wish to imply by the foregoing that Billingsley is rude, has bad manners, or, in fact, has any manners at all except what the reader will come to recognize as Billingsley manners. They are unique. And in order that we may do him no injustice in this respect, let it be understood that no ladies clutter up the regular site where the game is played; it is a bachelor household. It is, in fact, the

home of Worthington, a really feeble player, whose aunt left it to him, along with a fine set of ivory poker chips and a cool million in tax-exempt bonds.

Billingsley will badger

This is literally true, and I stand steadfastly on every word of it. He will badger the dealer about the slowness of the deal and accuse him of holding up the game deliberately. If this should fluster the dealer — as often it does — Billingsley will be quick to notice it and step up the pace and severity of his heckling. Then, if the dealer drops a card, turns up one meant to be down, or vice versa, Billingsley announces that he has an idiot yard boy who gives dealing lessons on Thursday mornings, and suggests that the hapless dealer should enroll in the course. He adds that tuition will be free on a certified Billingsley scholarship.

He will badger a player who fails to make up his mind promptly whether he will call a bet or drop out. Of course I am no longer fooled about Billingsley's real motives here. It is not alone that he wishes to get along with the game — turnover being calculated, as a matter of elementary mathematics, to enhance the chances of winning by the superior player; Billingsley's real object is to study the demeanor of the player who is put to a decision under pressure. If such a player is possessed of a very heavy hand — I mean is really loaded — and is delaying merely for effect and in the hope of getting a call or a raise, Billingsley will thus elicit some response and a consequent show of the badgered player's emotion. In such situations where real strength has been disclosed, I have seen Billingsley throw in threes or better, advising the loaded player that his noisy heartbeat, engendered by the heavy hand, has begun to disturb the peace and tranquillity of the whole neighborhood.

On the other hand, if the hesitating player has been badgered and thereby exposed in the process of running a windy, his nervousness will be brought fully to light, and Billingsley can run him out of the hand with one high card and one moderate-sized chip.

The moderate size of the chip flung at the frightened bettor has a subtle meaning which has not escaped my analysis. It reduces the amount of Billingsley's exposure to loss in the unlikely event he has misread the badgered player's reaction.

Billingsley will boost the ante

I confess that some conclusions set out elsewhere in this study may be debatable, but this one thing can be put down as fundamental and axiomatic: Billingsley will not tolerate the status quo ante. He will "up it." If the game is knocking along at a reasonable rate with a quarter ante, he will call for a half-dollar ante on his deal until I, who am sitting on his left and feeling that I have already held up normal progress of the game long enough, break

over and throw in a four-bit chip. Then soon no one dares to face the Billingsley glare and comment which would attend the recession to a quarter ante. Thereafter Billingsley will ante a dollar on his deal, throwing out, in response to any complaints ventured, a rhetorical question, "It's dealer's choice, isn't it?" By morning any remaining players who should dare to name less than a dollar ante will simply be stared out of the pot.

Now it is my theory that the volume of the betting is built around the pot, and that the tempo of the whole play will follow somewhat the size of the ante. Once I spoke to Billingsley himself about this point, but he merely said "Nuts." Or perhaps it was something else along the same line which he said.

So overweening is the desire of this great man to have the pot anted fully that he will count the antes often, and even before he has finished he will utter a general pronunciamiento that someone has not come in yet. This usually garners two or three more chips from the more absent-minded players. Then, to those who have thus tacitly admitted their delinquency, he says witheringly, "It will be all right for you not to ante all the time. Just don't withdraw any of my chips from our pot." Such a scolded victim naturally has his next several hands spoiled.

Billingsley will draw two cards to a flush

It is really foreign to the nature of such a conservative player as I am to execute this incomparable play; nevertheless, I shall not hesitate to point out that I know all of its basic elements as executed by Billingsley. It comes about thus: when draw poker is dealt, Billingsley is annoyed. He would prefer to play stud, he insists. I record this because his annoyance is a psychologically component part of his two-card-draw-to-a-flush-and-follow-through play. Unless several hands have been passed for want of openers, he will not employ the particular technique in question; he simply sits looking into the next room with a pained expression in his eyes. He might even get up and stroll around muttering and scratching himself. Then, say there have been three hands passed, swelling the pot to a sizable amount. Thereupon the hand, let us assume, is opened by a pair of aces. A pair of deuces calls, matched by another caller holding a straight, open at both ends. Billingsley swoops down, raises the bet the full size of the pot, and explains piously that he is doing it merely to give a little protection to the opener. Stark terror grips all the players, but Billingsley usually gets two or three customers. Honest draws are made by the others, but Billingsley, looking as contented as Walter P. Chrysler might contemplating the Chrysler Building, says that two cards will do for him. After the draw he bets the first installment on a Jaguar and launches on his campaign speech. He insists that he hasn't a damn thing. He wants to know whether we are mice or

men to let him "bull the game" like that. He will even stand up in his address and call for a pitcher and a glass of water — which, of course, no one brings him.

In this particular act he will frequently go off into the next room while the rest of the players sweat. Then he will come back and, pretending to assume that nobody will call, will start dragging in the chips. Hart says he would have called him, but he didn't catch, and Hart really would have. (Hart is positively the originator of that deathless morning-after quotation, so current these days, "I lost my shirt, Mother dear, but I kept the game honest.")

Beads of perspiration pop out on the pair of aces, the openers, since the draw has produced another little pair. Similar beads cover the pair of deuces, now joined by a third. The straight is busted and flown. Finally Billingsley drags down the pot with no callers and shows his hand: three miscellaneous hearts and two orphans that look as if they belonged in a used pinochle deck. He announces in a loud tone that he would rather have three hearts in this game than three aces in any other game he ever played in. Also he sometimes laughs boisterously at this juncture and asks if there are any pitch players in the crowd.

The whole thing is simple. The two times that I called him on this particular play — once in 1938, just before I sold my car, and again last week — he wasn't using exactly the same technique that I have described. The first time he really had a big pair and a kicker; then he caught two to match the latter on the draw — a cat hop, so called, to a full house. Last week he had filled his flush. But you get the general idea anyhow, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that Billingsley wasn't bluffing either time. Successful bluffing, I have said a thousand times — and I say it again here — is a thing that can't be allowed in a well-ordered game.

Billingsley will not bet on a "lock" — much

The quality of Billingsley's game, which I now describe, is really one of the refinements that we doubtless find in all truly great technicians in poker. It has as its fount a sort of higher code, perhaps comparable to that which protects Red Cross institutions during war. It goes into effect in the following type of situation: in a stud game, let us say, Jones has queens back to back and has bet them so heavily that the down queen might as well be sitting on a neon throne. Naturally everybody but Billingsley is long since out of the game by the time the fifth card is dealt. Jones gets no pairs showing and no possibilities of a better hand. Billingsley's ace in the hole gets a companion on the fifth card, and if there is any way he could lose to poor old Jones under these circumstances, I have never yet been able to develop it. Armed with a real "lock," Billingsley will discount the limit moderately.

The same thing is true about four of a kind. If

Billingsley bets slightly less than the limit, you can tell he has them. Here is a weak point in his game which I have pointed out to him several times, but he has only thrown back his shoulders and looked far away on each such occasion. He says it is a matter of *noblesse oblige* or, translated freely, "leaving a man carfare."

Billingsley will bull the game

It is not an easy undertaking to describe that hard and smooth facet of Billingsley's play to which I now address myself. Not that I do not understand it thoroughly — not at all, for I do; the difficulty, rather, is born of the realization that my description might put him in a slightly unfavorable light with readers of less than adequate appreciation of refined poker psychology. But this is an unexpurgated account, and I must reiterate my mild indictment in frankness and in candor: Billingsley will bull the game.

He will bet his chips, particularly during the early stages of a stud hand, in the same spirit of reckless abandon with which an Oriental war lord orders coolie troops into battle. The latter's action, I take it, is explicable in the cognizance that they are breeding them faster in the zone of the interior than they are being slaughtered in battle.

Now this is precisely the impression which Billingsley seeks to create on the first card that shows in stud: reckless abandon. He discloses this rash and irresponsible attitude by betting inordinate amounts on the first card that shows in several successive stud hands. Since every player will know that by the law of averages Billingsley can't have his hole card wired to a twin on every hand, he will gradually undermine the other players' faith in his good judgment.

Thus, soon his heavy bet on the first card is bringing the hopeful players along in droves. They count his empty beer bottles on the floor and decide to get a crack at this easy money. Also by staying they will each get a glimpse of their second card to show, and natural curiosity at this stage is always a factor to be reckoned with. When the second up card is dealt, Billingsley seems to go absolutely wild. He bets all the law allows — the game being, of course, pot limit — and some other players, though a little less avaricious by now, nevertheless stay because there are still two more chances to improve. Also they discover that they have a pretty substantial investment in the pot by this time.

When the third card up produces no pair showing, Billingsley's technique calls for a marked change. If he is high, he hesitates but does not check the bet. He speaks of acting against his better judgment (in fact, any bet he makes, he will proclaim, is against his better judgment). There is absolutely no more transparent aspect of Billingsley's game than this very one. Deception being important in poker, his feigned dubiety is calculated to stir hope

in the breasts of fellow players. Now the elemental parallel of this gambit is, of course, the broken-wing act of the mother hawk, which, like Billingsley's technique, still works after all these years. The refinement, doubtless clear by now to the reader, is that Billingsley *may have a broken wing* in the form of a deuce in the hole.

In any event, whether Billingsley opens the next bet or has to be content with raising it the absolute limit, he will see to it that nobody stays in the pot at bargain basement rates.

The amount of money it will cost simply isn't worth another draw to anyone with less than a big pair or a straight or a flush draw, and many a fat pot is thus won at this very stage by Billingsley and quite irrespective of the quality of his hand. He calls this "keeping the ribbon clerks away from the gravy."

There is one other obvious contingency in this connection, and to it I shall now advert. Let us take a case where strength has shown elsewhere on the turning of the second or third card, and let us assume likewise that Billingsley's big bet is raised right back into his teeth. He looks hurt, and the wounded tragedian emerges in his whole demeanor. His countenance resembles that of the dying Cyrano de Bergerac as done by Walter Hampden. His heart is plainly broken over the need to witness a vulgar display of strength in a purely friendly game; and unless he has an absolute lock on the player who raised him back, he will withdraw from the hand with the suggestion of a tear in his eye. (As to the size of the bet on a "lock," see *supra*.)

Billingsley has unlimited endurance

We come now to an attribute of the man which I often suspect is the mother lode of virtuosity from which all other sparkling nuggets of his play are organically derived. Several years of costly and painstaking study enable me to comment on this

aspect with the authenticity which the reader doubtless recognizes by now.

Billingsley is a man of miraculous strength of character and constitution. His indefatigable spirit, built, as it is, into an enduring frame, gains altitude with every hand.

Billingsley will not discuss the matter of ending the game before midnight. He will agree after that time to consider 1.30 as the time to take up the subject with a view then to setting some later hour as a time limit. By 1.30 we will have lost one or possibly two players who have reached a certain predetermined limit of loss and gone home. Along about two, if Billingsley is winner he will actually consider naming a time to quit — rather, I should say, to start the last round.

If he should be loser — I have to strain my memory to the breaking point to recall this testimony — he jumps up and down, gnashing his teeth and shouting until his veins stand out that he wants to play. "Deal!" he cries raucously. "Deal!" But the converse impression should not be gleaned from the foregoing that Billingsley will want to quit if he is winner. This is wrong. Billingsley doesn't *ever* want to quit.

He "came to play" he keeps insisting as the night and the game become more stilly everywhere except where he sits. Some kind of second wind — or third — seems to come upon him, and the game never breaks up as long as any one player is willing to deal even one more cold hand for as much as a dollar.

Then, when Billingsley's last adversary finally folds his tents, Billingsley will stalk out alone, grumbling to himself in what has often been described as a tone of contempt blended with disgust and disappointment. His words, when they can be made out, reveal that which, to my mind, is the real secret of his bountiful success. They are that he "came to play."





An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



Works Manager of an aircraft factory in northeast London at a spot where Jerry dumped most of his scrap iron, GERARD NEWTON made a determined bid for quiet at the end of World War II. He bought a cottage in the New Forest, and there settled down to keep a garden and write books about it. Thus far he has published four books on gardening — two of them about dahlias — and with this encouragement he has begun to branch out into fiction.

A HEAD FOR A HEAD

by GERARD NEWTON

WHERE, when, and how Wontoo came aboard the *Eleanor* no one knew. There he was, peeling potatoes with speed and accuracy, smiling in a friendly way on all and sundry as though he had been there all his life. Torpy, the cook, was not sure and, questioned by the mate, had said that he had always been there.

When the great winds blew, when green water thumped on the deck and freezing spindrift lashed the deck with hisses of hate, Wontoo would strip to his brown, pimply hide and the officer on the bridge would find a grinning face and a can of hot cocoa or coffee materializing over the canvas dodger. Wontoo would return to the galley dripping and shivering but would quickly evaporate dry, warm up, and be ready for another dash through the elements. Where and when he slept was a mystery; he received no orders, but anticipated them, while his grin displayed continuously his filed teeth.

The *Eleanor* duly reached the London docks. There were too many faces about now — surly faces, ugly faces, and ferocious faces; so Wontoo proceeded ashore by running down a momentarily taut hawser. Outside the dock he came to a mighty road containing uncountable humans, most of them smelly, and rushing vehicles of enormous size making more noise than fifty ships unloading at once. A big red bus rolled to a stop right in front of him, two seamen got aboard, and a friendly-looking man, who was surely the captain, beckoned to him. Wontoo scrambled inside as directed, only to roll on his back with his feet in the air as the monster jerked into action. Everyone was laughing, so Wontoo joined in; assisted by the captain, he took a plush seat and sat all but dislocating his neck trying

to see all the wonders that flashed by the large, shining windows.

"Where d'you want, mate?" asked the conductor.

"Wontoo, sir," he said, standing up and touching his cap.

"Not on the me-an-you today, chum. Got any money — these things?" the conductor asked, spreading a palmful of coppers.

Wontoo displayed a brown fistful of all his worldly wealth, which was considerable.

"Blimey, I can see that saying ta-ta to you, chum. Look 'ere." He rolled all the sterling, dollars, pesos, and what not, fastened them with a rubber band, and indicated their future location somewhere inside; he took a small white coin and gave two large ones and a paper ticket in exchange. "'Ave a four-penny one and see London town." Wontoo was hustled off the bus in Commercial Road, along which he strolled in the September sun until a shop full of the most lovely clothes caught his eye.

His mind wandered over the materials — brown, green with a white stripe, pale mauve with a pink stripe, and pure, bright blue. He peered into the shop and saw a little man with a very long nose prancing round a large Negro who was admiring himself in a light brown and yellow check with spiv shoulders. The Negro laughed at the little man, grabbed Wontoo by the neck, and added him to the admiring audience; then the Negro proceeded to rig Wontoo out in a reddish brown sackcloth, light yellow shoes, and a brown bowler — which ensemble was really becoming. Delighted with his efforts, the Negro then started the financial battle, in which the little man with the long nose seemed to be in his

element: words, impolite and otherwise, filled the air; warfare was threatened, accepted, and postponed. Notes were slammed on the counter and rejected with scorn, and Wontoo, joining in, added his bus ticket to the little pile and drew his eighteen-inch shark knife. The war finished as quickly as it had begun.

Came a white shop with appetizing eats in the window and a smell of "cawfey" every time the door swung; Wontoo stood trying to get the drill. A friendly goddess gave him a silver tray, propelled him past many holes and cupboards, some hot and some cold, and otherwise assisted him to present to the bewildered cashier the most wonderful collection of food that it had been her lot to estimate. On leaving, full and happy, he was relieved of the silver tray and the other equipment by the goddess, who had evidently anticipated just such a lapse.

He strolled on, sometimes entering buildings on the heels of others, often heaved out; at other times, unlike Omar Khayyam, he found himself coming out of some other door than that wherein he went. The biggest buildings fascinated him most but he tried all kinds; the Stock Exchange, Bank of England, and the Mansion House were definitely hostile, but banks and insurance offices took no notice — at least ostensibly. In St. Paul's he sat and digested comfortably, belching the while, but even here his natty brown bowler was snatched from his head by a vulturelike man entirely devoid of friendliness.

Presently another temple complete with sacred pigeons loomed behind the highest railings he had ever seen. Two small gates were the only ingress to the mighty courtyard and the wide steps. Here must be the home of the most mighty god of all. He stood wistful and wondering if immediate death would follow entrance, until a little old lady pushed him past the guardian in the high hat, who took no notice whatever.

Within were glass cases containing all kinds of oddments — mostly uninteresting; but here and there was a bloodthirsty-looking weapon which delighted his imagination. They became more familiar: a canoe with paddles such as he had owned, pictures of men and women just like himself but not so beautifully arrayed. There were tools for pleasant murdering, at which he was an accepted expert; and there, on an upper shelf, a row of little preserved heads, one of which was undoubtedly his own workmanship! It had been stolen from him by a white man just after completion, the best he had ever done.

Wontoo swore filthy oaths in many tongues and dialects; he danced and waved his arms and generally behaved as no man had hitherto done in the British Museum. Drowsy custodians arose at the call of duty; people gathered and got in the way as usual, but he was not cast forth. Instead he was

conducted further within, doubtless to torture and to death, but he went with head up and unafraid.

A Great One, wise and ancient, regarded him in a not unfriendly manner and questioned him in many languages, some of which were vaguely familiar; others came and spoke in other tongues, but all were at a loss to discover the cause of his excitement. Of course no one tried English. Came a large man in blue who listened and spoke his piece. "Says he done it. It's his second wife, whom he chopped by mistake in the dark, and he wants it back, whatever it is. I've met his lingo in one of those South Pacific islands."

Long and hot was the discussion that lasted well past closing time, but a final agreement was hammered out for an exchange, a head for a head, the crafty British realizing that time, tide, accidents, pestilence, earthquake, and sharks were all on their side.

Wontoo departed to find the *Eleanor* by taking the first bus going east, offering a fistful of change, and taking the next that came along after he had been evicted. At Chingford it seemed that he had come to a dead end. He was hungry and night was coming on. The smell of food was universal to one whose nose, though flat and shapeless as putty, was highly efficient. Nothing was easier than to trace down an errant whiff of cooking to a kitchen with an open window. A steak pie large enough for four and two bottles of beer looked good; there was no evidence that they were not displayed for him alone.

Wontoo acted upon the obvious assumption and melted away to the north with his spoil, thus finding Epping Forest. He could see that, as a forest, it was nothing to write home about, but it held a certain security of which he was well able to take advantage. The pie and beer being surrounded by little brown man, he chose a comfortable fork in a large oak and slept until annoyed by an angry female voice.

A woman with yellow hair was giving a commentary on her male companion's disgraceful acts. They stood immediately below the tree, with the listener above — who, had he but known it, was informed that if the swine did not do the right thing *by* her after all he had done *to* her, it would not be her fault if he never did it to anyone else. The man saw one of the beer bottles, retrieved it, and deliberately, unemotionally, blopped her on the head with it, much to the admiration of the expert above. Then, after wiping the bottle on her skirt, he moved from the picture.

2

THE *Eleanor* went into dry dock for a long-overdue refit. The citizens of Chingford organized night patrols to catch the food thief who left the dirty dishes scattered all over the forest, and the police

spent hours hunting the invisible man who lit small smoky fires all day and night, to which they were particularly allergic during a hot September.

It was two-thirty, overpoweringly hot, and the Great One of the British Museum was trying, be it recorded to his credit, to keep his eyes open. The after-midday-meal snooze for the over-sixties must be rooted far back in man's evolution; it was probably Nature's way of removing the aged when she had finished with them; they fell out of the tree or gave the more efficient his chance.

The Great One jerked to full attention to find a grinning brown face floating above a brown paper parcel, having passed right through the hitherto impregnable defenses. He registered alertness, amazement, annoyance, and how-did-you-get-here-ness — and in that order.

"Me bring head, swapanudderone."

The G.O. stretched forth hands to receive the parcel, only to find it snatched from his reach. His finger found a bell push, and so entered a lady of many summers spent, as was evident, in some dehydrating climate. She smiled at Wontoo as all must who have a heart in the right place.

"Find the deputy-sub-under-assistant of Polynesian ethnology and ask him to bring the preserved head we were discussing recently."

There followed a fidgety, mutually suspicious wait in dead silence during which Wontoo produced a rush bag which needed no introduction as a present from Billingsgate.

Enter the d-s-u-a-P-e accompanied by exhibit P.U.14169, at the sight of which Wontoo's brown eyes shone with recognition and glad welcome. The exhibit was placed on the desk, parcel advanced to meet it, little brown man was gone. Time elapsed: 1.63 seconds.

The G.O. depressed a switch, bells rang and kept on ringing, red lights shone, doors slammed and

remained at the slam, the outer gate shut right in the face of T. O. Longpeg, Col. Ret., who returned to his club with something to grouse about at last.

The little brown man was through the glass door as it shut with a clearance of .003 inches, and he fled down the steps touching one in ten, avoided the clumsy approach of the gatekeeper, and was up and over the mighty railings like a cat with two dogs on its tail.

Calculations based on telephonic communications convinced the G.O. that he was by now entering Brighton.

"Seems he had something on his conscience, sir, but has kept his bargain. Why not look?"

"You open it, Jones."

"Oh, how beautiful, sir. The fair hair marcel-waved and going dark at the parting; those lip stitches, blue cotton and brown wool. And look, sir, the skin is quite fair, blonde in fact."

"And its origin, Jones? Can we exhibit it?"

"I see what you mean, sir. Recent manufacture, source of material local and possibly lamented; but it's too good to lose."

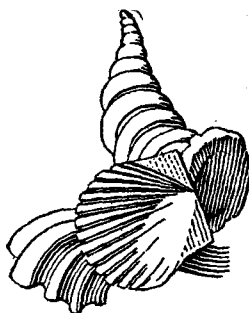
"Scotland Yard, Jones, and quickly, before he gets out of the country. We may also get the other one back."

The *Eleanor* was creeping and booing her way down the Channel through a drifting, patchy fog in company with too many others all showing their anxiety and absence of radar by emitting a variety of noises.

"Seen anything of Wontoo?" asked the captain.

"No, and I shall miss the cheerful little blighter — could do with some hot coffee right now," answered the first officer.

"Me got cocoa," said the richest and most contented little man in the world. He had his wife, somewhat abbreviated, nice clothes, and an amazing assortment of memories.



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thority on light verse, and to him we have turned for an appraisal of four new volumes which have added laughter and the light touch to this season's reading. Mr. Untermeyer's best-known anthology is *A Treasury of the World's Great Poems* (1942); his most recent, *The Magic Circle* (1952).

THE CHARM OF LIGHT VERSE

by LOUIS UNTERMAYER

PRACTICALLY every important poet has delighted in the joy of agile rhythms, the ingenuities of rhyme, and, perhaps most of all, in the quick colloquial speech — the common language of the people and the poet when he is at ease. It is this sense of affability and lack of self-consciousness, this seemingly nonchalant manner sure of a ready response, that makes light verse so immediate a communication. It is the straightforward tune that rises above the counterpoint of early English poetry: the talk-flavored accents of Chaucer and Skelton and the anonymous balladists. Temporarily muffled by the Classicists and almost drowned out by the Romanticists, it speaks clearly through three great B's — in the earthy accents of Burns, in the satirical stanzas of Byron, even in the mock-pompous voice of Browning.

Browning is, in himself, a proof that light verse is not the opposite of serious poetry but merely another way of expressing a subject, an event, or a preoccupation. The classic "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" is a study in hatred projected by a fanatic dogmatist. But the speaker's very bitterness is made ridiculous by the way Browning frames it in tripping rhythms and absurdly tinkling rhymes. In the airiest of light verse, he reduces the bombast to burlesque. The very opening of "The Glove" sets the key, the tone being that of flippant conversation: —

"Heigho," yawned one day King Francis,
"Distance all value enhances!
When a man's busy, why, leisure
Strikes him as wonderful pleasure:
'Faith, and at leisure once is he?
Straightway he wants to be busy.
Here we've got peace; and aghast I'm
Caught thinking war the true pastime."

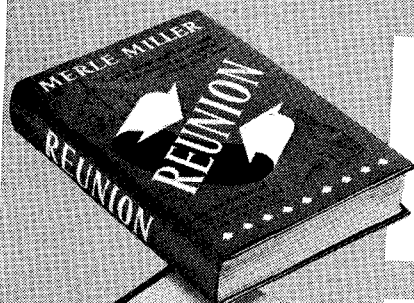
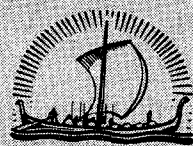
Such adroit matching of sounds is a feature of light verse. Browning seems to have set up bristling barricades of syllables for the sheer pleasure of leaping over them; pitting his skill against words that never had been rhymed before and would never be rhymed

again, he joined seeming irreconcilables in sudden if not holy harmony. He was fond of such forced marriages as "amazement" with "blaze meant," "elsewhere" with "well swear," "examine it" with "Lamb in it," "jasmine" with "alas, mine!" "keepsake" with "leaps, ache," and a hundred other similarly queer matings.

But trick rhyming is only one of the devices of light verse. What makes us recognize it at once is, as already indicated, its free-and-easy tone. There is, moreover, the matter of touch. In the late nineteenth century when light verse was the vogue, its practitioners made valiant effort to limit it, to keep it for the upper-upper class. Carolyn Wells, one of the arbiters of fashion of the period, suggested that the form should be termed Gentle Verse; such a term would correctly imply that it was written "of the gentlefolk, for the gentlefolk, and by the gentlefolk."

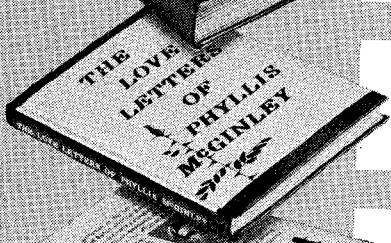
In the early twentieth century, fortunately, it was rescued from false gentility and given a healthy American accent by such journalists as Bert Leston Taylor, Don Marquis, Keith Preston, and Franklin P. Adams, who joyfully threw open their columns to a younger generation knocking on the door with fistfuls of brisk iambs and gusty anapests. Among the newcomers who countered ultra-fastidiousness with caustic forthrightness were Dorothy Parker, past mistress of the verbal double take; Edna St. Vincent Millay, who alternated solemn anachronisms with latter-day Greenwich Village irreverences; Samuel Hoffenstein, whose cynicisms were always on the point of breaking into tears; Newman Levy, who brought the punning, loose-jointed, internally rhyming dexterities of Guy Wetmore Carryl sharply up to date; and Howard Dietz, who was to become one of the nation's most proficient lyricists. In the last two decades, moreover, writers of light verse have given the form something of its lost importance. Social criticism was restored by the apparently fey but sharply pointed eccentricities of Ogden Nash; irony achieved a new edge in the abrupt disposals of e. e. cummings.

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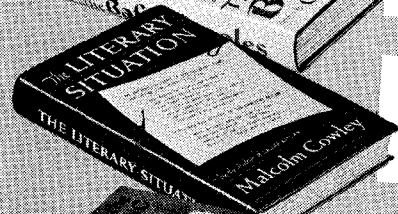
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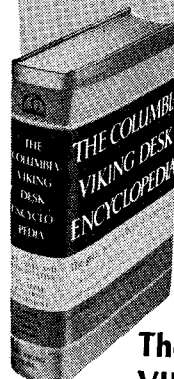
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Fresh evidence of contemporary vitality is furnished by four recently published and already popular volumes. *The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley* (Viking, \$3.00), the most roundly praised, is also the most serious. The section entitled "Saints Without Tears" is full of fancy, even facetiousness; but it is impossible to say where, in these pages, light verse ends and poetry begins. Saint Anthony, Saint Martin, Saint Bridget, Philip Neri, Saint Teresa, Saint Catherine, Simeon Stylites, and Thomas More are no less persuasive, no less saintly, for being wryly familiarized rather than heavily apostrophized. In pieces like "The Doll House," Miss McGinley adroitly mixes modern sensibility and old-fashioned sentimentality; "Portrait of Girl with Comic Book" and "Launcelot with Bicycle" balance themselves on the hazardous line dividing the comedies and tragedies of adolescence; "In Praise of Diversity" is a compact essay — it happened to be a Phi Beta Kappa poem — that says important things in an unimportant tone of voice. A sample sestet: —

Rejoice that under cloud and star
The planet's more than Maine or Texas.
Bless the delightful fact there are
Twelve months, nine muses, and two sexes;
And infinite in earth's dominions
Arts, climates, wonders, and opinions.

Miss McGinley does not disdain a single trick of the trade: parody, puns ("half a love is better than none"), persiflage ("On all the channels, / Nothing but panels!"), and epigrams ("Few friends he kept that pleased his mind. / His marriage failed when it began, / Who worked unceasing for mankind / But loathed his fellow man.") She is, however, too good a craftsman to use these devices as examples of craftiness. When she employs "slant" or "suspended" rhymes — "toaster" with "disaster," "hunger" with "anger," "chatter" with "butter" — she slants them as purposefully as John Crowe Ransom; when she distorts the word "tickets" into "tiggetts" in order to rhyme with "Liggett's" she is paying tribute to the pioneering originality of Ogden Nash, who gave modern verse an entirely new direction; when she turns from sportiveness to satire she cuts deep, as in "The Day After Sunday," with its concluding line: "God knows which God is the God God recognizes." One can find fault with her only as a parodist. Her take-off on T. S. Eliot ("Mrs. Sweeney Among the Allegories") is as glib as it is superficial; Miss McGinley seems to have forgotten that no writer of light verse ever accomplished unusual effects more brilliantly than Eliot himself. I am thinking not only of Eliot's early quatrains but, as a passionate ailurophile, of *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* and his rollicking ballads about such happily named felines as Tumblebrutus, Griddlebone, Growltiger, Mungo-jerrie, Old Deuteronomy, Mr. Mistoffelees, and

Macavity, the Mystery Cat. Those who, like Miss McGinley, imply that Eliot cannot communicate except through recondite allegories, remote allusions, and ambiguous abstractions should ponder the account of his favorite cat-criminal: —

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,
And when you reach the scene of crime — *Macavity's*
not there.

Parody, among other things, is more deftly handled by David McCord. His half-concealed emanations of Joyce, Yeats, and Eliot are creative experiments in indirection and double meanings; his "Clutch of Clerihews" are happy reminders of their originator, the English murder-mystery man E. Clerihew Bentley. Mostly, however, McCord delights in the oddities of language. Much of his work consists of a kind of verbal legerdemain, of words that turn into their opposites, single syllables that flower into strange and multiple growths, orthographical mutants, absurdities that make sense — the more so since McCord is generally concerned with realities. This combination gives many of McCord's pages a quirky and slightly bookish humor; it cannot be denied that they reveal the scholar at work — or at play. "Gloss," the first oddity in *Odds Without Ends* (Little, Brown, \$3.00), is a professional writer's joke, a sly presentation of "the lost positive," a picture that will tickle every part-time lexicographer: —

I know a little man both ept and ert.
An intro-? extro-? No, he's just a vert.
Sheveled and couth and kempt, pecunious, ane,
His image trudes upon the ceptive brain.

But McCord is not only preoccupied with the whimsicalities of words; he is also appreciative of the waywardness of thought and the queer shape of things. His animal interests range from jerboas to giraffes, from grubs to guillemots. The resulting summaries are surprising but plausible; their concisions are no less keen for being comical. For example: —

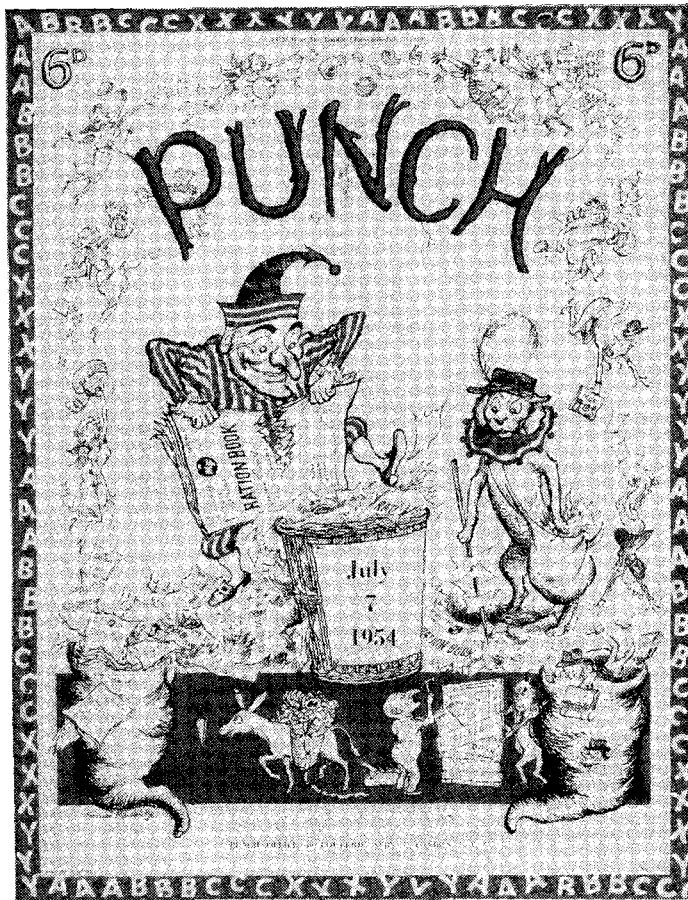
The motto of the rabbit?
Amo, amas, amabbit.

Or, in a slightly more serious mood: —

The little caterpillar creeps
Awhile before in silk it sleeps.
It sleeps awhile before it flies,
And flies awhile before it dies,
And that's the end of three good tries.

To those who might charge McCord with too

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many "odds without ends," too great a preoccupation with changing vowel sounds, tight techniques (like his "Symmetrics"), and peculiar forms, he has a neat reply. It appears as the unnamed "motto" of his book:—

Verse has many forms:
A hundred different norms.
Norms are an awful curse
And paralyze one's verse.

Something of the schoolman also adheres to (and inspires) Morris Bishop. Yet Bishop frequently takes off on irresponsible flights, breaking the barriers of sound with the lawlessness of surrealism or, as he likes to call it, surhumor. One would not suspect that Bishop is Kappa Alpha Professor of Romance Literature at Cornell University, or that *A Bowl of Bishop* (Dial, \$3.00) is his twelfth volume—the tone is so fresh, the touch so young. The scholar, however, threads his way wistfully through a small essay that serves as introduction and romps giddily through "Museum Thoughts," which places photographs of some famous and some faded masterpieces at the head of canny, comically reappraising rhymes. In common with McCord, Bishop has a good time with the odd shapes, sounds, and spellings of English words, with the actual inconsistent ones as well as the manufactured modern horrors like "nite," "ful-vue," and "moon-glo." Once he gets under way, Bishop gallops through a wide field, changing pace with the mounting anger of "Sales Talk for Annie," the grim rejoinder of "Freedom from Speech," the disillusioned "Who'd Be a Hero (Fictional)?" and the riot of rhyme in "Community Center." Bishop is at his best when he not only spurs logic but drives it further than it ought to go. "Fragment from 'The Maladjusted': A Tragedy" is characteristic:—

Upon his frustrate and unhelpful quest
He trod the concrete road of desperation,
And in no Rest Room found he any rest
Nor was there comfort in a Comfort Station.

He asked for beauty in a Beauty Shop
In vain; for all their beauty was but shoddy.
So to his life he put a sudden stop.
The Body Shop would not receive his body.

Richard Armour approaches the reader with apologetic ambivalence. On the one hand he seems to take his mission seriously; he is derisive about poetry with a Hidden Meaning, defensive about poems with a lack of Significance. "Most of the poems in this book can be readily understood," he murmurs, "which is why they are not poems at all and why I should apologize for the use of the term." On the other hand, when he stops theorizing and starts writing, he takes his light verse more lightly than most. *Light Armour* (McGraw-Hill,

\$2.75) is Armour's appropriately punning title for his "Playful Poems on Practically Everything"—recalling (in reverse) Samuel Hoffenstein's much-quoted "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing." Armour's enjoyment of the pun is so genuine that even inveterate pun-haters will tolerate it and exchange a groan for a grin. Some verses about an elderly bride and groom are entitled "To Have and Too Old"; the woman who clips recipes and remedies from old almanacs is a "Yankee Clipper"; a burlesque of "A Shropshire Lad" is called "A Plague on Both Your Housmans." Even when he is not deliberately punning, Armour twists the meaning of a word with flexibility and dispatch, as when he lets a late riser say:—

Day breaks, it's said,
When night is ended.
I stay in bed
Until it's mended.

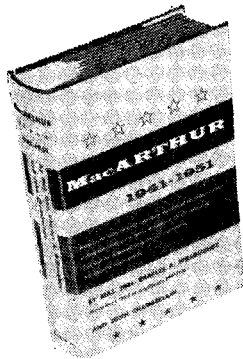
Everything stirs him (in spite of his disclaimer) to swift and often to ironic comment. The tense problems of wife and husband, host and guest, dog and master, patient and psychiatrist, and all sorts of daily flotsam and jetsam are resolved in bright if sometimes bizarre cadences. Stray newspaper items pique Armour into a reaction which is not always praise but, in the mildest possible way, protest. For example, when he reads that the best hiding place in event of an atomic explosion is a frozen-food locker where "radiation will not penetrate," Armour resigns himself to what McCord might call the evitable and writes:—

Move over, ham
And quartered cow,
My Geiger says
The time is now.

Yes, now I lay me
Down to sleep,
And if I die,
At least I'll keep.

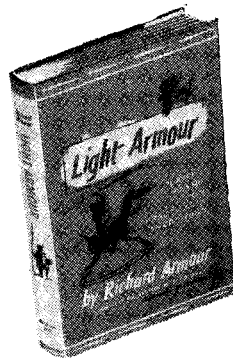
For the collector of verse in the lighter vein, there are also unexploited riches in the work of some of the most serious poets of our time. E. A. Robinson's "Miniver Cheevy" and "John Gorham," Robert Frost's "Departmental" and "A Considerable Speck," and W. H. Auden's "Law, say the Gardeners, is the Sun," as well as many of his curiously acrid songs, point to new extensions in light verse. Robinson distills poignance in an epigram; Frost mixes philosophy and frivolity; Auden, a specialist in the "occasional," emphasizes the anxieties of the age by putting them into incongruously trivial, music-hall measures. Such poems by such poets should remove misconceptions about light verse as a kind of bastard poetry and restore it to its place as a legitimate and even noble scion of the art.

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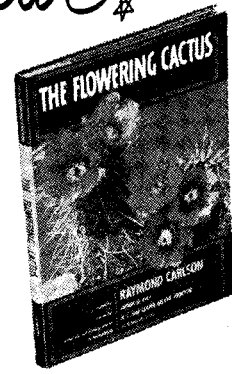
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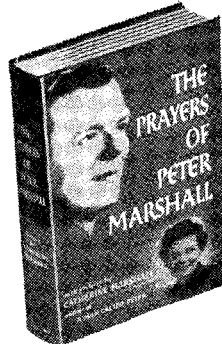
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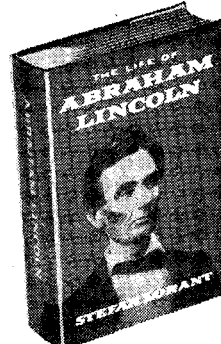
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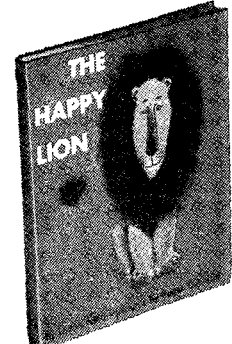
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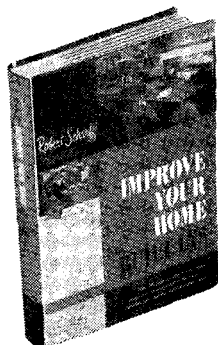
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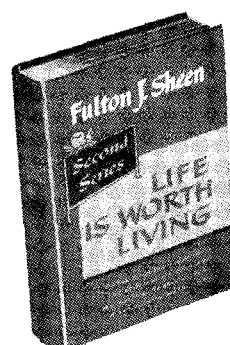
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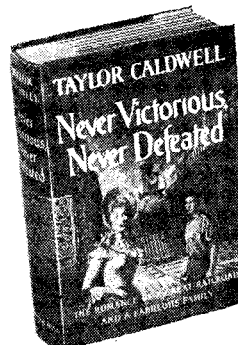
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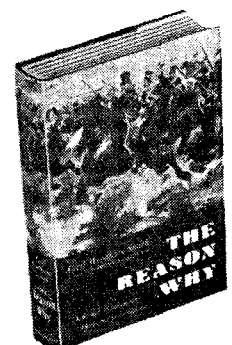
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Books and Men



The liveliest of London critics, KENNETH TYNAN, now in his twenty-

eight year, worked for some time as the director of a weekly repertory theater before settling down to criticize the productions of others. He is the author of three books on the theater, and since 1951 has been the drama critic first of *The Spectator*, then of the *Evening Standard*, and presently of the *Observer*.

PROSE AND THE PLAYWRIGHT

by KENNETH TYNAN

1

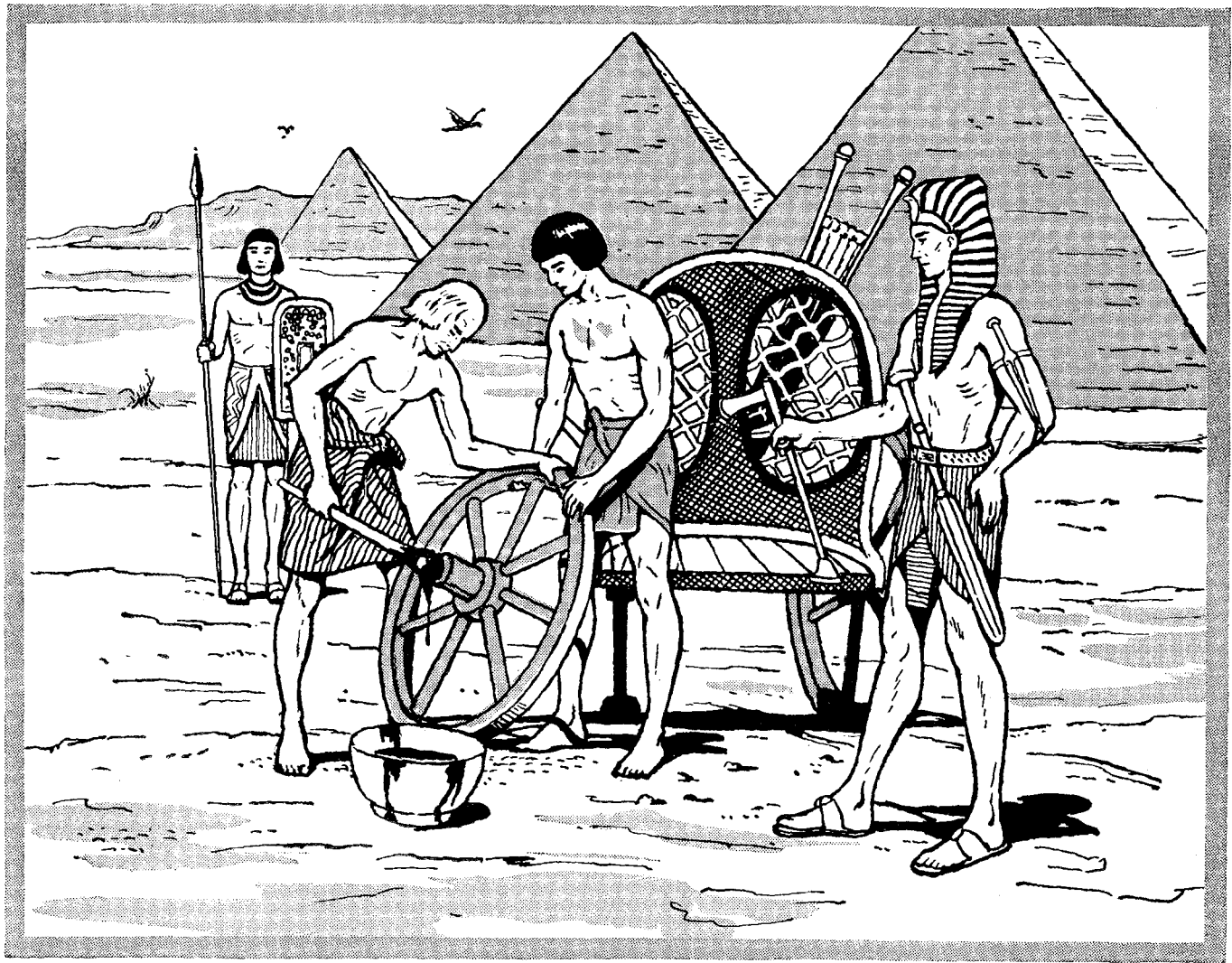
WHERE the modern poetic drama is concerned, I have always been for the man Bacon quotes who, when asked his opinion of poets, said he thought them the best writers, next to those that wrote prose. But lately, among my friends, I have been finding myself in a beleaguered minority; the post-war vogue of T. S. Eliot and Christopher Fry has brought back into play that ancient battering ram of criticism, the assumption that the upper reaches of dramatic experience are the exclusive province of the poet. This kind of talk is probably giving the prose playwrights a brutal inferiority complex, and I have a mind to contest it. For if Eliot is right in suggesting that there are certain subtle and rarefied states of being which can achieve theatrical expression only in verse, then a great battle has been lost, almost by default.

We tend to forget how long it took to make prose socially acceptable in the theater. Up to the last quarter of the nineteenth century it remained a slightly dingy poor relation; the Greeks sniffed at it, Shakespeare reserved it mostly for persiflage, Molière shunned it whenever (as in *Tartuffe* or *Le Misanthrope*) he had anything ambitious in hand, and in the long eighteenth-century debates about the relative fitness of blank verse and heroic couplets for tragedy, prose seldom got more than a passing and perfunctory mention. The English romantics carried on the tradition of bardolatry: Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, and Coleridge all wrote unactable verse tragedies, thus delivering what might easily have been the deathblow to serious drama in English. Nobody seemed to have noticed that, ever since Shakespeare's death, poetic tragedy had been languishing and prose comedy flourishing; and it occurred to no one that the latter's prosperity might be due not so much to its being comic as to its being prose. In the Elizabethan era, before drama had been clearly distinguished from other literary forms, it naturally contained a good deal of the epic, much of the lyric, and a strong flavor of what A. B. Walkley called "that

element of mixed philosophy and rhetoric which was soon afterwards to be diverted into other channels, in England by Sir Thomas Browne, in France by the great pulpit orators." By the beginning of the last century the process of differentiation had taken place, and the drama stolidly ignored it.

The three gigantic musketeers of prose were, of course, Ibsen, Chekhov, and Shaw; they made it respectable, and Chekhov even went so far as to show that prose, by means of what it implied rather than what it stated, could reproduce the effect of poetry in purely theatrical terms. By 1900 it began to look as if prose had gained its point — and pretty tardily, too, since the novel had replaced the verse epic two centuries earlier. It would have surprised the critics of the period to be told that within fifty years the old medium would once more be asserting its claim to dramatic supremacy. Yet that is what has happened. Just as prose has started to test its wings, we are asked to believe that it can never fly. The powers of the line that stops short of the margin are again being hymned and its mysteries celebrated.

This seems to me grossly unhistorical and based on an alarming number of unproven assumptions. For an irrevocable change has been overtaking language in the last three hundred years. Poetry and colloquial prose, which are now (in spite of Wordsworth) linguistically divorced, shared in the sixteenth century rich champaigns of vocabulary and image. Elizabethan pamphlets are as generous with metaphor as Elizabethan plays; and a dramatist could inject a shot of colloquialism into a tragic aria without courting bathos. Nobody titters when Hamlet, in mid-soliloquy, exclaims, "Why, what an ass am I!"; but when Aaron, in Christopher Fry's tragedy, *The Firstborn*, says of Moses that "he took me by the scruff of my heart," it is comic in much the same way as Abe Burrows' parody of the "sophisticated-type" love song: "You put a piece of carbon-paper under your heart, and gave me just a copy of your love." Everyone agrees that formal poetic diction is dead; yet if you spike a



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dramatic verse-form with the vernacular, the experiment invariably fails — unless a comic or ironic effect was what you had in mind. Auden, Isherwood, Eliot, and Fry have all exploited this trick of bathos; and it may be that the wheel has come full circle, that poetry in the theater should be confined to comedy, where its potency still lingers.

2

THE customary plea for verse is summed up in this extract from one of Dryden's essays: "All the arguments which are formed against it, can amount to no more than this, that it is not so near conversation as prose, and therefore not so natural. But it is clear to all who understand poetry, that serious plays ought not to imitate conversation too nearly." And once you admit that "naturalness" is not enough, he continues, you are halfway to accepting poetry: "You have lost that which you call natural, and have not acquired the last perfection of Art." But Dryden's antithesis is a false one. The perfection of art in the theater depends neither on naturalism nor on poetry. Drama has in its time borrowed tricks from both, but what it has built is a new and separate structure, whose foundation stones — the last acts of *The Master Builder* and *The Three Sisters* — are architectural triumphs of prose over naturalism.

On naturalism I shrink from pronouncing, because I have never (has anyone?) seen a completely naturalistic play — I doubt if one exists. What bothers me is the way in which the higher criticism equates prose with poverty of dramatic expression. "What is the prose for God?" cries one pundit, quoting from Granville-Barker and forgetting that the answer to the question is on almost every page of the Bible. Nobody wants to banish luxury of language from the theater; what needs banishing is the notion that it is incompatible with prose, the most flexible weapon the stage has ever had, and still shining new. Those playwrights who have followed the Ibsen-Chekhov lead are in the main stream of modern drama. Giraudoux for prime example; *La Folle de Chaillot* and *La Guerre de Troie* represent prose exulting in its own versatility, embracing slang and stateliness, gutter and glitter, in one enormous grasp. Synge and O'Casey stand beside Giraudoux in the great line; and when, earlier this year, Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood* was published, nobody could doubt that only death had robbed us of another to join them. *Under Milk Wood* was commissioned by BBC for sound broadcasting, but two Sunday-night stagings of it at the Old Vic proved it could enmesh the watcher as well as the listener. Here, unfolding in the talk and thoughts of its inhabitants, was a day in the life of a Welsh coastal town, a devout and mischievous celebration of the sea, soil, wind, and wantonness of Wales. Prose went into battle re-

joining. Take, for instance, this exchange between Mrs. Cherry Owen and her errant husband: —

MRS. CHERRY OWEN: Remember last night? In you reeled, my boy, as drunk as a deacon with a big wet bucket and a fish-frail full of stout and you looked at me and you said, "God has come home!" you said, and then over the bucket you went, sprawling and bawling, and the floor was all flagons and eels.

CHERRY OWEN: Was I wounded?

MRS. CHERRY OWEN: And then you took off your trousers and you said, "Does anybody want to fight?" Oh, you old baboon.

Or the letter written by Mog Edwards, "a draper mad with love," to his "Beloved Myfanwy Price, my Bride in Heaven": —

I love you until Death do us part and then we shall be together for ever and ever. A new parcel of ribbons has come from Carmarthen today, all the colours in the rainbow. I wish I could tie a ribbon in your hair a white one but it cannot be. I dreamed last night you were all dripping wet and you sat on my lap as the Reverend Jenkins went down the street. I see you got a mermaid in your lap he said and he lifted his hat. He is a proper Christian. Not like Cherry Owen who said you should have thrown her back he said. Business is very poorly . . . If this goes on I shall be in the workhouse. My heart is in your bosom and yours is in mine. God be with you always Myfanwy Price and keep you lovely for me in His Heavenly Mansion. I must stop now and remain, Your Eternal, Mog Edwards.

The whole play is a tumult of living, and its burden is compressed into the remark of Polly Garter, the town tart: "Isn't life a terrible thing, thank God!" Philip Hope-Wallace, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, sent his thoughts to the right place when he said: "Not since *Juno and the Paycock* have we heard in a theatre words coming up thus, not chosen but compelled: a fountain from the heart."

Thomas side-stepped the snare which besets the prose playwright who, though he abjures verse, secretly aspires to the condition of poetry. This fatal urge is responsible for the solemn, booming cadences, the sentences lying in comatose state, which one sometimes finds in the plays of Charles Morgan. *The Burning Glass* is a forest of prose on stilts, opulently teetering. Morgan's excuse, of course, is that Thomas had a head start on him; since (like O'Casey) he was putting words in the mouths of a people essentially imaginative. Morgan's characters are drawn from the English upper class, whose vocabulary is crippled by the restraints of social usage (no tears, no ecstasies), and about whom it is today practically impossible to write a great play. The spirit is not in them; or if it is, their tight lips firmly repress it. I doubt if even Arthur Miller or Tennessee Williams, the prose masters of the contemporary English-speaking

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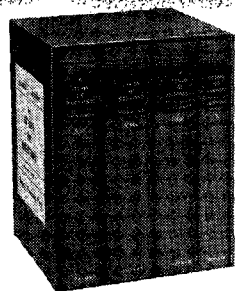
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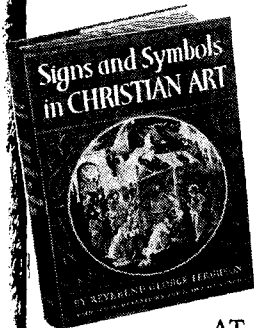
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theater, could construct a tragedy around the country homes of Berks and Bucks. It is significant that the most successful passages of *The Cocktail Party* were those in which Eliot exposed the vacuity of *haut bourgeois* chatter: —

JULIA: . . . The only man I ever met who could hear the cry of bats.

PETER: Hear the cry of bats?

JULIA: He could hear the cry of bats.

CELIA: But how do you know he could hear the cry of bats?

JULIA: Because he said so. And I believed him.

Eliot is here using verse to show how resolutely, how comically unpoetical his characters are; and, wryly but appropriately, it works.

One of the handicaps of poetry is that penumbra of holiness, the legacy of the nineteenth century, which still surrounds it, coaxing us into tolerating sentimental excesses we would never forgive in prose: —

O God, O God, if I could return to yesterday, before I thought that I had made a decision. What devil left the door on the latch for these doubts to enter? And then you came back, you, the angel of destruction — just as I felt sure. In a moment, at your touch, there is nothing but ruin.

Exit, you might expect, into snowstorm; but you would be wrong. The lines come not from Victorian melodrama but from *The Cocktail Party*, printed as prose. Their lameness is particularly vexing because Eliot has shown himself capable of writing intensely muscular dramatic prose. So has Fry: one has only to read his lecture, "An Experience of Critics," parts of which are as speakable as a Giraudoux tirade. Much of his latest play, *The Dark Is Light Enough*, is infinitely less dramatic. Its construction rules out of court the old argument that poetic plays are deficient only in plot; *The Dark Is Light Enough* abounds in plot and incident, yet remains as static as a candle-lit tableau or darkling waxwork. It happens in a château on the Austro-Hungarian border. The Hungarian rebellion of 1848 has just begun, and a crisis is precipitated by the Countess Rosmarin, who decides to give shelter to Gettner, a deserter from the revolutionary army. The play's main action is the regeneration of Gettner, nihilist and traitor, by the Countess, who stands for divine charity, the justification of God's circuitous ways to man.

The first great drawback is the fact that Rosmarin, being by definition perfect, is incapable of development; in spite of Dame Edith Evans's vocal exertions, she can scarcely avoid resembling a benignly crinolined soup-kitchen. The second and greater drawback is, I am afraid, Fry's style, which — though it is noticeably less sportive than it used

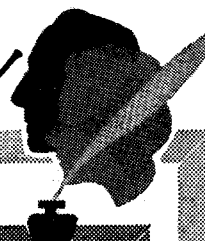
to be — seems now to have taken on the texture of diatomite, a substance used in the manufacture of pipestems which contains thousands of fossils to the cubic inch. The characters studiously express different attitudes towards life, but they use interchangeable rhythms and identical tricks of speech in which to do so. They *tell* us, with ruthless fluency, what kind of people they are, instead of letting us find out for ourselves. I needn't say that there are some fine set pieces of rhetoric; but the best of them — that in which Rosmarin likens Gettner to a blue plucked goose shivering on the water's brink — embodies in itself the germ of poetry's weakness: it describes in repose rather than illustrates in action. And one regrets the readiness with which Fry has succumbed to padding and jingle, in phrases like "for my sake, if my sake is worthy," "a coward, if a coward is what you are," "splendidly sleeping," "precariously promising," and "inconsolable inclination."

It is good to learn that he is at present making prose adaptations of Anouilh's *L'Alouette* and Giraudoux's *La Guerre de Troie*; perhaps the experience will lure him across the frontier into the large Gothic landscapes of prose. The chance of converting Eliot is, I imagine, much slimmer; but it may not be impertinent to suggest that even in his best play, *Murder in the Cathedral*, the most impressive pages were those which contained the speeches of self-exculpation by the four knights, and the sermon delivered by Becket on Christmas Day. And these were all prose: —

I have spoken to you today, dear children of God, of the martyrs of the past . . . because it is fitting, on Christ's birth day, to remember what is that Peace which He brought; and because, dear children, I do not think I shall ever preach to you again; and because it is possible that in a short time you may have yet another martyr, and that one perhaps not the last . . .

In poetry, Fry gilds where Eliot anoints; in neither procedure are there seeds of real dramatic vitality. If they, the foremost heretics, can be persuaded off their crosses, away from their martyrdom in a lost cause, the theater would immediately benefit. Mallarmé once said, in lapidary despair: "Pour moi le cas d'un poète, en cette société qui ne le permet de vivre, c'est le cas d'un homme qui s'isole pour sculpter son propre tombeau." But he was slightly in error. It is not our society but our theater which rejects the poet; "nowadays," as Walkley said, "we expect a drama to be purely dramatic." If poetic playwrights did not exist, it might be an agreeable caprice to invent them; but it would no longer be a necessity. And in a theater starved by the cinema and besieged by television, necessities must come first.

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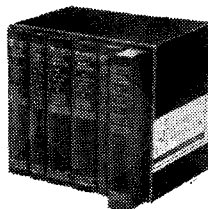
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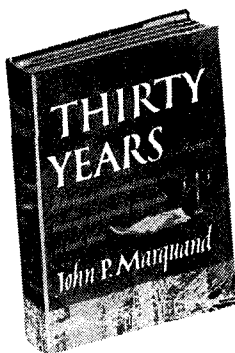
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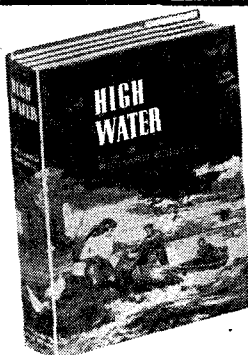


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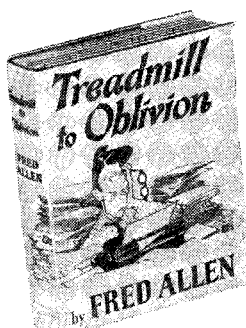
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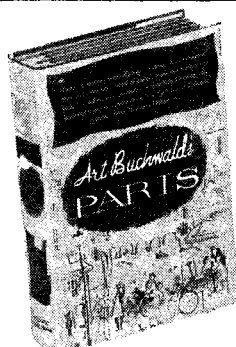
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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

WE HAVE just emerged from a national election in which the local and political differences which separate Americans were magnified. Were a stranger in our midst — a man from Mars or, more likely, a man from Moscow — to take seriously all the wild talk he heard and read in the last week of the campaign, he would conclude that we were on the eve of civil war. We ourselves, who go through this thing periodically, know better; we take the oratory and accusations with a large pinch of salt; we realize that underlying this emotion and rivalry is a body of understanding, a network of loyalties held in common, which we take for granted but which we know restores our unity after an election and preserves us through wars, through strikes, or any other major crises when the blood runs hot.

I say we take all this for granted. What do we take for granted? Well, we take it for granted that a citizen will pay his taxes. You remember the time Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes was making out his income tax? His male secretary remarked that it seemed to him unfair for a Supreme Court judge to be taxed. "I like taxes," Justice Holmes replied. "With them a man buys civilization." We take income taxes for granted. But the French, who are also a democracy, don't; they do everything in their power to avoid paying taxes. This seems to me regrettable evidence of how the mortar has washed away between the bricks of that valiant country.

We take it for granted that an American will be free to move and work anywhere he likes in this country. But that freedom of movement isn't taken for granted in Russia or Red China, or anywhere else in the Communist orbit.

Very evidently our creed, what I call our body of understanding, has been developed for our peculiar temperament, and we all know that it is still being added to and modified from time to time.

Segregation was once a very determined part of our creed. It is so no longer, although it may take us another half-century to smooth out the differences.

A creed, with its controlling beliefs, is conditioned first of all by climate, which determines whether a people will be energetic, hot-blooded, enormously patient, or lethargic; it is conditioned by inheritance, by which I mean the principles of government people have inherited and the natural resources which they have discovered; and most important, it is conditioned by freedom — or the lack of it.

We were founded by people who wouldn't stay and suffer. From the first we have been energetic, impatient, rarin' to go. The American climate made us more so; it made us very active, high-strung, and strenuous. We like to do a whale of a job in the morning and then in the late afternoon watch a ball game. Strenuous activity followed by a respite; any amount of hazard for the relaxation to come. This was true of the Pilgrims in the Bay Colony; true of our Salem sea captains who took command at the age of twenty-one on voyages lasting two years or more and then retired at thirty-one to rear a dozen children and wear out three wives; true of the Irish who dug the Erie Canal; true of the Californians and Chinese who tunneled the Southern Pacific through the Sierra; true of our prospectors in the Yukon and our oilmen in Texas. Get the tough job over with, clean it up, and then relax. Is there a famine in India, a flood in Missouri, a tornado in Kansas? Call on the Red Cross, raise your donations for the survivors — and then let's go to the movies. If there is one thing more than anything else we hate, it is the tedium of the long pull. But now unfortunately we are offered little respite; the period of peace has been vetoed by Russia and we miss it.

Secondly, we believe in social mobility. We never hesitate to leave home; indeed, it is a very rare thing to find a family which has lived for two generations in the same house. The country is vast, and the green meadows in that uncut valley over the mountain were always more inviting than what we had at home. Mobility is essential in our credo, and, what is more, we are born evangelists who believe that we can do a lot of good to those people who have not yet awakened to democracy. Since we are happy under our democracy we trusted that other nations as they matured would become democratic, too. But now the iron curtain has fallen, we can no longer go where we used to,



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Byron at 26, Portrait by Thomas Phillips. R.A.

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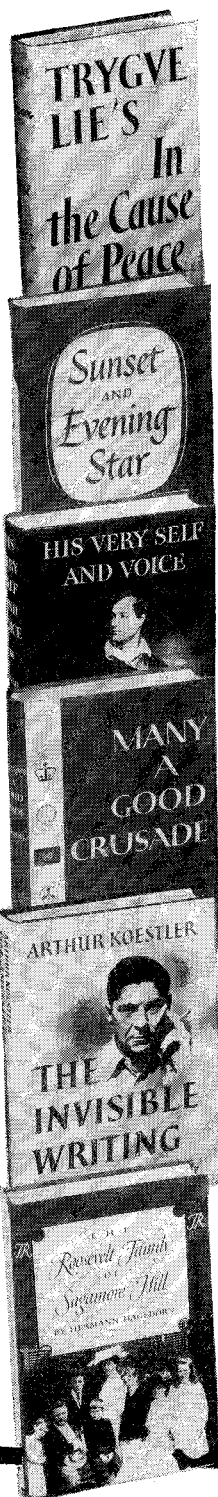
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and in some countries, notably in the East, the people no longer listen.

Wherever we went in times past and whatever we did, we carried with us an unshakable faith in expansion. Our nation, we were sure, was always going to grow, and as it grew we would share in its prosperity. We held a buoyant belief in a beneficent future. But since that fateful year, 1949, when we knew that Russia had the bomb, that belief has not been so cocksure.

Finally, our settlers came from the old continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa, where fear and hatred and enmity were rife. But on our new continent, once we had freed ourselves from the British and subdued the Indian, we no longer had a common enemy. Our treatment of the redmen is a brutal story; as Red Smith says, "If Indians had been good to eat, they would have been extinct long before Custer." Once they were subjugated we came to live without fearful thinking; our concerns were not permeated with hatred; suspicion and enmity were not part of our creed.

As far as I can judge from my own experience, these were some of the fundamental beliefs of our creed, and yet we have had to modify many of them in less than ten years. We realize that we cannot get the toughest of all jobs over with quickly; by which I mean the problem of coexistence with Communism. We cannot take it for granted that democracy will spread, making other people like us and easier to deal with. We can no longer put blind trust in a beneficent future. Nor can we live with charity for all and hostility towards none, for in Communism we see a system pledged to destroy the values we hold dear.

How liberties are won

A Jeffersonian Democrat, William O. Douglas was appointed to the Supreme Court in 1939 in his forty-first year. A boy of the Northwest who was educated in the public schools of Washington and at Whitman College, an omnivorous reader, and a hardy mountaineer, he has combined his quest for far places with the practice and teaching of law. For his *Almanac of Liberty* (Doubleday, \$5.50) he has selected the personal episodes, the crucial decisions, and a number of character sketches which taken together illuminate our struggle for civil liberties; these he has arranged as nearly as possible on their appropriate dates, beginning with the Declaration of Independence on July 4. Each essay is limited to a single page; their range is wide, their elucidation concise and judgmatic. Under July 12, for instance, we read of the Trial of Trade Unionists and the historic decision by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts which (in 1842) granted the legality of union activity; on November 3 we read of Elijah P. Lovejoy, the editor of Alton, Illinois, who (in 1837) was killed in defense of his printing press and whose death aroused the Ameri-

can conscience; on November 27 we read of Book Banning the world over, and on November 28 of that cockeyed list of books which for a short time in 1953 were banned by our State Department.

The thumbnail sketches include agitators like Sam Adams and William Lloyd Garrison, martyrs like the little-known Walter M. Pierce, a fine page on the trial of Thomas Paine and its aftermath, and an endearing note on Chief Justice Hughes. It is not imperative that you accept Justice Douglas's interpretations, though in general they strike me as fair. Some are highly controversial — as, for instance, his reference to irrigation and public power; and in the contraction of the discussion to a single page there is bound to be oversimplification. What is imperative is that Americans should be more aware of the struggles which led to these hard-won liberties, and should recognize what individuals and what public opinion did to fix these liberties permanently within "the body of our understanding."

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that growth is to read *Thirty Years* (Little, Brown, \$5.00), a collection of stories, articles, and talks which have not heretofore appeared in book form. Some of the fiction goes back to the 1920s, long before the Apley era, when Marquand was writing for his idol, George Horace Lorimer. My favorite here is "Golden Lads," a romantic exuberance which foreshadows *Wickford Point*. The best of the articles centers on Mr. Marquand's role as an observer in the Pacific during the war, and his papers on "Two Jima before H-Hour," "Ascension Island," and "Return Trip to the Stone Age" are very, very good indeed.

Of the later stories, I enjoyed "Lunch at Honolulu," which the author thinks the best in the book; and of the two which satirize the Mulligatawny Club of Nassau, I vote for "Sun, Sea, and Sand." But I think it was a mistake to publish the second, "King of the Sea," for when the two stories are read side by side, the "formula" and the deliberate repetitions are too noticeable. In other respects the author shows himself a good self-critic: the stories are prefaced by lively, penetrating comments which help to show them off. Marquand is keenest when speaking specifically about himself and his time; his essay, "The Same Old Bird," is trenchant, whereas his generalities about The Novel (a lecture read at the University of Vermont) are as tedious as those of any laboring instructor. His papers on Boston, Harvard, and Newburyport lose some of their humor and quizzicality in cold print. A Professional Yankee, he gives us his sharpest satire in his fiction. Fadiman is right, he is "the particular gadfly of the gentility," and there he has his fun.

Under the sun

We cruised through the galley proofs of Guy Murchie, Jr.'s book, *Song of the Sky* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00), in search of an ideal excerpt for the *Atlantic*, and in so doing came to admire his knowledge of the heavenly spheres and all that flies. He writes as a navigator who guided transport planes during the war and whose curiosity about space, clouds, storms, wind, birds, and aircraft have led him further and further in his reading and writing. There is everything under the sun in his book: a chapter on navigation, ancient and modern, and some of the famous mistakes which navigators have survived to tell about; a hilarious account of the early balloonists; another on parachutes ("A mouse can drop from an airplane without much risk of injury. A rat is usually knocked out. A dog is killed. A man is broken. A horse splashes. An elephant disintegrates.") There is a gusty chapter on tornadoes, rainspouts, and hurricanes, of small comfort to those of us who are still clearing up after Carol and Hazel; and many incredible adventures of aviators in the war — including that of the navigator who fell 1800 feet, landed in soft snow, and lived.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Art

EGYPTIAN PAINTING by *Arpag Mekhitarian*. (Skira, \$20.00.) Examples of paintings which decorated Egyptian tombs from the time of the Old Kingdom to about 1200 B.C. reveal subtle differences in period styles and a lively picture of Egyptian life. The text is businesslike, the plates superb.

THE ALPHABET OF CREATION with drawings by *Ben Shahn*. (Pantheon, \$15.00.) An old Jewish legend, delightful in itself, has been illustrated by Ben Shahn with great spirit and imagination, and beautifully printed. A distinguished piece of book-making.

THE ART OF ANCIENT MEXICO by *Irmgard Groth-Kimball and Franz Feuchtwanger*. (Vanguard, \$12.50.) Splendid photographs of the architecture, pottery, jewelry, and sculpture of the Indian civilizations of Mexico, reinforced by a text which is enlightening but never pedantic.

FIFTY CENTURIES OF ART by *Francis Henry Taylor*. (Harper, \$5.00.) 342 reproductions in color, mostly from the Metropolitan Museum, with text to explain the development from cave paintings to cubism. The reproductions are unequal — some exquisite, some very hazy.

Historical Novels

LEOPARDS AND LILIES by *Alfred Duggan*. (Coward-McCann, \$3.50.) Mr. Duggan's novel is a reconstruction of the uproar after Magna Carta, a study of the uncongenial match between a virtuous but horrid lady and a charming adventurer, and a technical tour de force, all rolled into one.

THE FOSTER BROTHERS by *Edward Frankland*. (John Day, \$3.95.) Two Icelanders, a happy warrior and a wistful idealist, bash their way around Saxon England on the Viking equivalent of the grand tour. Their adventures are tragicomic and irresistibly convincing.

THE CROSS AND THE SWORD by *Manuel de Jesús Galván*, translated by *Robert Graves*. (Indiana University Press, \$3.75.) This Latin-American classic of Spanish colonialism and Indian suffering in the island of Hispaniola unrolls like an enormous tapestry, crammed with brilliant color and historical detail but deliberately devoid of perspective.

Spies at Work

THE EDDIE CHAPMAN STORY by *Frank Owen*. (Messner, \$3.50.) Mr. Chapman, an Englishman who admits cheerfully to being a safecracker by trade and a German spy by accident, also claims that he was really working for British Intelligence the whole time. True or not, it's a strange and wonderful tale.

SPIES FOR THE BLUE AND GRAY by *Harnett T. Kane*. (Hanover House, \$3.50.) This survey of the eager amateurs, semiprofessionals, and Pinkerton men who meddled in both Federal and Confederate affairs makes it clear that the Civil War was one of the best-spied conflicts in history.

OSLO INTRIGUE by *Helen Astrup and B. L. Jacot*. (McGraw-Hill, \$3.50.) The experiences of a woman who worked with the Norse underground during World War II involve spies, counterspies, stolen gold, and an interesting account of life under the Nazis.



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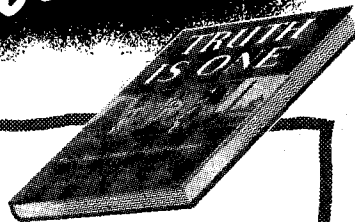
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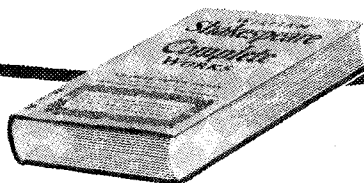
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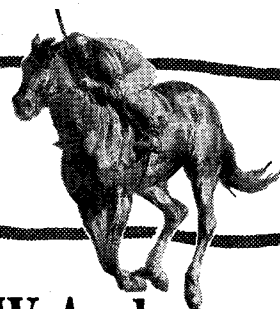
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All sorts of slick paper ephemera these days set out to trap the unwary into betraying his inner nature through the unconsidered selection of trifles. Woe to him who chooses Bartok, chrysanthemums and Rudyard Kipling thereby defying polite classification. To pursue this ruthless program of classifying and labelling we present to you, in capsule, the friends to whom you are giving books at Christmas, and a suggested list of the books they want, thereby saving you enough time to read all these books yourself before wrapping them.

Case History A: — This reader talks about books and wants to own books that other people are talking about. He knows how to weigh the enthusiasms and censures of a dozen of the top widely read critics. He can spot the weasel word or the qualifying “but” and his intellectual curiosity is always piqued by the sight of the critic venturing way out on the limb. In choosing books for him consider the solid praise behind these: —



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The Wicked Pavilion by **Dawn Powell** (\$3.50) “A modern morality play written with a kind of furious compassion, savage grace and style, wit and ribald laughter.” — *Charles Poore, N.Y. Times*

The Temptation of Roger Heriott by **Edward Newhouse** (\$3.00) “One of the really good books of this or any other season.” — *William Peden, The Saturday Review*

Seven Days to Lomaland by **Esther Warner** (\$3.50) “Freshness, relaxed laughter . . . the story of happy friendship shared with a half dozen African individuals . . . Esther Warner obviously spoke a language of the heart.” — *Lewis Gannett, N.Y. Herald Tribune* Woodcuts by Jo Dendel

Beyond the Hundredth Meridian *John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West* by **Wallace Stegner** (\$6.00) “One of our magnificent,

and neglected, American stories . . . no man is better fitted by understanding and artistry to tell it.” — *Mari Sandoz, The Saturday Review*

A candidate for this category which has just been published and not yet reviewed is **Only Fade Away** by **Bruce Marshall**, (\$3.75) the novel of a professional soldier by an author distinguished for his insight into the power and the glory, and for his perception of the humor in the pathos of men.



Case History B has no thought for the literary mode. A book is not a conversation piece but an introduction to people he wants to know. In choosing his Christmas gift, remember that he reads to enlarge his large circle of literary acquaintance, that he is a connoisseur in rugged individualism.

Thad Snow's personal history, **From Missouri**, (\$4.00) is a rousing testament to the strength of the American farmer who has chosen his way of life as a philosopher chooses, who writes with great charm about the people and the animals who work with him, and with table thumping vigor about agricultural politics. Some of his work has appeared in the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, some in *Harper's*.

Wallace Kirkland's Recollections of a LIFE Photographer (\$3.50) amounts to the inside story of a score of bizarre assignments. He was sent on them as a cameraman, he emerges as a writer of even greater punch, whether his subject is the top of General MacArthur's head or the misdirected stampede of buffalo or a few days of immobility waiting for a dragonfly.

A monumental figure usually dwarfs his biographies. Happiest solution is to elicit autobiography. **Colin Coote**, covering all of the writing and speeches of Sir Winston Churchill, has fashioned a self-portrait out of more than two thousand quotations, ranging from “My mother was American and my ancestors were officers in Washington's army. So I am myself an English-speaking union,” to “It is better to have a world united than a world divided; but it is also better to have a world divided than a world destroyed,” in **A Churchill Reader**. (\$5.00)



Houghton Mifflin



Our nominee for the man to meet the Russians is **Brigadier General Dewhurst**, Chief of the British Mission to Soviet Forces in Eastern Germany until 1953. This nomination is made on the basis of his good humor, exploits and diplomatic deftness in Berlin, told in **Close Contact**. (\$4.00) His evidence on the assisted death of Stalin is currently being corroborated by the Harrison Salisbury articles in the *N.Y. Times*. His acuity is proven by his prophecies of the Russian bid to wreck EDC, and the present Soviet endeavor to prevent German rearmament.

Case History C is the specialist often found out-of-doors and well prepared for identification of large and small wildlife. His standard of factual material is relentlessly high and so he probably owns all volumes of the incomparable Roger Tory Peterson Series. But there may be a borrower's gap here and there and in any case he will not yet have had time to acquire **Olaus Murie's A Field Guide to Animal Tracks** (\$3.75) with more than 1000 illustrations and a key to the tracks themselves. Also published in November is **A History of Birds**, by one of Britain's foremost ornithologists, **James Fisher**. (\$3.75)

Some specialists are travelling men, actual or armchair. For both consider the **American Travel Guide Series**, only a dollar apiece and a great bargain in intelligently collected data for the migrant to **New York, Chicago, California, Florida, New England, and Washington, D.C.** Also a bargain is the magnificently illustrated **Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments** by **Devereux Butcher**. Fourth edition, new this Fall. (Cloth, \$4.50; paper \$2.50) And for the young astronomer, **Find the Constellations** by **H. A. Rey**. (\$3.00)

Of course there is the literary specialist too who may be a collector of poetry or fancier of the short story. Here are four excellent choices: **Songs for Eve** by **Archibald MacLeish** (\$3.00), **The Dream and the Desert** by **Uys Krige** (\$3.00), **A Treasury of French Tales** collected by **Henri Pourrat** (\$3.00), and **The Best American Short Stories, 1954** edited by **Martha Foley**. (\$4.00)



Case History D: — The Christmas stocking set could easily account for the fattest package borne away from the bookstore. Fortunately Children's Book Week in November artfully tempts the juniors into a specific list of requests. In addition to their demands, consider a book published after Book Week — **The Story of Religion** by **Mabel Pyne**. (\$3.00) Mrs.



Pyne set a new record with a new idea in juvenile books in the **Little History of the United States**. This new one, for all its brilliance and succinctness, is an encyclopedic book on world religions and a significant contribution toward broadening respect and understanding intermurally.

Case History E is a family of readers. The table that might elsewhere support a television set is strewn with books. In their more reprehensible hours they are booksnatchers, occasionally they drift comfortably into reading aloud to each other. For both states of mind give them the **Youth's Companion** (\$6.00) edited by **Lovell Thompson**, and again the critics tell you why: — "The Youth's Companion managed to enlist the services of almost all the leading writers of the time on both sides of the Atlantic . . . May this rich and enchanting book give us not only a sense of things past but of the possibilities of the future." — *Henry Steele Commager, N.Y. Times*.

"Do you care for time machines? Would you like a ride backward through 100 years of American life? You can have it in this fascinating, many faceted book . . . **Youth's Companion** is literature, but it is history and sociology, too. It's a lovely book because, in the words of one distinguished contributor, Howells, it reflects a day 'full of mystery, of divine promises and holy awe, and life was rich unspeakably.'" — *Edward Wagenknecht, Chicago Tribune*.

"*The Youth's Companion*, it was literary without being fancy, meaty without being encyclopedic, wholesome without being mamby-pamby, and it never, never wrote down to its clientele . . . This reader used to look forward to it as he did to a Sunday-school picnic." — *John T. Winterich, Saturday Review*.

Case History F is the omnivorous reader. Paper-backs bulge from his pockets, his magazines burden the postman daily, the library sends him overdue notices and two bookstores send him bills. Clearly he can only be given the best book published latest in the season, i.e. **Song of the Sky** (\$5.00) by **Guy Murchie**, Book-of-the-Month Club selection for December and published on the 1st. This is one of the most immediately exciting books on any list. Intellectually it is a takeoff into the world of air — and every man his own Columbus. It is a vast encyclopedic lively book written with the irrepressible poetry of all men who hear a siren song, and rich in the informative, speculative, deductive and heretical data, of a long experienced navigator. It is a book to make every reader feel at home in the air age.



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CHARLES J. ROLO



The Spoor of Spooks (Knopf, \$4.50) by **Bergen Evans** is an educational handbook guaranteed to help you lose credulous friends and influence practically nobody. Do you believe in dowsers, flying saucers, and the prophecies of Nostradamus? Would you resist evidence that Nero did not fiddle while Rome burned; that Diogenes did not live in a tub; that Dr. Guillotin did not invent the guillotine, nor the Earl of Sandwich the sandwich? Were you impressed when Whittaker Chambers announced — in a scoop secured straight from the Devil's mouth in a New York night club (*Life*, Feb. 2, 1948) — that Satan's deadliest weapons have been "rationalism, liberalism, and universal compulsory education"? If your answers to these questions happen to be "No," then you are likely to be charmed and invigorated by *The Spoor of Spooks*.

In this sequel to *The Natural History of Nonsense*, Professor Evans carries forward the thankless task of serving as spokesman for that minority of the human species which has been burned, racked, pilloried, and otherwise molested for possessing a bump of skepticism and a bent toward rationality. Mr. Evans is equipped with encyclopedic knowledge, a tenacious spirit of inquiry, and a prose style which punctures a balloonful of error with a most diverting pop.

His current assault on legend, unreason, cockeyed gullibility, and wishful thinking singles out a wondrous diversity of targets. Among them are the so-called "scientific evidence" in favor of telepathy and extrasensory perception; famous sayings by famous people who didn't say them; cant notions about history, such as the currently fashionable cliché that the Middle Ages was the Age of Faith (Evans has no trouble showing that irreligion, anticlericalism, and manifold heresies were rife); homely fallacies about matters such as mothballs and mousetraps; popular misconceptions about poisons, drug addiction, aphrodisiacs; the folklore of pregnancy, crime, the law, youth, and old age. Probably the most subver-

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sive facts and figures dispensed by Mr. Evans are those pertaining to the American's pride, joy, and necessity — his automobile. The author's telling documentation suggests that the social effects of the automobile are beginning to rival in sheer horror those of the Black Death in medieval times.

A hero of our time

In *Atoms in the Family* (University of Chicago Press, \$4.00), **Laura Fermi** gives us a wife's-eye view of a new and enigmatic type of genius: the pioneer nuclear physicist. Born in 1901, Enrico Fermi is one of the three or four men most responsible for bringing about the advent of the Atomic Age. In 1938, he won the Nobel Prize for his studies in radioactive substances. Four years later, a telephone call to the Office of Scientific Research and Development at Harvard reported that "the Italian navigator" had reached the New World and had found the natives very friendly: under Fermi's direction the first man-made self-sustaining chain reaction had been achieved in an atomic pile built in a Chicago squash court. In 1946, Fermi was awarded the Congressional Medal of Merit for his leading contribution to the development of the atomic bomb.

The United States owes its acquisition of Fermi's genius to the fact that his wife was Jewish; when Mussolini started aping Hitler's anti-Semitic measures, Fermi, himself a Catholic, decided it was time to quit Italy. The Americanization of these two remarkable people is an engaging strand in Mrs. Fermi's book. The central drama, of course, is Fermi's pioneer work in nuclear physics. The author recalls the excitement and the humorous sidelights of her husband's early experiments in Rome, climaxed by the trail-blazing discovery of the nuclear reactions effected by slowed-down neutrons. She describes the dramatic triumph in the Chicago squash court, and the seventeen months which the Fermis spent at Los Alamos. She gives us her impressions of many leading physicists, including Klaus Fuchs, whom she frequently met at Los Alamos parties, and Bruno Pontecorvo, whom the Fermis knew intimately and whose disappearance behind the iron curtain utterly amazed them.

Laura Fermi's portrait of her husband is not a portrait in depth; it reveals relatively little about the inte-

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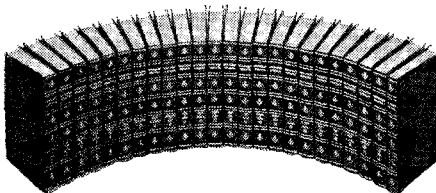
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rior plane of Fermi's life. But Mrs. Fermi has an extremely interesting story to tell, and she has told it with intelligence, skill, and an attractive common sense of feeling. I shouldn't be surprised if this turns out to be one of the very rare instances in which a University Press publication finds its way to the best-seller list.

The Wilde centenary

Three publications commemorate the centenary of the birth of Oscar Wilde. The House of Dutton has issued in one large volume the complete collection of Wilde's writings published in this country to date — *The Works of Oscar Wilde* (\$4.95) edited by G. F. Maine; and Alvin Redman has compiled an anthology of *The Epigrams of Oscar Wilde* (John Day, \$4.00). I for one am delighted to have at last a comprehensive and reliable anthology of Wilde's memorable dicta, but it prompts me to say a few harsh words about an annoying failing which I've found in most books of this kind. Their editors may expend great effort on the selection of the contents, but they don't pay sufficient attention to the quintessential requirement: that it be easy for the reader to find what he is looking for. The customary system of grouping the entries under subject headings (Mr. Redman uses forty-nine) needs to be supplemented by the fullest possible alphabetical index. Take, for example, Wilde's famous line about the English country gentleman galloping after a fox — "the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable." After failing to locate it under the likely headings, I accidentally stumbled across it under "Health." Anyone who remembers that Wilde's preceding sentence was "One knows so well the popular idea of health" probably doesn't need to look up this particular epigram in an anthology.

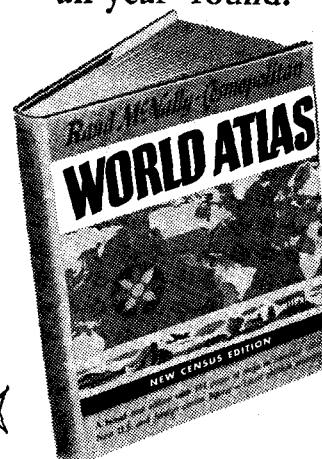
Son of Oscar Wilde (Dutton, \$3.75) by Vyvyan Holland, though not particularly impressive strictly as an autobiography, is fascinating for the light it sheds on Wilde's Oxford days and on his domestic life, areas which his biographers have not explored as thoroughly as they might have. This volume is garnished with a miscellany of Wildeana — four pages of selected epigrams; thirty-three letters written by Wilde to two of his Oxford friends; a reminiscence of Wilde at Oxford; several "Unpublished Poems in Prose"; two letters to

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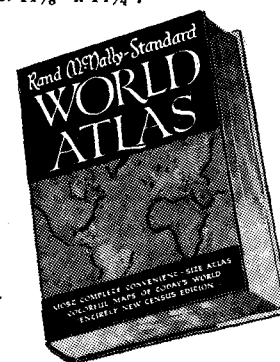
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Holland from Lord Alfred Douglas; and a review of the changes in public opinion towards Wilde's works.

Vyvyan Wilde was nine and his elder brother, Cecil, eleven, when their father went to prison in 1895; and they never saw him again. They were rushed to the Continent, where their name was changed, and their mother's family — Mrs. Wilde died in 1898 — dinned into them that they were pariahs and must never reveal their origin. Mr. Holland was eighteen before he learned the truth about his father. He ends his story with his last year at Cambridge, at which time he had achieved a reconciliation of sorts with the past and was beginning to take pride in his father's literary achievement. This seems to me a somewhat inconclusive terminal point. The account of the lonely, unhappy years of growing up leave one wondering what manner of man the son of Oscar Wilde became. A "Publisher's Note" merely supplies the bare facts — a distinguished record in the First World War; a failure in business; a literary career as biographer, playwright, essayist, and translator.

Mr. Holland remembers his parents as a "devoted couple"; and he tells us that Wilde was "a real companion" to his children — "a smiling giant, always exquisitely dressed, who crawled about the nursery floor with us. . . . He would go down on all fours . . . being in turn a lion, a wolf, a horse." It is clear that Wilde was the kind of father children love: he mended his sons' toys; delighted in telling them stories; took them fishing, sailing, and swimming at the sea-side.

Two recently discovered collections of letters and other data presented by Mr. Holland furnish some intriguing retouches to the established picture of Wilde at Oxford. In a good many respects, he appears to have lived the life of a normal undergraduate. He played games; he flirted (an irate mother once discovered her daughter reclining on Wilde's knees); he was eager to win honors in examinations. Though he later said, "The only possible form of exercise is to talk, not to walk," in the Oxford years he enthusiastically devoted much of his vacation time to sport. The letters mentioned above frequently refer to salmon-fishing and to his prowess at tennis and shooting. (He was also a strong swimmer.)

They provide evidence, too, that Wilde at this time was deeply at-



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tracted by the Catholic Church. He would probably have embraced Catholicism, his son says, but for the opposition of his family.

"A little glass of warmth"

In the case of S. N. Behrman's chronicle of his childhood and youth, *The Worcester Account* (Random House, \$3.50), the reader is not troubled by any sense of incompleteness. The book's ending coincides with the ending of a clear-cut phase in the author's personal history — his permanent departure from the tenement in Worcester, Massachusetts, where he grew up at the beginning of the century; and his severance from the way of life of his parents, poor immigrants from Lithuania imbued with the strictest Judaic tradition. *The Worcester Account* brings us a vivid evocation of that way of life — of its companionable warmth and of the "sombre fascination" of its oppressive medievalism. This is a memoir suffused with affectionate humor, tinged with sadness, and in parts uproariously funny.

The charm and vitality of *The Worcester Account* are centered in its portraits. There is the author's father, owner of a small grocery store which was unable to survive his absorption in Talmudic studies and his obsessive preoccupation with the demands of a menacing Jehovah. On awakening from the nightmares which so frequently disrupted his Sabbatical naps, he would invariably cry out for a glass of tea in Yiddish words which mean "A little glass of warmth."

There is Morton Leavitt, a dandy and a card, so sure of his hold on the belle of the younger set that he liked to pull out his monogrammed gold watch and invite love-sick rivals to hold her hand for exactly one minute. Most memorable of all is Aunt Ida, daughter of a world-famous rabbi. Despite the discouraging overture to her marriage — all present were poisoned (painfully but not fatally) at the instigation of scoundrelly butchers with a grievance against her father — she became one of the greatest crusaders of all time for matrimony. Her insatiable activity as a matchmaker (which included finding a third and fourth wife for her father after he was sixty) makes a truly extraordinary chronicle, full of the choicest comedy. On her deathbed, Aunt Ida shocked her pious friends by improvising the following tribute for her burial: "The daughter of the Great Ramaz is gone

from us. He prepared people to live in Heaven, the daughter prepared them to be happy on earth."

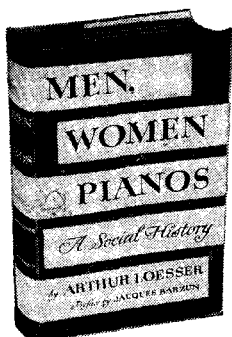
The flat voice

Treadmill to Oblivion (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.00) is Fred Allen's story of his seventeen years in radio. It brings to us selections from his most memorable programs, framed in a running commentary which shows that Mr. Allen can be as amusing between book covers as on the air and that he has relished committing to print his devastating observations about the radio business — "the only profession in which the unfit could survive."

Mr. Allen tells how "the man with the flat voice" made his start in radio back in 1932 with the first comedy show which played to the unseen audience — the ranking radio comedians of the time went to the mike dolled up in funny costumes and played to the studio audience as though they were on stage. He describes the grueling and hectic work that went into the preparation of his programs. He writes about his special triumphs and misadventures; about some of his celebrated guest performers; about the fortunate accident that touched off his immensely successful feud with Jack Benny (which many listeners took seriously) and the hilarious high spots in the feud's history.

Mr. Allen displays throughout a delightfully murderous disrespect for sponsors, advertising executives, and the brass hats of the networks. "An advertising agency," he writes, "is 85 per cent confusion and 15 per cent commission. A vice-president in an advertising agency is a 'molehill man' . . . a pseudo-busy executive who . . . finds a molehill on his desk [and] has until 5 P.M. to make [it] into a mountain. An accomplished molehill man will often have his mountain finished before lunch." Another characteristic specimen of the "miniature men" of radio is described by Mr. Allen as "so high-strung he could have gone to a masquerade as a tennis racquet. He had a long neck that looked as though it were concealing three Adam's apples. Actually he only had one Adam's apple; the other two lumps . . . were olives he had been too busy to swallow as he dashed down his double Martinis at lunch."

Besides having what it takes to convulse millions, Fred Allen is a humorist's humorist. James Thurber,



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 An unusual book, just published, is turning out to be the surprise of the season: a magnum—if not a jero-boam—of literary champagne.

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 CLIFTON FADIMAN, who read it in advance of publication, says: "It is so written, with such wit and humor and humanity, it is so larded with anecdote and spiced with reflection, that it should appeal even to the non-musical."

 And CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN sent this note to the publishers:

"I am so enthusiastic I can't hold still. I have read many books about music, but never one so highly entertaining as this. How anybody can be so persistently and freshly funny about musical history is astonishing. I laughed aloud and so did my husband to whom books on music are as a rule sheer horrors.

The book is large and feels heavy to the hand. But I rejoice that you took nothing out of it. I couldn't spare a word. I predict a great popular success, something I am sure Arthur Loesser did not himself look for when he wrote it. It's brilliant, wise, witty and extraordinarily 'well informed.' I congratulate Simon and Schuster on its publication."

 What ARTHUR LOESSER has done in so entrancing a manner is to trace the history of the piano from the harpsichord to the latest bleached wood spinet. Always present in his cliché-proof mind are these questions:

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 The preface is by JACQUES BARZUN. You will, we promise, be completely charmed. And so—may we add, since Christmas time is near—will your friends. Price \$6.50 at your bookseller's.

—SIMON AND SCHUSTER

a gentleman not given to inflationary statements, has paid him this resounding tribute: "You can count on the thumb of one hand the American who is at once a comedian, a humorist, a wit, and a satirist, and his name is Fred Allen."

Potpourri

No reader who is stirred by mountaineering exploits should miss *Nanga Parbat* (Knopf, \$5.00) by Karl M. Herrligkoffer, leader of the successful German-Austrian Expedition of 1953. The first third of the book tells the somber and highly dramatic story of the numerous attempts, dating back to 1895, to climb "the killer mountain"—more men have lost their lives on Nanga Parbat than in all the rest of the Himalayas. Dr. Herrligkoffer's account of the 1953 victory is memorably climaxed by Hermann Buhl's description of his solitary sixteen-hour ascent of the last 3000 feet, and his still more incredible return to his companions after a night spent just below the summit without food, tent, or oxygen. The expedition's triumph was somewhat tarnished by dissension and subsequent recrimination (mentioned by the author with the greatest reticence); but nothing can detract from the breath-taking drama of Buhl's forty-hour battle in the uppermost reaches of Nanga Parbat—possibly the greatest solo mountaineering exploit of all time.

More Stories by Frank O'Connor (Knopf, \$5.00)—a second collection of the tales which the author considers his best—is a case in which the mixture as before remains a rare mixture. O'Connor is a writer whose stories are not only superlatively good but also extremely attractive reading. His style is artfully simple and flowing, his portraiture full of subtlety and charm. And he has a perfectly balanced sense of life's beauty, heart-break, and humor.

Great River (Rinehart, \$10.00) is a 1000-page history of the Rio Grande by Paul Horgan. Although it reached me too late for anything more than a cursory sampling, I feel that its publication should be noted in this pre-Christmas issue. The passages I read were colorful and vigorous, and the superlatives that abound in the advance comments of several authorities suggest that Mr. Horgan's book would make a handsome Christmas gift for aficionados of Americana.



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★ A Treasury of Mountaineering Stories

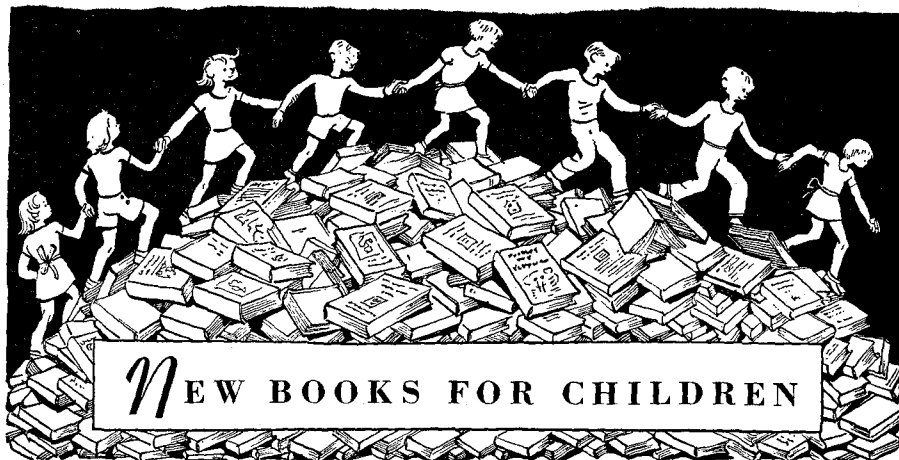
★ Edited by **DANIEL TALBOT**. An anthology packed with excitement—the best stories, true and fictional, by the world's greatest writers and climbers: James Ramsey Ullman, Kay Boyle, Ralph Bates, A. F. Mumery, H. G. Wells, and others. (Putnam). \$5.00

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MARGARET FORD KIERAN

DEAR MR. WEEKS: Twice a year I look at hundreds of new books for young people, and heretofore, following your instructions, I have always made a selection of eighteen or twenty which seemed to me to be top-notch. This year I am not able to do it. The books are getting better and better. I select twenty fine ones and the next mail brings in ten more that cannot be ignored. My book conscience will not permit me to eliminate as many this fall; so with your permission I will devote a little less space to individual selections in order that many more titles may be called to your readers' attention. And I'll begin with the best group of picture books (for age six and under) you've ever seen in your life. Cordially, M.F.K.

NO MATTER what volume of Mother Goose rhymes you may now own, even if it is the one you have treasured since your own childhood, you must not overlook the new edition so exquisitely illustrated by **Marguerite de Angeli** (Doubleday). There are full-page color pictures and tiny, whimsical line drawings. It's fun to turn the pages slowly with a child beside you, repeating together the familiar and discovering the less familiar rhymes. You might even enjoy quibbling over some of the versions.

A good companion volume is **Complete Nursery Song Book**, edited and arranged by **Inez Bertail** and illustrated by **Walt Kelly** (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard).

In a quick change of pace but still reading rhymes, look at **Horton Hears a Who** by **Dr. Seuss** (Random House). A most commendable philosophy of life determines the plot of this story of an elephant's remarkable adventures. He says:—

"I simply must help them
 Because after all,
 A person's a person
 No matter how small."

It was a person on a speck of dust that Horton helped. Could an elephant do more?

The Tall Book of Christmas,

selected by **Dorothy Hall Smith** with pictures by **Gertrude Elliott** (Harper), might well solve many a problem of gift-giving. For this lanky volume covers a tremendous field of Christmas lore beginning with the traditional Bible story and going along to such modern ones as "The Puppy Who Wanted a Boy" by **Catherine Woolley**.

Speaking of tall books, the tallest one I've ever seen, and one of the most delightful, is **Three Little Horses** by **Piet Worm** (Random House). You will surely endear yourself to any youngster if he finds this under the Christmas tree with your name on the card. It has a European flavor of fantasy that makes the story almost sing from page to page. hilariously ridiculous, and that's just what children love. Imagine horses disguising themselves successfully as three princesses. Well really!

If your young friends don't chortle and squeal over **Circus Ruckus** by **Will and Nicolas** (Harcourt, Brace) I suspect there is something seriously wrong with their reflexes and would advise testing. It's a frisky, action-on-every-page picture book about a boy and his dog who sneak under a circus tent and finally get into the act. The illustrations by the authors are superb.

Another familiar author and artist team, **Berta and Elmer Hader**, has produced a beautiful book this fall. Their **Wish on the Moon** (Macmillan) takes the reader again to the setting they so often use—their own home on a hillside by the Hudson. They love little squirrels and songbirds and their affection shines right through the gentle illustrations. Especially winning (and this comes hard from a non-mouselover) is the group of deer mice in conference formation on page 11.

The Golden Books this year? Just



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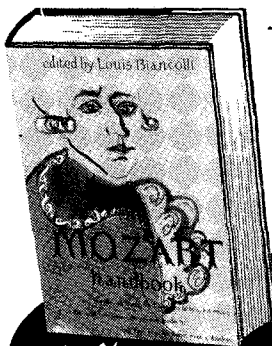
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CLEVELAND AND NEW YORK

as fine as ever. There are *Numbers*, *School Days*, and *Words*, all in good stiff covers so that you can keep adding them to the child's permanent library (Simon & Schuster).

On my desk marked Special Attention are a few more books for the youngest people you know. In all cases the illustrations are enough to make you want to choose them, but the texts sparkle too. They are *Hide and Seek Day* by Gene Zion, pictures by Margaret Bloy Graham (Harper); *Miss Frances' All-Day-Long Book* (Rand McNally); *A Is for Annabelle* by Tasha Tudor (Oxford); *A Kiss Is Round* by Blossom Budney and illustrated by Vladimir Bobri (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard); *The Thanksgiving Story* by Alice Dalgliesh, illustrated by Helen Sewell (Scribner's); and *The Angel in the Hayloft* by Katherine Niles (Dutton). *Piccolo* by Bettina (Harper) should interest her loyal fans just as much as ever, and *The Swans of Ballycastle* by Walter Hackett (Ariel) will surely find a wide-eyed audience. It is an exquisitely illustrated version of a familiar folk tale.

My last salute in the elementary division goes to *Wheel on the Chimney*, which contains final words from Margaret Wise Brown, whose contribution to children's literature was such a rich one. Published by Lippincott and illustrated by Tibor Gergely, it will be cherished by the thousands who mourned the author's passing last year.

Moving along now to a little higher age-group, I'll begin with books that seem to be designed for seven-year-olds and go up to eleven or twelve. That's about the best I can do, because as usual it is impossible to pigeonhole a book for a particular age. You will have to be the final judge. You know the child. My grandson Michael, aged nine, proved conclusively to me that it is better to select a book that is too advanced rather than to err in the other direction. He snatched at a sixteen-year-old's treatise on atomic warfare last spring. Of course he was showing off in a slightly radioactive way, but it illustrates a tendency.

A sweet little story prettily produced is *The Long Christmas Eve* by Elizabeth Duryea (Houghton Mifflin). Telling the old familiar tale, it nevertheless introduces a new note when it points up the importance of a bridge between the European way of life and our own.

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Every year I seem to gold-star a new **Lois Lenski**, and if this is rank favoritism I plead guilty. This season it is *Corn-Farm Boy* (Lippincott), another regional story. Miss Lenski has gathered her material firsthand and each page has the ring of authenticity. Without parades, without flag waving, it manages to distill an atmosphere that reflects the basic American way of life.

It is very difficult to tell in what category *Commemorative Stamps of the U.S.A.* (Crowell) belongs. So many small boys start collecting stamps that it might be a good idea to have the book around the house just to direct their interest toward this hobby. Written by **Fred Reinfeld**, it is excellent history of a sort, with reproductions of all the issues described.

Instead of just wailing about comic books, I'd rather take a positive stand and recommend something like *F.B.I.* by **C. B. Colby** (Coward-McCann). This book certainly does a lot toward proving that stories of crime detection are quite as fascinating as, unfortunately, crime itself often is. With actual photographs from **J. Edgar Hoover's** file it's a good, sharp presentation for boys of almost any age.

Several excellent zoo books came out this fall, each of them well illustrated, but the one that appealed most to me — because it was handled from a different angle — was *Zoo Expeditions* (Morrow). Written by **William Bridges**, curator of publications of the New York Zoological Society, it describes many trips that were made to capture the animals for that particular zoo.

In *Martin de Porres*, **Hero Bishop** has done a superb job of making a little boy sparkle with the stuff of which saints are fashioned. The Negro youth who has come to be known as "Blessed Martin" just couldn't help helping people. Everyday goodness achieves heroic proportions in this story, which has beautiful illustrations by **Jean Charlot**.

Another gold star in the middle age-group goes to *The High World* by **Ludwig Bemelmans** (Harper). It is an extremely moving story of human relations in the Austrian Tyrol, with a quality that makes me think it may live longer than most juveniles. I can imagine adults enjoying it just as much as younger people.

A sort of Tom Thumb in reverse (except that this is pure fiction) is

The Giant by **William Pène du Bois** (Viking). Bold black and white illustrations by the author will appeal to anyone who'd get a thrill out of seeing a boy play with elephants as if they were tiny white mice. Don't forget that this giant boy is seven stories high and very nice after you get close enough to know him. A book similarly conceived in fantasy, but one that girls would take to more than boys, is *Beyond the Pawpaw Trees* by **Palmer Brown** (Harper). It is a little Alice in Wonderland-ish.

Horses and Their Ancestors by **William A. Burns** (Whittlesey House) ought to attract a sizable following since there are always a certain number of horse-mad young people. With lively drawings by **Paula Hutchison**, it tells the story of the horse from prehistoric times to the present-day parimutuel window. And for a twelve-year-old who likes his history made interesting (as who doesn't?) I recommend *Peter Stuyvesant of Old New York*, a Landmark book by **Anna and Russel Crouse** (Random House). For children who like folk tales there is *With a Wig, With a Wag*, edited by **Jean Cothran** (David McKay).

In the books for older boys and girls a few are really outstanding; for example, *Ladd of the Big Swamp* by **Cecile Matschat** (John C. Winston). Here is a straightforward, well-written account of a Southern family who proudly survived their uprooting during the frantic Reconstruction period.

Another colorful period in history — this time Elizabethan England — is background for a first-rate story for young teen-agers, *The Wonderful Winter* by **Marchette Chute** (Dutton). Sir Robin Wakefield is its appealing runaway hero, and his dog Ruff is my favorite animal character since **Elizabeth Barrett's** Flush.

Who cares if **James Ramsey Ullman** has used much of his *White Tower* material all over again in *Banner in the Sky* (Lippincott)? It is still a smoothly told tale of great suspense, with the Citadel waiting to be climbed by young Rudi, who felt he could justify his existence in no other way.

When you have a sea story that is also a good dog story, you really have something worth while. Thank **Edmund Gilligan**, then, for his *Sea Dog* (Knopf). It's a swift and salty yarn.

Elis Dillon has done a first-rate

A wise and tolerant
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LITTLE, BROWN

sea story too in *The San Sebastian* (Funk & Wagnalls). The west coast of Ireland is the setting, and her plot is as wild as the background itself. Well-sustained suspense and more than superficial characterizations give this one a *Treasure Island* quality.

Now it wouldn't be fair to that isotopes-conscious young man in your family not to call his attention to *Going into Space* by Arthur C. Clarke (Harper). The author, chairman of the British Interplanetary Society, can really convince one that a trip is just around the corner when he describes in nontechnical language a journey to the moon.

You'll find *Broken Arrow* by Elliott Arnold (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce—Little, Brown) about as keen an interpretation of the American Indian problem as has come out for young people. With slowly mounting dramatic force it shows what a powerful instrument for peace mutual trust can be. The book is taken from *Blood Brother*.

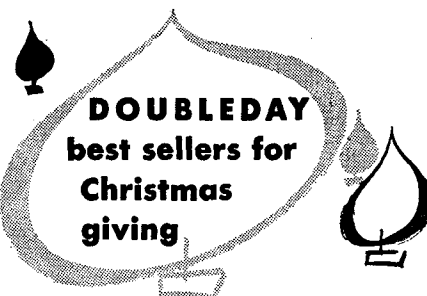
Some publishers this year, realizing that they have been shooting wide of the mark when they tagged certain books for "teen-agers," have been beaming their adult books toward this group. Or they have been calling their "teen-ager" books "young adult" fiction.

One of these is *Maggie* by Vivian Breck (Doubleday). San Francisco in the nineties is the setting for this character study of a wealthy young girl who kicks over the conventional traces to marry a poor mining engineer. Their struggle to save their marriage in the face of incredible hardships in Mexico makes an exciting tale. Best of all, the sophisticated style will prevent impressionable young ladies from realizing that it is wholesome.

Another girl's story, *Love Is Forever* (Morrow), has the same sort of theme, though the locale is Alaska. The author is Margaret E. Bell, who can always be counted on to turn in a readable piece of writing.

Cheers too for *Gentlemen and Rebels* by George H. Faulkner (Little, Brown). Making heroes of the past seem like contemporary figures is a task for which the author's work on radio's "Cavalcade of America" has trained him well. A star for this one.

Other more advanced books that attracted me were *Star Performance*, the story of the world's great ballerinas, by Walter Terry (Double-



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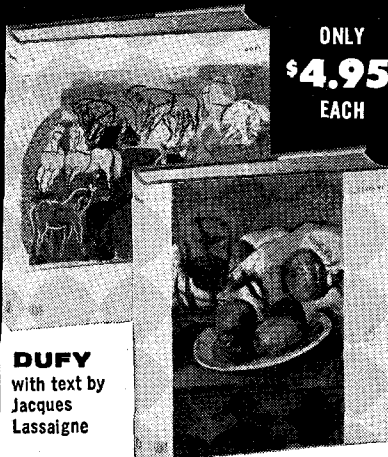
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day); *Gene Rhodes, Cowboy* by B. F. Day (Messner); *Elizabeth Tudor* by Marguerite Vance (Dutton); and *Like a Sister* by Corinne Gerson (Funk & Wagnalls).

The last-named, though a little skimpy as to plot, is a good example of how delicately, but how sharply too, the problem of understanding people of other races can be handled. Girls who have ever had "pen pals" all over the world will be enthusiastic about *Like a Sister*.

Almost every year there seems to be at least one book that refuses to fit into the strict confines of any set age-group. Once it was *Charlotte's Web*, remember? This year it is *Youth's Companion* (Houghton Mifflin) edited by Lovell Thompson.

Then, for a perfectly made fantasy, you mustn't overlook *The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet* by Eleanor Cameron (Atlantic-Little, Brown). I glanced at it rather skeptically at first, because I thought it might be a tale of elves and sprites and I was looking for something a boy around nine years of age would enjoy.

This is it. This has everything a solar-happy youngster could ask for. It has great suspense and a most realistic description of a trip that two boys make in their own space ship. I felt as if I were right there with them, checking my oxygen supply and everything. It's certainly packed with action.

Galley proofs came in for three other books, to which I had time to give only a brief nod, but that was enough to make me look forward to reading them. They are: *Many Worlds Seen and Unseen* by Edith Raskin (David McKay), *Rebellion at Quaker Hill* by Carl Carmer (John C. Winston), and *Leonardo Da Vinci* by Elma Ehrlich Levinger (Messner).

That leaves only one more, a Landmark book that I find myself under a strange compulsion to mention. It is *John James Audubon*, which my husband, John Kieran, and I wrote and which the Book-of-the-Month Young Readers Club made its October selection (Random House).

But if there were space here I would call your attention to many more books that I think your youthful acquaintances from four to sixteen would enjoy. Perhaps the best thing you can do is take a leisurely stroll through the juvenile department of a bookstore and find out for yourself.

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ACCENT ON LIVING



THE gift catalogues from the mail-order houses seem wilder this year than ever before. It's becoming hard to tell the supposed utilities—the shrimp-shell-ers, egg-timers, pot-holders, bird-feeders, and such—from the funny stuff—the dribble-glasses, trick cigars, and fur-lined bathtubs (“... for milady’s jewels”). The line is no longer clear. “Denta-Matic,” for example, is a plastic box to be affixed to the bathroom wall, where it conceals a tube of toothpaste and emits “exactly a brush length with the mere push of a button.” Should we view this, at \$1.89, with jocosity, or has the machine age indeed begat for us another boon? The virtues of a hollow-toothed comb with a built-in bulb which squirts flea powder as it combs the dog are obvious, and the same is probably true of the countless devices for adorning the latch key and controlling its behavior in one’s pocket. But what of the “woodpicker”—a metal bird which dips into a box of toothpicks and presents one to any diner who will push his button—does the woodpicker belong with the Early American candleholders or among the facetiae, with the key-winding false

teeth and the crank-operated spaghetti fork?

Still another category is in the making in this year’s catalogues—a plethora of gifts which the recipient can use only by performing some dirty and disagreeable household task. Agreed that the butter-warmer or the horse-radish pot with a “whimsical and personable horse’s head” on its cover is not indispensable; yet these are relatively painless gifts. But it’s asking a good deal to expect anyone to receive joyously, as its gay wrappings are torn away, a can of Krust-Off Oven Cleaner and to haste with it to the kitchen in an eager assault against oven grease in an oven that will doubtless be re-greased by nightfall anyhow.

To judge from other offerings of this sort, the family will deploy directly from the Christmas tree into a variety of repair and scouring projects. One of them will gather all broken china and get to work with the “plastic squeezable container” of Cementique. To the bathroom—

is Christmas tending to overequip the American bathroom?—another will go with a jolly new tube of Miracle Tub Caulk (and to see that Denta-Matic adheres properly in its new surroundings). If the chair rungs are loose, a very merry day to you, sir, with this gift jar of Chair-Loc. You have only to follow the simple directions—and it would be festive, too, if someone else were to get busy with the gift Household Plumber and try to unplug the kitchen sink. There are gift mops and dustcloths, gift attachments for the ironing board, a snow shovel, a Venetian-blind cleaner, a gift dishpan. There are also knee guards, rubber pads to be strapped on if the use of the new presents calls for kneeling or crawling around.

Because the opening of any gift—even something worth having—calls for a certain amount of histrionics, the family planning a catalogue Christmas should give thought meanwhile to what to say and how to behave on the occasion. What does the wife say, or do, to the husband who gives her a lovely pair of shampoo goggles (“Handy when you’re cutting up onions, too!”) for her very own?

CHARLES W. MORTON



FROM US TO YOU

by WILLIAM L. COPITHORNE

WILLIAM L. COPITHORNE embarked on a business career after teaching at Harvard and Kenyon College. The author of many light articles, this is his third appearance in these pages.

I THINK we ought to write a Christmas letter this year," my wife said at the breakfast table the other morning.

"A what?" I asked warily.

"A Christmas letter. You know, like the kind the Huggins send out to all their friends every year."

I recalled the Huggins' Christmas letters — five-page mimeographed reports on family activities for the preceding year, with the simple greetings of the season all but buried.

I hurried off to work before my wife could pursue the subject any further, but that evening she presented me with a packet of letters including not only the recent efforts of the Huggins but Christmas letters other families had sent us as well. My wife is a saver.

"Now you read these and see if you don't think it would be a good idea for us to do this instead of sending cards this Christmas," she said.

One would have been enough, for the letters were indistinguishable in style and content. Posing innocently as Christmas greetings, they were actually unabashed family sagas. The writers touched lightly on the misfortunes which their families suffered during the year, dwelt gladly on happy events, and missed no opportunity for self-congratulation.

I haven't the slightest intention of writing a Christmas letter myself, but once I'd put a red or green ribbon in my typewriter I'm sure I could turn one out in no time at all.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM

OUR HOUSE TO YOURS!" is the standard beginning. Centered at the top of an 8½" x 11" sheet of paper, it spares the writer the nuisance of penning salutations on the hundred or more copies he will doubtless send out. The exclamation mark is the first of dozens that will be used. No Christmas letter averages fewer than eighteen "!'s," "!'s," or "(!)'s" a page.

The opening sentence always starts with the word "Well." "Well, here it is Christmas again!" is a favorite; or, "Well, hard as it is to realize, Christmas has rolled round once more!" A somewhat more expansive opening is "Well, Christmas finds us all one year older, but young as ever in the spirit of the Season!" Actually what is said is unimportant as long as the sentence starts with "Well," and ends, of course, with an exclamation mark.

Having taken due note of the season, the Christmas letter-writer works immediately into his first main topic — the accidents which befell him and his family and the diseases they suffered during the year. He writes with cheerful fortitude. Broken arms and legs call forth the reminiscent chuckle, and childhood diseases open the way for humor of a sort. "As it must to all children," the Huggins wrote last Christmas, "the mumps came to Albert Jr. and to Susie. Fortunately they were taken sick during the spring vacation and didn't miss any school. We don't think they'd agree with our use of the word 'fortunately.' (Ha-ha!)" The parenthetical "Ha-ha!" or simply "Ha!" appears at least once in each paragraph of a Christmas letter.

The writer next reviews the unusual activities of the year — the family's annual vacation at Sunrise Lake, for example. The summer vacation looms large in Christmas letters. Golf scores, size of fish caught, and the successes of the children in swimming and boating contests are good for a page and a half.

A peculiarity of the Christmas letter which the reader may find disconcerting is its inconstant point of view. Most Christmas letters presume to be joint husband-and-wife efforts, but sudden shifts, sometimes within a sentence, to an outsider's point of view are frequent. Writing from his own and his wife Bea's point of view, Jim could say: "We drove to Sunrise Lake in the record time of seven hours and fourteen minutes. Jim was trying to establish a record, and he succeeded,

with the help, of course, of the new Mercury which Bea insisted that we have before taking another long trip."

One reason for the use of the shifting point of view is the partial cover-up it affords the writer. Since he devotes a good part of the letter to his achievements of the past year, he must take care to avoid appearing boastful. "He succeeded" sounds better than "I succeeded."

The shifting point of view has its limitations, of course, and when the writer wants to record an especially proud accomplishment he makes use of the footnote. If properly handled, the footnote can actually make him seem to be self-effacing.

Should Jim, for example, want to tell about the big one he caught at Sunrise Lake, he first says that his son, Joey, is the real fisherman in the family — that Joey, in fact, caught a bigger trout than he did last summer. He then writes the following footnote, signing it "Bea": "Jim insists on being a devoted parent. Actually it was *he* who caught the larger trout — a ten-pounder, the biggest, according to the people at the grocery store, that anyone had caught at Sunrise Lake in six years!"

On an average, three footnotes appear at the bottom of each page of a Christmas letter.

The last section of the letter is devoted to such routine matters as recent improvements the writer has made on his house ("With only the part-time help of a chimney pointer, Jim built a fireplace this fall on the north end of our living room") or activities in the community ("Jim is now Captain of our precinct in the Civil Defense program, and Bea has been made Den Mother of Joey's Cub



Scout troop. She says she does not plan to hibernate for the winter, however").

An effort obviously is made to keep the tone of the letter humorous, but



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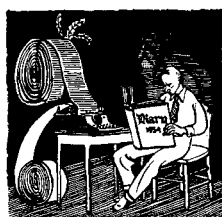
the underlying seriousness is never lost sight of. If, for a moment, it sinks from view, the writer is quick with a footnote or a "Ha-ha!" to indicate the depth of his irony.

The concluding paragraph of the Christmas letter, like the opening, always begins with the word "Well." "Well, that about sums up our activities for the year" is what the Huggins invariably say, although they make it clear that they have merely scratched the surface by adding: "Of course there was the time back in April when Susie won first prize in the poetry-reciting contest, and in September when Albert Jr. was elected president of his Junior High School class, but we really must close."

Before signing their names, Christ-

mas letter-writers usually succeed in reminding themselves that their purpose, after all, has been to extend Christmas greetings. "And so, A Merry Christmas to you all!" is the conventional ending, although a few, like the Huggins, prefer the full-blown close. "All of us," they wrote last year, "Albert Sr., Evelyn, Susie, and Albert Jr., join with Tiny Tim in saying, 'God bless us, every one!'"

As I say, I have no intention of writing one of these letters myself. Come to think of it, though, I never did let old Bill Mason out in Seattle know about that 78 I shot last summer, and I'm sure the Potters down in Shreveport haven't heard how our David talked at nine months and was walking at ten and a half . . .



EPISTLE TO ALL MY FRIENDS

by WALKER GIBSON

Ads for pajamas, toasters, golf clubs, rum,
Proclaim the season and the kingdom come,
And so in jammed department stores we pay
Our sacrifices to the holiday.

The fashion is to scorn the sordid mess
That Christmas has become in our U.S.
One is expected to deplore the game,
But buy one's share of presents just the same.
"Don't spend much money, please, on *me*," we cry.
"Just something simple — garters or a tie;
The spirit counts, you know, and not the price;
Most inexpensive gifts are very nice."

I say the hell with that. I'll have you know
This year I want *my* friends to spend some dough —
Not that I'm motivated much by greed,
But there are just some little things I need.
To wit: three new suits, an amphibious watch,
A trip to Europe and a case of Scotch,
A hunting lodge in Maine for weekend flings,
A twenty-room *cabaña* in Palm Springs,
A little cruiser with its little crew,
And, please, a half a million dollars too,
Because most of the things I seem to lack
Can be provided with a little jack.

Moralists say they want the old pure spirit
Restored to Christmas. I don't want to hear it.
If you're a friend of mine, then you'll resist
All that subversive talk. (You have my list.)
When I hear Santa ring out merrily,
I know for whom he tolls — he tolls for me.



S.R.O. ON THE R.F.D.

by WEARE HOLBROOK

WEARE HOLBROOK, who lives in Hartsdale, New York, has written frequently for our *Accent on Living* pages.

IF Horatio Alger were alive today he could write an inspiring success-story about the heroic struggles of the city lad who makes good in the country. It might be called *Sid the Suburbanite*; or, *From Subway to Station Wagon*.

As the real-estate section of any Sunday paper will tell you, the trend of population is away from the metropolis; everybody seems to want to get as far as possible from everybody else. I can remember not only the time when I had a job, but the time it took me to get to it — a scant twenty minutes from apartment to office. My route then was U-shaped: down an elevator shaft, across a few city blocks, and up another elevator shaft.

But if I tried to reach the same destination now, it would take me a couple of hours, and the route — involving a road under construction, a traffic circle, two tollgates, and a devious search for parking space — would be too complicated to put on paper. That's why I gave up the job; by the time I got there, someone else had it.

However, the important thing is that I am decentralized. We are living in a split-level ranch house, on a split-level income (wife 60 per cent, husband 40 per cent). All around us are similar ranch houses, with nothing above the horizon but a thicket of television aerials as far as the eye can see. In this atomic age it is comforting to think that nobody will bother to drop a bomb on little old us; be-

sides, it couldn't make us much flatter than we are already. Even our car is so streamlined that you have to step down to get into it, and our lawn is seeded with something called "creeping bent."

Within the last few years, an eruption of shopping centers has broken out on the countryside. Big city department stores are decentralizing like mad, and supermarkets spring up overnight in the wilderness, their cash registers tinkling an obbligator to the bullfrog chorus from the surrounding swamps.

Instead of going to town and trotting from the butcher to the grocer to the vegetable man, we simply descend into our unconvertible, drive several miles down the turnpike, around a cloverleaf, under an overpass, over an underpass, across a throughway, through a crossway, and presto! there we are, with everything we want right under one roof. And the half-mile walk across the "mammoth free parking lot" gives us just as much exercise as if we had gone to town in the first place.

Of course, if the centrifugal shift of urban population continues at its present rate, it won't be long before the decentralized areas overlap, producing the same congestion they were intended to obviate. Several of the mammoth free parking lots have already shrunk to merely colossal proportions, and at least one drive-in movie has installed sparking meters.

The movies themselves are spreading out thin on their panoramic screens, along with everything else. All the old-fashioned lumps have been removed from buttermilk and orange juice and peanut butter. Phonograph records play on and on without a pause. Our beefsteaks are homogenized into hamburger, and Roquefort cheese is now a "spread." A dollop of oil may replace the olive in the homogenized Martini of the future.

Yes, decentralization is in the air. It has even affected my typewriter. The little machine used to turn out a compact, neatly spaced manuscript, but lately I have noticed that, as we approach the bottom of a page, it always starts skipping erratically across the wide open spaces, like a commuters' express.

Maybe we better go back to the city.



IN THE STREAM

by MARGARET TANNER

Those who would like to write a stream of consciousness novel will find many well-tried devices of the technique in this example from MARGARET TANNER, a native New Yorker who now makes her home in Monmouth Beach, New Jersey.

SHE knew from the very beginning what it was she had to do (*had to do?* she asked herself wryly) . . . wondering whether the beginning had not really been the end; and all that talk of Martha's (she must speak to Shelley about Martha) only strengthened her will, though — as Robert once observed dryly — that too was in a class with those "other things" which didn't bear thinking about.

It was quiet there in the garden, with the kind of brooding watchfulness which used to give Lydia (poor, frightened Lydia) the creeps. What an odd name for a canary, she thought idly . . . Lydia.

Once you got used to it, she told herself sternly, it was all right. At least as right as anything *could* be, with the housekeeper looking grim and Jarvis padding around with a doleful air, as though it were he, after all, and not Compton, who would have to explain.

"Never go back," the wind seemed to sigh, and she echoed it in her heart, even while her feet (those absurd little feet which Robert used to compare whimsically to Daphne's, before Daphne, too, did the unexpected, though of course the inevitable thing . . . a thing which was forever after referred to as "the thing") began to wend their way toward the pool, as though impelled by some force stronger than themselves.

She had but to think of yesterday (what was it Chris had said of yesterday? . . . that it was only — with a crooked little smile — tomorrow turned inside out) and the answer, clear and cool as Marsha's eyes, eluded her.

"I won't think of it at all," she said firmly, *too* firmly when she considered the piece of eggshell lying so suggestively, so almost obscenely, near the egg beater. That had been a masterful touch, the egg beater — one which would have delighted Clifton . . . at least in those blessed intervals when he *was* Clifton, and not — as he himself would be the first to deny — someone else.

Little fragments of a French song came to mind, and she remembered with a tiny moistening of the eye the concierge bringing the buttered *croissants*, or — her French had always been execrable — was it the other way around?

Where had she gone wrong, she asked herself for the hundredth time, as she reviewed the events of that tragic summer . . . and which could she follow, out of the welter of seemingly trivial clues? . . . the turnip which Kent had insisted — rather tiresomely — was a dried head? . . . the smell of liquor on Lucy's breath, when they found her near the whisky bottle? . . . the box of candies cryptically labeled: Enriched with Arsenic? . . . and, most maddeningly mysterious of all, the man with the light blue eye, who was forever peeping at her through the blinds when she was in her bath.

"Little things, but they add up," she whispered . . . little parts of a cunning mosaic, as ageless as tears: the sterile stars . . . the spent teabag . . . the ridiculously dry Martini . . . the empty box of cleansing tissues.

What was it Robert had said? . . . but no matter. It was the *way* he said it, and her answer — so unexpected — had left him stunned but puzzled.

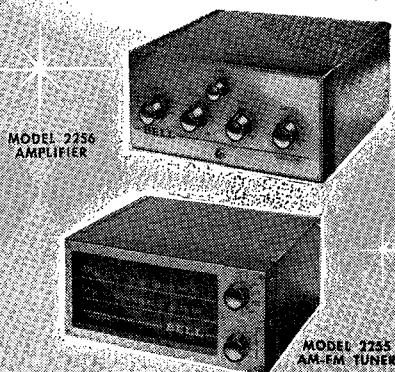
"That's as may be," she had replied — and even the Bishop (if it came to that, *especially* the Bishop) turned to look at her, his kind old eyes filled with hate.

Slowly, as in a dream, she rose, a sudden radiance in her face. "I know the answer now," she murmured, as she went up the curving driveway, the moon — like a spent banana — only partially illumining her path.

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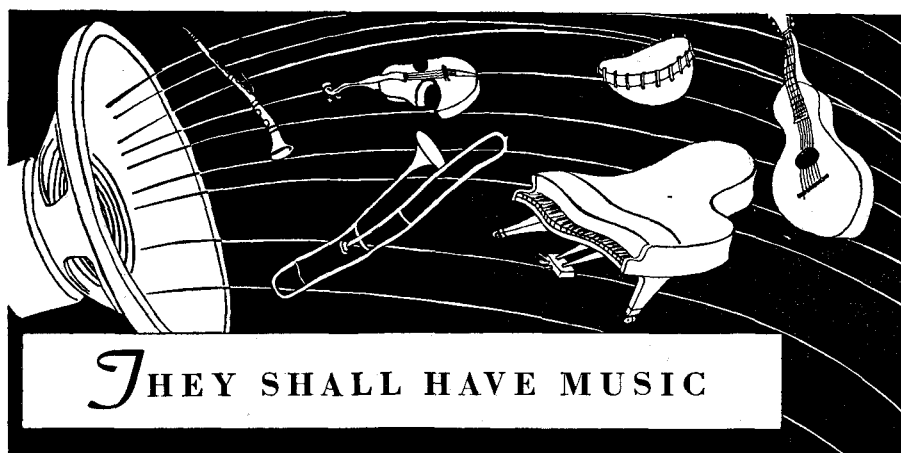


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CHOOSING A SPEAKER

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now editor of High Fidelity Magazine. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

(Four successive articles in this series are being devoted to step-by-step guidance of people interested in custom-furnishing their homes with music through the inspired gadgetry collectively known as "high fidelity." As a medium of entertainment and artistry, high fidelity came into being at about the same time as television, but it soon far outpaced the latter technically. Even with color added, the gross-grained TV image still can convey little or no aesthetic content. In contrast, a good high fidelity system can bring into a listener's home a Haydn trio or a scene from *Tosca* in sonic likeness that suffers little — sometimes not at all — by comparison with the real thing. To fit individual needs, such systems commonly are bought component by component — loudspeaker, amplifier, record turntable, and so forth. The following article, the first in the series, will deal with the last stage in home music reproduction: the loudspeaker, its enclosure, and the listening room.)

IT is a genuine pleasure to abet the person setting out to buy a high fidelity music system. He ("she" in 25 per cent of cases) may have set aside \$225 for the purpose, or \$1750, but whatever the amount, it represents the same kind of devotional budgeting that would go toward the purchase of a grand piano. And by the same token, it probably will be exceeded in the pinch. This is as it should be. A hunger for music is one of our

noblest appetites, and nothing to be paltered with.

Still, food and rent bills retain a legitimate cogency in our civilization (Mozart and Beethoven had to put up with them), and even if they did not, there are still records to be bought after the sound system, softly agleam with walnut veneer and brushed gold, is complete at the side of the room. It makes no sense to waste money at the outset — which is why it *does* make sense to shop initially for a loudspeaker, and let its choice dictate the selection of the rest of the equipment you buy.

The point is, a loudspeaker (with its enclosure, which is just as important as the speaker itself) must function as part of something you already have: your listening room. Many an urban apartment living room, almost perfectly square, hard-plastered and eight and one-half feet from floor to ceiling, cannot accommodate some of today's most elaborate and expensive corner-speaker assemblies, for instance. Accordingly, unless he wants to torture his eardrums to prove his affluence, the occupant of such a dwelling must practice economy for art's sake. And if the speaker he buys instead of the \$700 assembly will not reproduce the lowest musical bass note (say, sixteen cycles per second, which hardly anyone can hear), it may at the same time enable him to be happy with a \$60 turntable instead of an absolutely rumble-free one that costs twice as much. And so on. The moral is clear.

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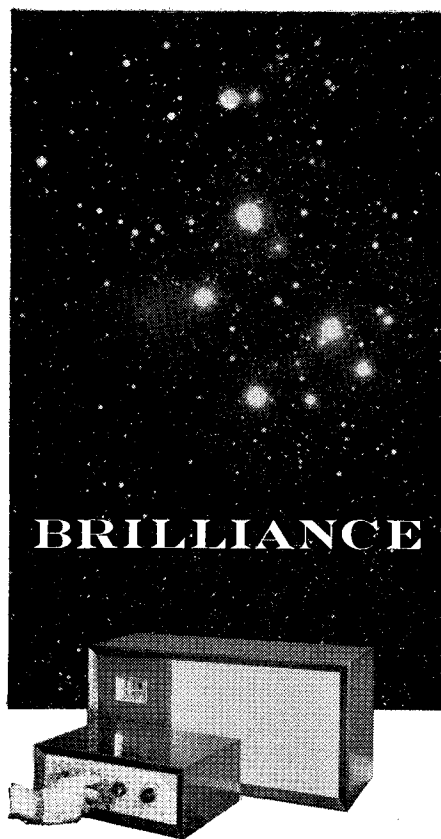
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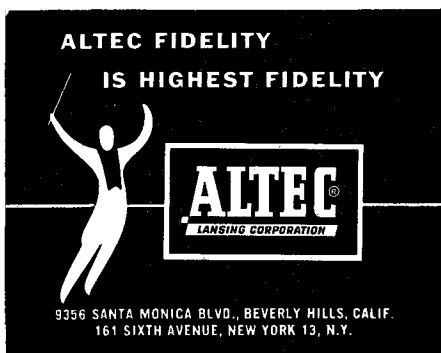
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Engineers are forever complaining that loudspeakers, compared with other audio equipment, are horribly inexact. They are, judged by meter-readings; but their eccentricities are much more musical and tolerable than those of, for example, phono-pickup cartridges.

Loudspeakers may suffer from volume peaks in certain tone-frequencies, but so do some concert halls — and some pianos. What they *don't* do is introduce crunching noises at each fortissimo, as imperfect pickups are wont to. I have seen a \$120 loudspeaker and a live cellist at work, side by side, and twenty seasoned listeners baffled as to which was which. How good need a reproducing instrument be?

Probably loudspeakers are most easily accounted for by saying they have personality, as do individual musical instruments, orchestras, and concert halls. It may be of interest that the nation's leading audio-guidance columnist has taken to describing loudspeakers in terms of what row of concert hall seats they seem to place him in — "Row A" or "Row H."

It would be folly to claim that I have listened to all the loudspeakers and speaker combinations commercially available today. There must be more than a thousand. When and if I mention a make or model, it is simply because I *have* heard it, and does not signify that there may not exist a dozen others just as good.

In the lowest price range, there are a number of speakers ready cabineted to fit on table-tops or in oversized bookshelves. Some I have heard, and my impression is that their quality reflects their prices, except perhaps

for an R-J assembly that sells for \$54 and incorporates the Wharfedale eight-inch speaker, which is perhaps a little better than it should be. All I have met with are astonishingly good; but none really sounds like a big speaker assembly. In their price range (up to \$100), however, there is one outstanding assembly, though it is a small floor model, not a table-top job — the Permoflux "Largo,"



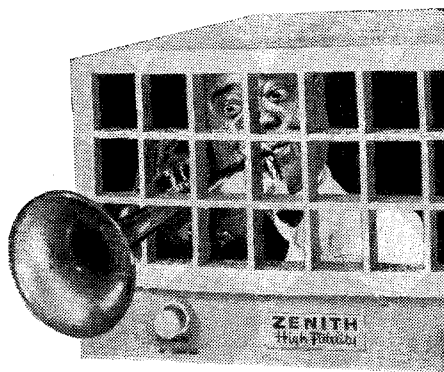
which makes use of a tiny tweeter, an eight-inch "woofer" (for bass), and a very clever bass-reinforcement construction. (Even this, however, will not match what can be achieved at the same cost by someone who wants to write to speaker makers for specifications and have a bass-reflex cabinet built to meet them. In general, this applies throughout.)

Perhaps the foregoing makes advisable a brief double detour. There are several single-cone eight-inch speakers of extraordinary merit that, even when custom-housed, may run to no more than \$60. That is to say, the speaker costs about \$20 and the cabinet (depending on your carpenter) about \$40. The ones I am acquainted with are the Wharfedale Super-8 and the Permoflux Royal 8; also very well spoken of are the equivalent Altec Lansing, Jim Lansing, and Goodmans "Axiette" models. I have heard a Wharfedale 8, in a tuned-port bass-reflex cabinet (30 inches high and weighing approximately 50 pounds, so thoroughly was it braced and padded inside), hold its own beautifully against a \$320 three-speaker assembly.

If we use as a rule of thumb that the cabinet must cost at least as much as the speaker (until the latter passes the \$150 mark, anyway), a venture into the next price class brings us into the middle of a debate. There are a number of fairly good coaxial speakers in the \$45-\$60 area, also a number of good single-cone speakers, and both have articulate adherents.

A coaxial, in case anyone doesn't know, consists of a treble "tweeter" mounted inside — i.e., coaxially with — a larger bass "woofer." The sound spectrum is divided between the two by an electronic device called a crossover, or dividing, network. This relieves either unit of the task of trying

to reproduce the full range of sound. The crossover is a network of electronic components that divides the sound spectrum between the two drivers. The tweeter handles the high frequencies, and the woofer handles the low frequencies. This allows each driver to operate in its most efficient range, resulting in a more accurate and powerful sound reproduction.



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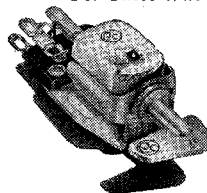
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to deliver deep, slow bass vibrations and quick, shallow treble ones in the same motion. Consequently it "cleans up" reproduction at either end of the sound spectrum, the top highs and bottom lows. But in low-priced coaxials, there is also usually some sonic confusion at the crossover point — not bad, but perceptible. It is because of this that many musicians, particularly string-players, prefer single-cone speakers, since they are smoother through the one to three thousand cycle range, where the tone quality is most important in most solo and small ensemble music. People primarily interested in large orchestral music probably should choose coaxials.

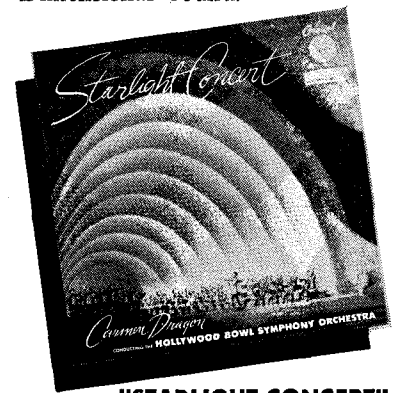
The coaxials most popular in this price range are those made by University, Jensen, Electro-Voice, General Electric, and RCA Victor. The leading single-cone probably is the Altec 600-B (twelve-inch), with ten-inch models by Wharfedale and Goodmans close behind. One step up on the dollar scale are some of the most beautiful single-cone twelve-inchers ever devised — the Jim Lansing D-131, the Wharfedale Super-12, and the Baker "Selhurst," all priced in the neighborhood of \$70. These speakers, be it noted, have good inherent tone balance. They behave best in spacious infinite-baffle or sturdy bass-reflex enclosures; placing them in bass-boosting "rear-loaded horn" cabinets may deform their output. They (and other single-cone speakers) have one disadvantage against coaxials. Since their treble is all generated back near their cone-apexes, it emerges in a rather narrow beam. This can be ameliorated somewhat by mounting them with their metal rims *outside* rather than inside the cabinet's front baffle or panel.

From here on up, in price, the field belongs to coaxials and other multiple-speaker systems, and there is rather a dearth of interesting items between the \$50 and \$120 areas. I can think of four coaxials: two very nice ten-inch Goodmans at \$65 and \$80, a sturdy twelve-inch Jensen at \$80, and a well-behaved Altec at \$100. In the \$120-\$130 range there are a number of coaxials (and the crossover trouble has pretty well abated), the best known to me being two fifteen-inch models, the Altec 602 — the one which baffled the experts in the cello experiment — and the Jensen 530, and one twelve-inch, the Tannoy. This class of speaker justifies careful mounting in rear-loaded

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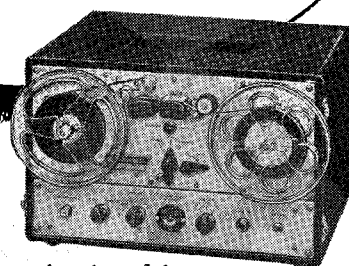
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horn enclosures, which beef up the bottom bass. I suppose the connotation is that now we have advanced from good (but unmistakably) phonographic sound into territory where actual musical presence effect is possible — and dissatisfaction begins anew.

The top-priced coaxials are true musical instruments, and in some ways my favorite variety of speaker. I rather like to have all the tones (at least above the lowest bass) originate in the same spot. There are a pair of beauties in the \$160 range, the Altec Lansing 604-C and the Tannoy 15. I have been living very happily with the Tannoy for two years; it outperforms my other equipment. Some of the nation's most renowned musicians have expressed similar delight in the Altec. Recording studios continue to rely on the RCA Victor LC-1a, a little more expensive. The massive Stromberg-Carlson RF 475 has loyal adherents; so have the Stephens 206AX and the equivalent Electro-Voice model. The highest-priced coaxial, so far as I know, is the Jensen Triaxial, a three-way speaker at \$252, of extraordinary versatility.

One can duck well below this upper price range by buying tweeters and woofers separately. There is a Jensen two-unit assembly for about \$70. Most are more, the Jim Lansing D-1001 system, probably the most popular, being tagged at a little over \$210. Jensen, University, Altec, Electro-Voice, and most other manufacturers offer separate tweeter-woofer combinations; their catalogues can furnish details. Performance generally is comparable to that of coaxials at similar prices, but cabineting is, naturally, a little more complicated.

The true luxury model speakers are the ready cabined multi-unit assemblies, which range in price from \$312 to well over \$700. The one identified with the lowest price is the Jensen Triplex. At \$360 there is the ingratiating Jim Lansing 34; the suave Brociner Model 4 costs about the same. But the real dream jobs come at over \$500. It is silly to discuss them: obviously not many a listener will buy a \$600 speaker without hearing it, and preference is largely sub-

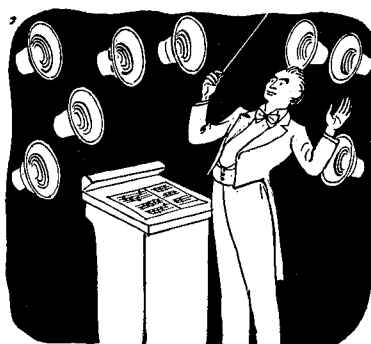
jective. I like best the Brociner Transcendent, which can make a piano sound almost more like a piano than a real piano. One of my friends, a Berlioz man, will snub me for saying that; for him there is only the fabulous, four-unit Electro-Voice Patrician. Maestro Toscanini likes the Altec 820-A. Organ fanciers prefer the famous Klipschorn. Late and impressive entries in the field are the Jensen Imperial, the James Lansing Hartsfield, which boasts the biggest horn-loaded aluminum tweeter unit in the business, and the Stan White (Chicago) combinations, topped by a \$1000, nine-foot-tall job. Which brings up a point: nearly all these magnificent contraptions can make an orchestra sound almost like the real thing, if you have the right kind of room — a big one. But all except the Brociner and the White do employ, for their treble, aluminum diaphragms working inside flaring horn structures, and are not invariably pleasant at close quarters.

Wild and wonderful variations on these themes are worked out, of course, by home assemblers, often with equally good results and considerable savings. It may be worth noting that many of these enthusiasts agree on two brands of speaker, both handcrafted and hard to get. One is the Wharfedale line, made in Yorkshire by G. A. Briggs; the other the Bozaks, made in Stamford, Conn., by R. T. Bozak. Among the Wharfedales is a tweeter almost made to order for small-room listeners; it works best

simply sitting in the open, aimed at the ceiling. There is no "beaming." An outfit in Great Barrington, Mass., called the RAM Company incorporates this in a three-way \$300 system. (This firm likewise markets Briggs-designed bass-reflex cabinets for the eight-

inch Wharfedale — \$50.) Bozak has distributors throughout the country. Either maker will suggest mounting arrangements.

Loudspeaker enclosures are almost an art form themselves, and I strongly advise anyone seriously interested in working for his home music to read Chapter 4 of *High Fidelity Techniques*, by John H. Newitt of M.I.T. (Rinehart, New York, \$7.50) on the subject. (Primarily an engineering text,



this book repeats all its technical statements in good, plain English. Thus it will both inform you and overawe your service man. Very useful.) Theoretically, the best loudspeaker-baffle is a room wall, but walls too often face other walls and produce echoes and slap phenomena. And holes therein cannot be moved around experimentally. Next best is a total enclosure, so long as it is braced like a fortress and contains well over 10 cubic feet of air. A modification of this (which can be much smaller) is a total enclosure with a bass-reflex port in the front panel. Usually this port should be *as far as possible* from the speaker. There should be a sliding slab to tune the port for cleanest bass response, and the whole array should be thoroughly padded inside and braced for utmost rigidity. The cabinet should not resound, when pounded, *at all*.

Many enclosure designs make use of the bass generated by the rear of the woofer cone, leading it through an expanding labyrinth, or horn, and releasing it into the room to reinforce the speaker's frontal bass. (The Klipschorn treats the whole woofer output thus.) Some corner varieties make use of the room walls for the last stage of bass build-up. For people who do not have corners, there is a clever wallside horn cabinet made by Fisher Radio Corp., New York — not cheap (\$130) but good. I use (as does the world's most famous conductor) a horn cabinet designed by Eugene Capozio for Shrader Sound, in Washington, D.C.

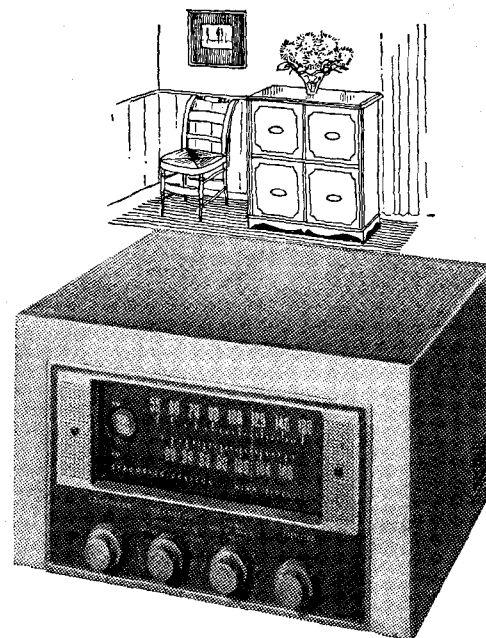
Nearly every major loudspeaker maker also manufactures enclosures, and there are companies which make nothing but. Best known of these are Angle-Genesee, in Rochester, N. Y., and Cabinart, in Brooklyn, each of which has a huge variety of models ranging from \$28 (unfinished kit) up to \$225 (Angle-Genesee's Fold-A-Flex, which can work as either a bass-reflex or a horn cabinet, in a corner or against a wall). Cabinart even offers a Klipsch-designed horn enclosure only twenty inches high! Various mail-order high fidelity equipment houses build their own cabinetry. My experience has been that nearly all of these can be improved by additional bracing and padding after they're bought.

When shopping for a speaker and enclosure, always prepare and supply a "map" of the room in which they are to be listened to, including drapes,

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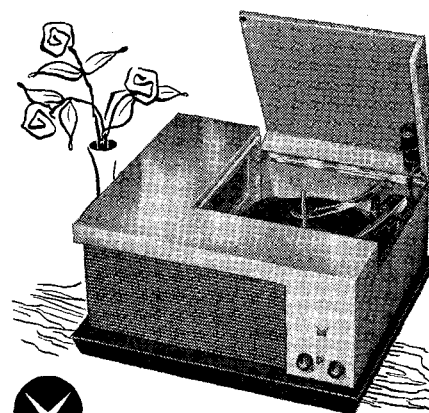
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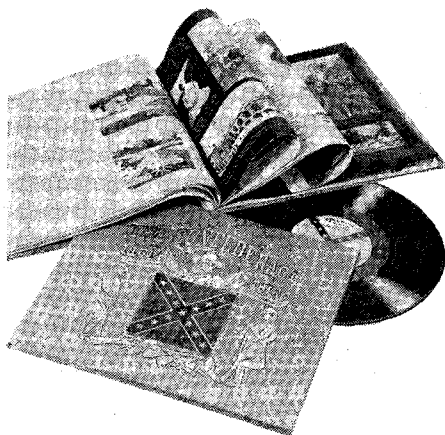
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Rooms are very important in listening. Perhaps unfortunately, the more stylish a room is, currently, the worse it is likely to be acoustically. Highly reflective picture windows and glass-brick walls constitute real problems. Elderly rococo rooms, with plenty of projections and convoluted surfaces, are best. Old plaster, the experts say, is very good, too.

Indeed, often the best recourse for the owner of a "modern" stark-planed room is to add one stage of reflection to his sound: mount the speaker in the side of a wall-side enclosure, radiating at any corner in which there may be an oblique reflecting surface — a corner cup-cabinet will do, or a mirror. The idea is to refract and weaken the middle-high tones, which otherwise will bounce about too long before decaying.

For other, more fortunate folk, the prime advice is to avoid symmetry in speaker placement. A corner is usually bad in a square room, often excellent in one irregularly shaped. The middle of any wall is a bad spot for a speaker; and, in general, a speaker should not be aimed at 90 degrees to an opposing wall. Experiment is the best procedure (which is why I don't like wall-hole mounting). Nearly any room has a spot in it where a loud-speaker will deliver sound devoid of stress and full of color. It's a problem of patience and of pushing. Happily, your ear is a very precise and trustworthy measuring instrument. It will tell you when you're getting warm, if you will but let it.

Record Reviews

Bach: The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book II, Nos. 17-24 (Wanda Landowska, harpsichord; RCA Victor LM 1820: 12" LP). With this, Vol. 6 in the series, Mme. Landowska completes the Well-Tempered Clavier on LP. It caps the success of her long, almost single-handed crusade to bring Bach back to the harpsichord. More to the point, it is lastingly, rousingly delightful, as have been the foregoing volumes. To find out why, read her own jacket-notes, with their reiteration of the word "dance." Better yet, listen.

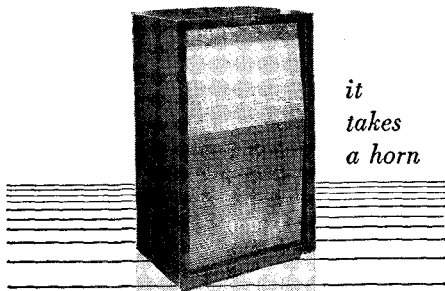
Bales: The Confederacy — Cantata for Soloists, Chorus and Orchestra (Richard Bales conducting Florence Kopleff, mezzo; Thomas

Pyle, baritone; Church of the Reformation choir; National Gallery Orchestra; Rev. Edmund Jennings Lee, narrator; Columbia SL 220: 12" LP in 32-page album book, illustrated). Here is the hit of the season, like it or not. Virginian Richard Bales, National Gallery music director, conceived the idea of assembling the war music of the Confederacy in a cantata. British-born Goddard Lieberston, of Columbia Records, saw the possibilities and handled the production. Bruce Catton and Clifford Dowdey wrote the text. It is sentimental and exciting (*All Quiet Along the Potomac; The Bonnie Blue Flag; Lorena*) and when it ends, with *Dixie* and the Rebel Yell, any Southerner in your circle will rise with blazing eyes and become intolerable for the rest of the evening. You-all got ten bucks? Buy it.



Bartók: Concerto for Orchestra (Antal Dorati conducting Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra; Mercury MG 50033: 12" LP). This is Antal Dorati's favorite record, and one of mine. The sound is tremendous, and so is the interpretation. Though this beguiling work must be hard to botch, Dorati's performance should be hard to beat.

Beethoven: Fourteen Sonatas (Collected on six disks: Nos. 2 and 11; Nos. 1, 26, and 27; Nos. 4 and 7; Nos. 16 and 18; Nos. 8, 9, and 15; Nos. 31 and 32 — Wilhelm Backhaus, piano; London LL 948 through LL 953, all 12" LPs). Herewith Backhaus becomes the second man to finish the Beethoven Sonatas on LP. Kempff (Decca) was first; the late Artur Schnabel on RCA Victor reprints may be next. Upcoming are Solomon (HMV) and Friedrich Gulda (London *again*). The Backhaus performances, all well recorded except for the last two sonatas, are firmly German, Old World, with a dignity and delicacy uncommon nowadays. I should certainly buy the record of Nos. 2 and 11; confirmed Backhaus admirers may



it
takes
a horn

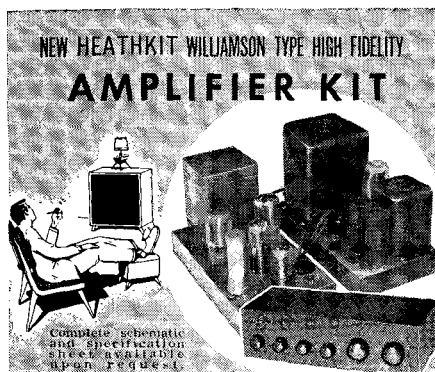
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safely get the rest as well, with the exception implied.

Beethoven: Sonatas for Cello and Piano (complete); Variations on Two Themes from Mozart's Magic Flute (Pablo Casals and Rudolf Serkin; Columbia SL 201: three 12" LPs in album). The Period aging, honored but unsung sonata set by Starker and Bogin almost matches this; and so, in a different way, does the reprint RCA Schnabel-Fournier series. However, the Casals-Serkin is the one to buy. Casals is rough but true; Serkin is firm and faithful; the sound is up-to-date. The Mozart variations are a worthy bonus.

Brahms: The Four Symphonies; Variations on a Theme of Haydn; Tragic and Academic Festival Overtures; Hungarian Dances Nos. 1, 3, 10, 17 (Bruno Walter conducting New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra; Columbia SL 200: four 12" LPs in album; notes by Neville Cardus). Here is the coalescence in spirit of two Romanticists who once met: Brahms and Walter. The album is epochal, but no project so broad can be completely successful. To my ears, Toscanini outpoints Walter in the Second Symphony, the Haydn Variations, and sundry single movements, and Krips (in dated sound) matches him in the Fourth Symphony. All of which, at that, leaves Walter with an achievement of enormous durability and merit. Gorgeous packaging, too.

Britten: Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings; Les Illuminations (Peter Pears, tenor; Dennis Brain, horn; Eugene Goossens conducting New Symphony Orchestra strings; London LL 994: 12" LP). Collectors who own the 1946 78-rpm version of the *Serenade* should hang on to it; both Pears and Brain were in slightly brighter voice then. Still, the new one's good, too — Jonson, Blake, Lyke Wake Dirge, and all — and the setting of the Rimbaud "Fireworks" on the overside is just as fetching. The sound's fine, too.

Strauss: Der Rosenkavalier (Erich Kleiber conducting Maria Reining, Hilda Guden, Sena Jurinac, Ludwig Weber, other soloists, chorus, and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London LLA 22: four 12" LPs in album). Quite possibly the best production of an opera on records; unfaltering enchantment in exquisite sound from beginning to end, a triumph for all concerned, but particularly Erich Kleiber. No libretto with



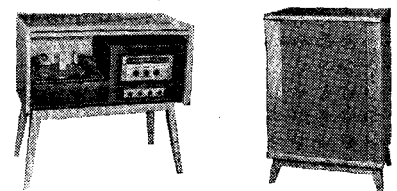
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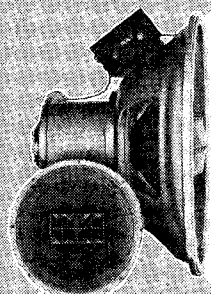
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the review copy, but obviously there
was supposed to be one.

Tchaikovsky: Capriccio Italien
with **Rimsky-Korsakoff: Capriccio**
Espagnol (Hermann Scherchen con-
ducting London Symphony Orchestra;
Westminster WLAB 700: 12" LP).
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folder within a zippered plastic en-
velope! The sound has very sharp
studio realism; the performances are
adequate. Main asset is a delightful
instrument-by-instrument listening
tour of the music in a booklet written
by C. G. McProud, editor of *Audio*
Engineering magazine.

Verdi: Manzoni Requiem (Ar-
turo Toscanini conducting Herva
Nelli, Fedora Barbieri, Giuseppe di
Stefano, Cesare Siepi; Robert Shaw
Chorale; NBC Symphony Orchestra;
RCA Victor LM 6018: two 12" LPs
in album with text). This was made
at the January, 1951, broadcast, but
the engineering is exemplary. The
soloists suffer occasional bobbles, but
sing with moving sincerity. The or-
chestra and chorus are tremendous;
their *Dies Irae* will make your hair
stand up. Altogether one of the most
exciting recordings I've ever heard.

Cook Road Recordings (Voice of
the Sea; American Storytellers, Vols.
I-III; Mississippi Guitar; Carousel
and Calliope; etc.; Cook Laboratories
5001-5011: eleven separate 12" LPs).
Emory Cook, the "Sounds of Our
Times" man, traveled more than
10,000 miles, from the Bay of Fundy
to Haiti, collecting this mixed treas-
ure. Most to my fancy are "The
Voice of the Sea" (wonderful surf-
sounds, the *Queen Mary's* whistle,
inside-noises of a Navy cruiser at sea)
and the reminiscences of old-time
Maine and Massachusetts whaling
and fishing captains (Storytellers I
and II). Write for catalogue to Cook,
101 Second St., Stamford, Conn.
Some of the records can be played
binaurally.

Shakespeare and Mendelssohn:
A Midsummer Night's Dream
(Moir Shearer, Robert Helpmann,
Stanley Holloway, Old Vic players;
Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting
BBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Vic-
tor LM 6115: three 12" LPs). To
people who were disappointed in the
live performance: the records are
much more intelligible (fewer cuts)
and less hectic, in fact very good. The
complete Mendelssohn score is beauti-
fully played and fits in admirably. If
not inspired, certainly worth while.

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